ANTIQUARIAN BOOKS : AUCTIONS : BOOKS FOR SALE AND WANTED : CATALOGUES

Sotheby's
FOUNDED 1744

MONDAY 29th SEPTEMBER
at 11 am
at New Bond Street

Printed Books
including English Literature, History, Biography, Travel and Topography of the 7th to the 19th Century, with a few books of Science and Natural History.
Catalogue £1

TUESDAY 30th SEPTEMBER
at 3.30 pm (Lots 366 to 452)
and following day at 10.30 am (Lots 497 to 650)

House Sale at Much Hadham Hall
Nr. Bishops Stortford, Herts.
Art Reference, Literature, and Books on various other subjects from the Library at Much Hadham Hall
Catalogue £5

WEDNESDAY 8th OCTOBER
at 10.30 am
at Sotheby King and Chasemore,
Station Road, Pulborough,
West Sussex RH20 1AJ
Telephone: (07982) 3831

Printed Books
including Antiquarian and Modern Books, Atlases and Maps, Children's and Illustrated Books, Literature, Natural History, Reference, Travel and Topography, and others.
Catalogue £1

THURSDAY 9th OCTOBER
and following day at 1 pm
at 115 Chancery Lane

Printed Books
including Art Reference, Natural History and Sporting, Railways, Literature and others, and books from the Library of the late Sir Cecil Beeton, C.B.E.
Catalogue £1.50

MONDAY 13th OCTOBER
and following day at 11 am
at New Bond Street

Fine Oriental Manuscripts, Miniatures and Qajar Lacquer
including calligraphy from the 9th to the 19th Century, Persian, Ottoman, Mughal, Deccan and Pahari miniatures from the 15th to the 20th Century, Persian, Ottoman, Arabic, Ethiopic, Indian and South-East Asian manuscripts and printed books, Qajar lacquer, penboxes, mirrors, and casket.
Catalogue £8.50

FRIDAY 17th OCTOBER
at 11 am and 2.30 pm
at New Bond Street

Ephemera
From the 16th Century to the present day, including Printed and Manuscript documents, broadsides, proclamations, posters, playbills and programmes, bonds and securities, greeting cards, scrap books, trade cards, advertising matter and packaging and original drawings for advertisements, postcards and valentines.
Catalogue £6

Sotheby Parke Bernet & Co., 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1A 2AA *Telephone:* (01) 493 8080
Hodgson's Rooms, 115 Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1PX *Telephone:* (01) 405 7238

Catalogue 22
Fall 1980
210

INTERESTING BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

A selection from our stock richly illustrated in colours and black and white
prices ranging from £150 to £60,000
copies available on demand at £5/US$12

NICO ISRAEL
Rare Books
Keizersgracht 526
1017 EK AMSTERDAM
The Netherlands

WATERFIELD'S
Catalogue 38
Ready shortly
ENGLISH LITERATURE & MODERN FIRST EDITIONS
Including Chapman's Iliad (1611), Swift's Tale of a Tub (1704), and other editions, and presentation copies from William Wordsworth, T. S. Eliot, David Jones, Wyndham Lewis, Dorothy L. Sayers and the three Sitwells
36 Park End St., Oxford
(0865) 721809

THE ONLY ENGLISH EDITION OF THE 'Selected LYRICS AND SATIRES of THE EARL of ROCHESTER'
Edited with an Introduction by Ronald Duncan
Just Published by the REBEL PRESS
£3.95 + 30p p & p
Orders to:
ELEMENT BOOKS LTD
Tisbury near Salisbury, Wilts.
Tel: 074 767 070.

Choose from 50 plus Books a year
Save 25-50%
THE WOMEN'S PRESS BOOKCLUB
All details (UK & Overseas)
124 Shoreditch High St.
London E1 6JE Tel: 01-739...

LST
RI WARD
Ltd
TOYNBEE, Study of History Vol. II, 1939
or
ANNUAL REGISTER 1970.
ed. 79
Peter Eaton, Booksellers Ltd.,
83 Holland Park Avenue,
London W.11.

ANY American Books, new or out-of-print. Write, Orcas Books, Box 1.... Avenue, Hobe Park, New York N.Y. 11374.

ALL Greek books and on Greece bought and sold. Stamos & Dontas, 4 Park St., London W2JH 6LP.

DETECTIVE fiction.—Catalogues issued. David Monaghan (Books) Ltd., Manor Kirkhouse, Dale St., Oxenhope, West Yorks WF5 9HB.

REVIEW copies and other books in fine condition bought by Vernon Books, 37 Red Lion Street, London, W.C.1. (01-242 8602).

INDIA, Middle East, North Africa. Rare and old books; new catalogue available.—Dr. Jim Walker, 25 Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.2.

THE GREENLIST (quarterly). 1,000 new books in each issue. Subscription £5 from Winslow Books.

SYLVIA (P.) Ltd. Two up-to-date lists (general) is now available to a limited number of customers only. Lists, Dalby Cottage, 86 King George Street, London, SE10 8QG.

OLD BOOKS on Fine Arts, Photography, Textiles, Costume.—Sotheran's, 2 Sackville Street, W.1. (01-734 1150).

AVAILABLE shortly a catalogue of antiquarian and second-hand books of local interest and general miscellaneous.—M. Sellman, 19 Oldham Avenue, Kingsbury, London NW9 9BJ. Tel 01-204 4041.

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

RU leiden
University of Leiden (The Netherlands)

chair of art history (m/f)
vacancy number 0 313

Applicants are invited for a Chair of Art History tenable in the Department of History Art in the Faculty of Arts at the University of Leiden.
The post will be available from 1 September 1981.
The subject in question is the History of Decorative and Applied Arts within Western Europe from the Middle Ages to the present day, specializing in particular in the study of interior decoration and social use.
The person appointed will be required to teach and conduct research in the domain of the History of Applied Arts; to stimulate and co-ordinate current research in his own special field within the Department of History of Art; and to perform administrative duties. The appointee is expected, furthermore, to maintain active contact with other institutions, such as museums, where aspects of Applied Arts are the subject of study, or where the relevant objects are preserved.
Preference for the post will be given to a graduate in Art History able to prove an interest in the History of Applied Arts. Foreign candidates are expected to learn Dutch within a short time.
Requests for further information, recommendations and applications (together with curriculum vitae, a list of publications and a survey of current research) should be submitted to the following address:
De dekaan van de faculteit der letteren,
Faculteitsbureau, Rapenburg 73, 2311 GJ Leiden,
Holland.

LIBRARIANS

DERBY LONSDALE COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
(SUBJECT ADVISER)
Applications are invited from chartered librarians with a relevant degree or equivalent for the post of Senior Assistant Librarian (Subject Adviser—Education and Social Sciences). Salary: Lecturer Grade I £4,093-£8,055, with possibility of eventual progression to Lecturer Grade II dependent on proven efficiency and achievement. NJC conditions.
Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Staffing Officer, Derby, Lonsdale College of Higher Education, Kedleston Road, Derby DE3 1GB, telephone Derby 47181, to whom completed forms should be returned by Friday, 10th October, 1980.

POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON
APPLICATIONS are invited for a post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Grade 2) [illegible]

BULMERSHE COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION
APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Library [illegible]

COURSES

EXPERT HOME TUITION FOR
G.C.E.,
DEGREES,
(BSc (Econ) and LLB University of London external degrees)
and PROFESSIONAL EXAMS
(Accountancy, Administrator, Civil Service, Law, Marketing, etc.)
Our exclusive methods of Home Study have brought over 350,000 examination successes, many first places. As every course is complete by itself no textbooks are required. Obtain your FREE prospectus from
THE RAPID RESULTS COLLEGE
DEPT. HL3, TUITION HOUSE, LONDON SW19 4DS.
Tel: 01-947 7272 (Advisory Services) or ring 01-946 1102 — 24 hour Recordacall for prospectus requests.
Approved by the Council for the Accreditation of Correspondence Colleges

GENERAL VACANCIES

BOOK CLUB ASSISTANT
needed to work in busy Marketing Services Department of major book club operation.
Duties would include detailed checking of order forms, club programmes and miscellaneous book lists, as well as record keeping and progress chasing. This post would suit a mature, conscientious person with an eye for detail. Previous experience not essential.
Attractive new offices close to Oxford Circus and Tottenham Court Road stations. Excellent salary offer plus L.V.s, season ticket loans, generous discounts on books, merchandise, etc.
Please apply to Harriet Dawson, Personnel Officer, 87 Newman St., London W1P 4EN. Tel: 01-637 0311.

EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH LIBRARY (in British Museum). Early Man-making Tools Dec. 1980. Monographs in Britain, Early Art, Early Science and Medicine, Tools, the British in the Tropics, Wedgwood 250. Exhibition Days 9.30-6. Admission free.

FOR SALE & WANTED

BODLEIAN FILM STRIPS: 30,000 subjects on 35mm, colour transparencies mostly from medieval illuminated manuscripts, mostly arranged by topics. Prints and 35mm slides. Mailing interests. For free transparency list to Miss K. Arkell, Bodleian Library, Oxford OX1 3BG England.

FOR SALE, inscribed books, autographed letters, etc. Lists free. W. Ward Sale Room, Southport.

OXFORD

BALLIOL COLLEGE
DAMON SCHOLARSHIP
The College will offer two fee exemptions with stipends Michaelmas Term 1980 to undergraduate study of deans of sufficient proven that candidates of sufficient academic merit possess unquestionable character will be made in the Arts and Sciences. The College will send the scholars [illegible] with 300 half fees with stipends [illegible] Scholarships will be tenable for [illegible] Preference will be given to the college [illegible] men and women.
Details may be obtained from the Tutor for Admissions at Balliol [illegible] Application forms must be [illegible] before March [illegible]

PERSONAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES
Also to Sales
No security required
REGIONAL TRUST LTD.
[illegible]

RESEARCH students, translations, [illegible] Tel: [illegible]

All advertisements are subject to the conditions of acceptance of Times Newspapers Ltd, copies of which are available on request.

© TIMES NEWSPAPERS LIMITED 1980
Printed and Published by Times Newspapers Limited at New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ, England. Friday, September 26, 1980. Monday, [illegible]

T·L·S
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
FRIDAY • 10 OCTOBER 1980 • No 4045 • 35p

A detail from R. B. Kitaj's charcoal drawing "Two Famous Writers", 1980, from the catalogue to an exhibition of Kitaj's pastels and drawings which opened this week at Marlborough Fine Art Ltd, 6 Albemarle Street. The exhibition will be reviewed in a future issue of the TLS.

The contradictions of Benjamin Constant

Philip Larkin on Dick Francis

Men and ideas of the Right: La Nouvelle Droite, Jacques Bainville, Philippe Ariès, the Pieds Noirs, Primo de Rivera, Conservatism and dogma

John Weightman on Henry Miller

Goethe's dramas, Offenbach's centenary

Commentary: 'Slow Motion', 'Jeeves Takes Charge'

Fontane in Britain, Austrian writing, Publishing in Africa

Oswald Spengler and his Weltangst

The Tennyson Album
A Biography in Original Photographs
ANDREW WHEATCROFT
Introduction by Sir John Betjeman
A re-creation of the life and times of Alfred Tennyson through photographs, many of them printed here for the first time. It shows Tennyson as his friends saw him, and explores his life through the extraordinary richness of the photographic record. *0494 X Over 150 half-tones £10.50*

Annotations to 'Finnegans Wake'
ROLAND McHUGH
The first volume to synthesize relevant material from all the disciplines the *Wake* covers into a one-volume guidebook that can be read side by side with the *Wake* itself. *0661 6 (cloth) £17.95, 0666 7 (paper) £5.95*

Joyce's Politics
DOMINIC MANGANIELLO
University of Ottawa
Dispelling the view that James Joyce had no politics, this study links the political content of his novels with his own views. *0537 7 £12.50*

Marginalia
Part 1
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
Edited by George Whalley
Comprising annotations on 73 books by 53 authors made by Coleridge, ranging from a single word to a substantial essay. *Collected Works of Coleridge Vol. 12 0249 1 £32*

Selected Poems
JON SILKIN
Selections from six of Jon Silkin's collections published between 1954 and 1976, bringing together the work of one of our finest poets. *0514 4 (paper) £4.95*

Nine Lives
Cats in Folklore
KATHARINE M. BRIGGS
Gathering together many of the legends and tales that surround cats, Katherine Briggs looks at the cat in folklore from ancient Egypt to the present day. *0638 1 Illustrated £7.95*

John Dobson
Architect and Landscape Gardener
LYALL WILKES
A biography of one of the most important architects of the early nineteenth century, illustrated throughout with examples of his varied work. *Oriel Press Publications 0 85362 181 0 £12*

The Origins of Britain
LLOYD and JENNIFER LAING
Chronologically the first of the five-volume *Britain before the Conquest* series, this book follows the path of man's occupation of Britain from earliest times to the late Bronze Age. *0431 1 Illustrated throughout £7.95*

Copyright
Intellectual Property in the Information Age
EDWARD W. PLOMAN and L. CLARK HAMILTON
Executive Director, International Institute of Communications; Assistant Director, Library of Congress
Analyses the wider implications of copyright as an instrument for ordering the flow of information and culture within and among societies. *0539 3 £12.50*

Race, IQ and Jensen
JAMES R. FLYNN
Professor of Political Studies, University of Otago
Previous books on race and IQ have attempted to refute Jensen's views, but this is the first book which answers him coherently on every point, summarizing his arguments in full. *0651 9 £10.50*

Ancient Indian Magic and Folklore
MARGARET STUTLEY
Drawing on many years' study of religious cults and folklore, Margaret Stutley provides an introduction to the ancient magic and folklore of India. *0388 9 £6.50*

Muhammad
Seal of the Prophets
MUHAMMAD ZAFRULLA KHAN
An appraisal of the life of Muhammad which enables the reader to assess for himself the life and significance of the Prophet of Islam. *0610 1 (paper) £4.95*

Tal's Winning Chess Combinations
MIKHAIL TAL
And Victor Kheskin
The secrets of winning chess combinations, the very heart of chess, are described and explained in this book by Russian Grandmaster Mikhail Tal. *0630 6 Illustrated throughout £9.50*

Place-Name Changes Since 1900
ADRIAN ROOM
A world gazetteer covering all the many changes in place-names since 1900. *0702 7 £8.95*

New Paperbacks

History of the Islamic Peoples
CARL BROCKELMANN
0521 0 (paper) £6.95

The Bantu-Speaking Peoples of Southern Africa
Edited by W.D. HAMMOND-TOOKE
0708 6 (paper) £12.50

The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Science
E.A. BURTT
0588 1 (paper) £4.50

The Fundamental Questions of Philosophy
A.C. EWING
0586 5 (paper) £2.95

ISBN Prefix: 0 7100

Routledge & Kegan Paul
39 Store Street, London WC1

RKP

THE TIMES

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

OCTOBER 10, 1980

contents

MARGARET AND PATRICE HIGONNET — Benjamin Constant: De la liberté chez les modernes—Écrits politiques. De l'esprit de conquête. De l'esprit de conquête et de l'usurpation. Annales Benjamin Constant—Volume 1. Étienne Hofmann, Norbert Furrer and others: Bibliographie analytique des écrits sur Benjamin Constant (1796-1980). Étienne Hofmann: Les "Principes de politique" de Benjamin Constant—La genèse d'une oeuvre et l'évolution de la pensée de leur auteur (1789-1806)

ROBIN BUSS — Jean Delay: Avant Mémoire—D'une minute à l'autre

E. J. REED, ANTHONY CHEAL PUGH — Thomas Mann: Tagebücher 1918-1921. Stuart Sykes: Les romans de Claude Simon

PHILIP LARKIN, ANDREW MOTION — Dick Francis: Reflex. R. T. Plumb: A House Called Madrid

PATRICK O'CONNOR — Denise Vautrin: Mimi Bamboche ou La Jeunesse d'Hortense Schneider. Jacques Offenbach: Notes d'un Musicien en Voyage

FRITZ SPIEGL — Alexander Faris: Jacques Offenbach

S. S. PRAWER — Theodor Fontane: Wanderungen durch England und Schottland

PETER SUTCLIFFE — Geoffrey Boycott: Opening Up. E. W. Swanton and John Woodcock (Editors): Barclays World of Cricket—The Game from A to Z

VICTORIA GLENDINNING — Reginald Bosanquet (With Wallace Reyburn): Let's Get Through Wednesday—My 25 years with ITN. Roy Plomley: Days Seemed Longer. Val Doonican: The Special Years

JOHN WEIGHTMAN, RAY ROCKENDEN — Henry Miller: The World of Lawrence. Sextet. Volker Schlöndorff: Die Blechtrommel

GORDON WRIGHT — William R. Keylor: Jacques Bainville and the Renaissance of Royalist History in Twentieth-Century France. Philippe Aréhs, with Michel Winock: Un historien du dimanche

PATRICK MCCARTHY — Daniel Leconte: Les pieds-noirs—Histoire et portrait d'une communauté

EUGEN WEBER, PAUL PRESTON — Dextrogyrations in Paris. Ian Gibson: En busca de José Antonio

GEOFFREY MARSHALL, NORMAN STONE — Roger Scruton: The Meaning of Conservatism. Peter Broucek (Editor): Ein General im Zwielicht

JOHN CLIVE, NESTA ROBERTS — Leslie Mitchell: Holland House. J. G. Links: Travellers in Europe

RICHARD OSBORNE, GAY CLIFFORD, BRYCE MORRISON, JOHN RYLE, T. J. WINSON, RICHARD COMBS — Commentary. Jeeves Takes Charge (Fortune Theatre). Women's Images of Men (ICA). Pollini Concert (Royal Festival Hall). Slow Motion (Camden Plaza Cinema). Dressed to Kill (Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square). The Big Red One (Classic Cinema, Haymarket)

To the Editor. Among this week's contributors

ANDREW SAINT — Manfredo Tafuri and others: Vienna Rossa—La politica residenziale nella Vienna socialista, 1919-33. Author, Author. Fifty Years on

VIRGINIA LLEWELLYN SMITH, PATRICIA CRAIG — F. M. Mayer: The Third Miss Symons. Jennifer Lash: From May to October

GEORGE STEINER — Goethe's Plays—Translated with Introductions by Charles E. Passage

ALAN HILL — Publishing in Africa

MICHAEL BUTLER, MICHAEL HOFMANN, STEPHEN PLAICE, COLIN RUSS — Alfred Andersch: Der Vater eines Mörders—Eine Schulgeschichte. Jurek Becker: Nach der ersten Zukunft. Gerhard Roth: Winterreise. Gabriele Wohmann: Ach wie gut, das niemand weiss

EDWARD TIMMS, HENRY GIFFORD — Alan Best and Hans Wolfschütz (Editors): Modern Austrian Writing—Literature and Society after 1945. Miklós Radnóti: The Complete Poetry—Edited and translated by Emery George

PETER LABANYI, TIM MASON, HUGH RANK — Max Horkheimer (Editor): Zeitschrift für Sozialforschung. Berthold Hinz: Art in the Third Reich. Michael Hollington: Günter Grass—The Writer in a Pluralist Society

J. P. STERN, PETER HEATING — The Weltangst of Oswald Spengler. Kenneth Williams: Acid Drops

MICHAEL HAMBURGER — Hans Magnus Enzensberger: Die Furie des Verschwindens. Gunter Kunert: Abtötungsverfahren. Ernst Jandl: Der Gelbe Hund. Jürgen Theobaldy: Schwere Erde, Rauch. Kurt Marti: Gedichte

IAN BELL — Guillevic: Vivre en poésie—Entretien avec Lucie Albertini et Alain Verceuil. Aurres—Poèmes 1969-1979

RODERICK BEATON — Takis Sinopoulos: Landscape of Death—Selected Poems

DELLA COULING, ADAM PORTEOUS — Erich Fried: Liebesgedichte. In the monument room (poem). Information please

On the side of disinterestedness

By Margaret and Patrice Higonnet

BENJAMIN CONSTANT:
De la liberté chez les modernes
Écrits politiques
Edited by Marcel Gauchet
Paris: Livre de Poche.
2 253 02353

De l'esprit de conquête
Preface by Denis de Rougemont
93pp. Lausanne: Favre
2 8289 0045 X

De l'esprit de conquête et de l'usurpation
Edited by Ephraïm Harpaz
Geneva: Slatkine.
2 05 00014G 0

Annales Benjamin Constant
Volume 1
Geneva: Droz.

ETIENNE HOFMANN:
Les "Principes de politique" de Benjamin Constant
La genèse d'une oeuvre et l'évolution de la pensée de leur auteur (1789-1806)
Two volumes
Geneva: Droz.

ETIENNE HOFMANN, NORBERT FURRER and others:
Bibliographie analytique des écrits sur Benjamin Constant (1796-1980)
319pp. Oxford: Voltaire Foundation. £16.
0 7294 0254 1

It is depressing not to have any enemies at all, and Benjamin Constant once lamented, "on me hait peu". In fact, however, he was thoroughly disliked, both by others and by himself. Napoleon detested him, as did most rightists, leftists, and centrists. In 1814, Mme de Staël threatened him with a lawsuit and berated him, of all things, for not being French enough. *After his death*, his self-criticisms were repeated by Sainte-Beuve, who created the legend of a sceptical Adolphe-Constant whose political inconsistencies could be explained by his dependency on various women. Standhal described *De la religion* as "uno espèce de capucinade protestante". In more recent years, Henri Guillemin in nineteen books and essays has repeatedly broken this supposed butterfly on the wheel of Christian Democratic morality: Constant was a liar and a cheat, a syphilitic Swiss degenerate, a *muscadin* who speculated on *biens nationaux*, informed for the police, and cynically framed his opinions to suit the times. These views are largely absurd, but they are not wholly implausible, because much of Constant's life was on the face of it a series of dismal failures and contradictions which somehow worsened as he struggled to set his life in order.

His sentimental life was unusually chaotic. Distance and *Obstacle* were for him the two keys to love. The emotional centrepiece was the liaison with "l'homme-femme" Mme de Staël, which lasted from 1794 to 1811, an irreplaceable catalyst for both of their talents, but debilitating also, marred as it was by endless quarrels, attempted suicides and great scenes. Scattered along the way were a first marriage with an insignificant German lady, who ended her life surrounded by a menagerie of 120 birds, thirty-six cats, eight dogs, and assorted squirrels, fish, snakes, and monkeys; and a string of unsuccessful or unconsummated affairs with, *inter alia*, Talma's former wife Julie and Chateaubriand's *égérie*, the very beautiful and very stupid Mme Récamier. Only after forty did he find occasional tranquility as the third husband of Charlotte von Hardenberg, whose principle attraction was her ability to bore.

Constant's public life as a politician was of a piece. He remained in the opposition for thirty years, waiting in the wings or leaping on to sinking boats. He did not achieve office during the Directory, was quickly expelled by Bonaparte from the Tribunat, embraced the cause of Bernadotte in 1813, and joined his enemy Bonaparte just in time for Waterloo. The most startling sequence in his career is this volte-face of the Hundred Days. He first denounced Bonaparte again as a Corsican usurper, and a military tyrant: "C'est Attila, c'est Gengiskhan." Three weeks later he agreed to draft the emperor's new liberal constitution, the *Acte Additionnel*. Late in life he achieved political equilibrium of a rather negative variety, as a leading spokesman of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies. Even after the July Revolution which brought his friends to power, he failed in his third effort to become a member of the Académie Française.

Intellectually Constant's life until 1813 seemed deceptively blank. He had not published enough. At forty-six he had a mere handful of pamphlets and a translation to his name. His most successful effort to date was a piece of 1797, *Des réactions politiques*, which elicited a response from Kant, but which hardly compared with the books and essays that flowed at Coppet from the pens of Mme de Staël, Sismondi, Prosper de Barante, and A. W. Schlegel. His five-act alexandrine version of Schiller's trilogy *Wallenstein* was never staged, for reasons apparent immediately to its readers and by 1829 to Constant himself.

Benjamin Constant c 1825

Not surprisingly, Constant compared himself to his own library: worn out by much travel but uncut and uncut. Gambling, women (indicated by "." or "1" in the journals), and the *pas de deux* with Mme de Staël had apparently used up most of his time and energy. "Il me semble," he complained, "que je pourrais dormir des années entières". Identification with the exhausted Adolphe confirmed this self-deprecatory legend.

In fact, however, well before Constant left, Mme de Staël, his manuscripts already contained in substantial form the works which make of him the most interesting and perhaps the most important figure of French politics and letters in that critical period that runs from the end of the Enlightenment to the assertion of the Romantic vision. There is *Adolphe*, of course, published in 1816 but written years before that date, as well as the *Journaux intimes*, the work on religion that he called *Polythéisme*, and the two political *Urtexte*, *Fragments d'un ouvrage abandonné sur la possibilité d'une Constitution républicaine dans un grand pays* and *Principes de politique applicables à tous les gouvernements*.

A self-fulfilling prophecy is at work here: because Constant's life was thought scandalous or unimportant, his papers were ignored or even destroyed. Most dreadful was the decision of his daughter, Alberstine de Staël, to burn his correspondence with her mother, vandalism the likes of which have made it more possible for critics to diminish Constant's literary and political stature. An edition of his *Oeuvres complètes* would restore the historical balance. It would also greatly facilitate the flow of scholarship on Constant, which no longer focuses as exclusively on *Adolphe* as it did some years ago. Scholars today have begun to apply rhetorical and linguistic as well as thematic analysis to the neglected sectors of his opus, such as his plays, his book on religion, or his political speeches. The relation of the parts to the whole has been obscured by the fragmentary publication of the texts. The publication of complete works, as Edmund Wilson aggressively showed, can at times be a kind of academic flummery, but for Constant it is a true necessity. Much is to be hoped from the complete edition of his works proposed by the Benjamin Constant Association at the congress held in July at Lausanne to commemorate Constant's death 150 years ago on December 8.

Meanwhile, papers continue to turn up. Among recent archival finds is his correspondence with Sismondi, admirably edited or in some cases recalled by Norman King and Jean-Daniel Candaux in the newly founded *Annales Benjamin Constant*. The letters underscore Constant's sensibility, as one might expect, but unexpectedly also the warmth of his friendship for both Sismondi and Mme de Staël at the very moment of the quarrels between the two lovers. A more systematic understanding of Constant in his early and middle years will also emerge from the publication of his correspondence with Belle de Charrière, which will appear in her collected works, and from the letters to Louis-Ferdinand and Thérèse Huber, which Etienne Hofmann has edited for the *Cahiers Staëliens*. Some of Constant's letters to other acquaintances like Luise Goeckhausen and the *notaire* Fourcault de Pavant may yet surface to be included in the projected edition of the 9,000 letters he is known to have penned. Other letters of indirect relevance like Wilhelm von Humboldt's exchanges with Mme de Staël may emerge from private archives.

Constant's printed political writings and the many drafts that preceded them are also undergoing a *mise à jour*. Etienne Hofmann, secretary of the Constant Association, will shortly publish the 1806 version of the *Principes de politique* (1815) with a volume of commentary that will surely be a major contribution to the field. Other works of relevance to scholars are coming thick and fast. Hofmann's excellent *Bibliographie analytique des écrits sur Benjamin Constant* (1796-1980), with its critical summaries and thematic indexes, is an invaluable research tool that will shortly be keyed to a computer at the University of Lausanne to print out selective listings. More detailed analyses of recent scholarship are to be found in the two bibliographic essays by Pierre Deguise and Frank Paul Bowman in the *Annales Benjamin Constant*.

To judge from the Lausanne Congress, three topics still dominate Constant scholarship—the man, the politician, and the thinker—although this division is under pressure from those who argue (against Sainte-Beuve or Harold Nicolson) for the internal coherence of Constant's work.

"L'homme et l'oeuvre" constitutes at once the most traditional and exhausted subject of Constant scholarship (Benjamin-Adolphe, Germaine-Malvée) and the concern of some innovative current work. Traditionalists are still at work on the genesis of texts like *Adolphe* and *Cécile*, differentiating the fictional structures from the life recorded in the *Journaux intimes* and elsewhere. The enduring problem here has been defining Constant, a task which he himself began: like Hamlet, Faust, and Byron, Benjamin described himself as a divided spirit, a study in contradictions, completely fictitious and completely real. As a result, the

New books from CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Of Prelates and Princes
A Study of the Economic and Social Position of the Tudor Episcopate
FELICITY HEAL
The Tudor bishops were men of great temporal, as well as spiritual, power and influence. This book examines their activities as temporal lords: it seeks to discover how wealthy they were and how they applied their revenues. Dr Heal draws upon research already undertaken in particular dioceses, and provides the first general study of these important issues. £17.50 net

A Great Estate at Work
The Holkham Estate and its Inhabitants in the Nineteenth Century
SUSANNA WADE MARTINS
Thomas William Coke, the improving landlord, was a legend within his own lifetime, and the agriculture of the Holkham estate was set up as a fine example to be followed by farmers and landlords alike. This detailed study depicts life and work on the estate, both from the landlord's point of view, and from that of the tenant farmer and cottager. £24.00 net

The Hessians
Mercenaries from Hessen-Kassel in the American Revolution
RODNEY ATWOOD
The Hessians are infamous in American history for their role as part of the British forces sent to crush the colonists' rebellion in 1776. This study is the first to make extensive use of manuscript sources in Germany, Britain and America to put the Hessians in their historical context and to provide a more just assessment of them. £12.50 net

Coffee in Colombia 1850-1970
An Economic, Social and Political History
MARCO PALACIOS
Colombia is the world's second greatest producer of coffee, which since the last quarter of the nineteenth century has been the mainstay of its economy. This book traces the history of coffee producing and marketing in Colombia from its beginnings in the 1970's and relates its growing importance to the evolution of Colombian politics and society. £15.00 net
Cambridge Latin American Studies 30

The Bureaucracy of Han Times
HANS BIELENSTEIN
This is the first modern, comprehensive, and fully documented study of Chinese bureaucracy during the Han period when many of the basic lines of Chinese government practice were laid down. Professor Bielenstein translates all the Chinese official titles and gives their English equivalents £16.50 net
Cambridge Studies in Chinese History, Literature and Institutions

Political Obligation in its Historical Context
Essays in Political Theory
JOHN DUNN
This collection of essays builds on the resources of several theoretical traditions in the human sciences and offers a distinctive view of the nature of political theory and its central role in the understanding of society and, indeed, of human life. £14.50 net

Science and Civilisation in China
Volume V: Chemistry and Chemical Technology
Part 4: Spagyrical Discovery and Invention: Apparatus, Theories and Gifts
JOSEPH NEEDHAM
With the assistance of HO PING-YÜ, LU GWEI-DJEN and NATHAN SIVIN
This latest volume in what has become a supremely important work of scholarship provides detailed descriptions, hitherto unavailable in the West, of laboratory apparatus, the processes of distillation and extraction, aqueous reactions, and the main elements of Chinese (particularly Taoist) alchemical theory. £48.00 net

Celestial Lancets
A History and Rationale of Acupuncture and Moxa
LU GWEI-DJEN and JOSEPH NEEDHAM
This fully illustrated book provides a complete historical account of one of the most ancient therapeutic techniques of Chinese medicine. It is in no sense a clinical manual: its importance lies in its contribution to that oecumenical medicine which will eventually combine the best of Chinese and European knowledge. £45.00 net

Presidential Decision Making
The Economic Policy Board
ROGER B. PORTER
This inside account of American governmental policy making examines the organisation and functions of the cabinet-level body which Gerald Ford described as 'the most important institutional innovation of my administration'. £12.50 net

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSIT PRESS
at the Frankfurt Book Fair Halle 5, Stands G902, G903, G904

PENGUINS

William Wharton

Birdy

'It is a stunning performance' — Robert Nye in the GUARDIAN

'Most memorable... Wharton is exceptionally gifted' — John Fowles

'Totally compulsive' — DAILY TELEGRAPH

£1.25

BARBARA PYM

'Excellent Women and A Glass of Blessings are for me the finest examples of high comedy to have appeared in England during the past seventy-five years' — David Cecil

Excellent Women £1.25 — **A Glass of Blessings** £1.35

David Cook

WALTER

Winner of the HAWTHORNDEN PRIZE for 1979

'Original, brilliant and harrowing. He is a real writer... through his desolating story there emerges, if one's nerves and stomach are strong enough, something like a radience' — C.P. Snow

£1.75

WILLIAM TREVOR

'A master of persuasive realism who commands a graphic style to match it... he has surpassed himself in simplicity of structure, fertility of invention, ruthless characterization and diabolical humour' — Sean O'Faolain in the IRISH TIMES

Lovers of Their Time and Other Stories £1.95

The Children of Dynmouth £1.75 — **The Old Boys** £1.75

Vladimir Nabokov

'The variety, force and richness of Nabokov's perceptions have not even the palest rival in modern fiction... the nearest thing to pure sensual pleasure that prose can offer' — Martin Amis in the NEW STATESMAN

Lolita £1.50 — **Look at the Harlequins!** £2.50

GÜNTER GRASS

The Flounder

'The master of the mixed response and multiple vision; again and again he produces in the reader a delighted wince, a sense of disgusted relish, a high-spirited despair, an almost persecutory glee' — SUNDAY TIMES

£1.95

Isaac Bashevis Singer

Winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature

THE FAMILY MOSKAT

'A masterpiece, a triumph' — Frederic Raphael in the SUNDAY TIMES

'A rich, splendid novel, full of memorable characters, memorable scenes' — NEW SOCIETY

£1.95

journals and letters are marked, as he put it, by "l'habitude de parler pour la galerie"; and even the melodramatic suicide scenes recorded by others must be seen as exercises in the creation of a life-fiction, "des fureurs de théâtre" like Byron's amorous theatricalities. This self-division or *dédoublement*, which led Constant to say "je ne suis pas tout à fait un être réel", and which was the basis for the traditional, pessimistic vision of a nihilist trapped in his own ironies, is today being interpreted by young scholars like Kurt Kloocke intertextually, with particular focus on contemporary German fiction.

The second strand of Constant studies, his politics, is also attracting renewed interest, as the division of labour at the conference bears out. The question has two sides. There is Constant, man of action, a vast subject since his yearning for *la summeil* was, to say the least, deceptive. Constant worked very hard as a member of the Tribunat and as a deputy during the Restoration. His diligence in those years is not the only inference to be drawn from Ephraim Harpax's *Recueil d'articles 1820-24*, a useful complement to his editions of Constant's articles from 1795 to 1820 and from René Bourgeois's presentation of Constant's correspondence on behalf of Wilfrid Regnault, a latter-day Calas. Contemporary views of Constant's political role are increasingly in line with his own view of what he had achieved. Beatrice Jasinski's explication of Constant's thought, and action after 18 Brumaire, for example, extends what Bastide said some years ago and thoroughly invalidates Guillemin's libels.

It is, however, the political thinker who is experiencing a real rebirth. A number of papers underline the need to reassess Constant's place in the history of French and European political thought. In the past, two views of his politics have held the field. Marxist critics have presented him as the devious apologist for bourgeois property, ready to espouse any system—Directorial, Bonapartist, or royalist—that would reassure the *notables* and the *propriétaires*. For them, Constant's supposed defence of individualism in politics is a transparent mask. More to the point, they claim, are his defence of a propertied franchise, his antipathy, his conclusion that only the leisured and therefore educated *rentier* class could rule.

The friends of Constant have taken another tack. For them, Constant is the classic liberal, an individualist and moralist who penetrated the corrupting psychology of power. "J'ai défendu quarante ans le même principe, liberté en tout, en religion, en philosophie, en littérature, en industrie, en politique: et par liberté, j'entends le triomphe de l'individualité, tant sur l'autorité qui voudrait gouverner par le despotisme, que sur les masses qui réclament le droit d'asservir la minorité à la majorité". His views on the threat of despotic centralism are not just a reply to Bonapartist autocracy but an intuition of the totalitarian implications of mass democracy. His critique of Rousseau's views on the unlimited sovereignty of the state is much admired here. These liberals point to his defence of patriotism and his detestation of nationalism, to his attack on the slave trade, and his defence of the freedom of the press.

This Constant, "athlète de la liberté" stands out as the most able critic of those who would revive "la liberté des anciens"; he defends instead "la liberté des modernes", with its emphasis on the rights of private persons. Isaiah Berlin's Constant in *Two Concepts of Liberty* is the best-known presentation of him in this vein, and indeed many Constantiens will continue to see their hero in that light. For Denis de Rougemont, Constant's *De l'esprit de conquête* is a "manifeste de liberté", and the denunciation of the unprofitability of Napoleonic war has obvious relevance to a generation that lives in fear of atomic armageddon. Marcel Gauchet's intelligent introduction to a handy and inexpensive edition of Constant's best-known political works is set in this same immanent mode: "la difficulté que Constant voyait à l'entrée dans l'âge démocratique est restée remarquablement présente." It is to be regretted that Gauchet's succinct and thoughtful essay so relentlessly flogs that dying horse, "la vulgate universitaro-marxo-stalinienne dominante".

A third, richer and more complex view of Constant's political thought is now taking shape. *Dédoublement* has political equivalents, and Constant was more aware of the contradictions in his own arguments than has sometimes been supposed. "Ce que vous dites là", he once mused, "est si juste que le contraire est parfaitement vrai". After all, to go on with Rougemont's argument about wars and bombs, Constant did notice that Britain, the modern state *par excellence*, had done well out of its wars with General Bonaparte. Moreover, as Stephen Holmes points out in an illuminating contribution, though Constant certainly did not like Napoleon, he too admired the emperor and was not blind to the relevance of this theoretically anachronistic despot to the conditions of modern life.

Constant clearly understood the high psychic cost of individualism, i.e. of "la liberté des modernes". His literary and political works are riddled with critiques of "l'intérêt personnel", and Utilitarianism was one of his *bêtes noires*. If *Adolphe* is read (following Norman King) as having three protagonists, Adolphe, Ellénore, and society, the last is neither the villain nor the strawhorse of the piece. While Constant condemns Filangieri's anti-individualist paean of enlightened despotism, he also rejects Godwin's anarchistic individualism and Paine's view of the state as a necessary evil.

In short, Constant was relentless in his defence of individualism and of minority rights, but he was also more mindful of the role of community than has sometimes been supposed. Indeed, his stance was similar to Tocqueville's. Like the author of *Democracy in America*, Constant saw the democratization of social life as an irresistible fact, and in his *Réflexions sur la tragédie* of 1829, he actually spoke of the need to make the modern theatre a theatre of the masses. Constant a Brecht avant la lettre? Who would have thought it possible? In 1796 he described equality as "une idée mère" (another Tocquevilleian thought) "qui n'a jamais été tout à fait expulsée du cœur de l'homme", and in 1806 he wrote that "la perfectibilité de l'espèce humaine n'est autre chose que la tendance vers l'égalité". In this context, it is to be hoped that Beatrice Fink will go on with her work on equality and edit the unpublished Lausanne manuscript which Constant entitled "Du moment actuel et de la destinée de l'espèce humaine, ou l'histoire abrégée de l'égalité". Constant's defence of property requirements is typical of his age; what stands out as different is his concern that property should be widely diffused, hence his critique of Britain, a country which he otherwise greatly admired. Significant in this respect also is his wish after the July Revolution to widen the franchise and his gradual drift to the left to stance characteristically paired with his acceptance of a gift of money from Louis-Philippe to pay his gambling debts).

Constant's nuanced defence of individualism is critical. It is less doctrinaire than that of almost any other French liberal of his day, and it is also more profound. There is an extraordinary appreciation here of both the fragility and irrefragability of individualism, and the tension between the two runs through the whole of Constant's *oeuvre*, so that an understanding of his politics illuminates his literary works, and the reverse. No better subject can be found to legitimize the existence of that unique and elusive discipline, History and Literature.

Individualism, for one thing, subsumes the very important problem of time, as Georges Poulet has insisted in his brilliant essays on Constant. Time can be seen either as personal—interior, creative, discontinuous, and cruel as a harbinger of death—or as historical—progressive, perfectible, but also cataclysmic. In both these aspects, time may imprison or threaten the individual, and Constant is ambivalent about Romantic dynamicism. On the one hand, he embraces life as metamorphosis. On the other, he is disorientated by the prospect of constant flux and progressive abandonment of institutions and human ties, and wishes to find a "situation fixe", to re-present, however factitiously, some formulation of his personal experience.

This dual attitude towards time leads him into the ambivalence about language which fascinated Maurice Blanchot and Tzvetan Todorov. Irony and eloquence are both problematic, a point that emerges from papers at the congress by Patrice Thompson and Jean Starobinski. As an act of solipsism, the larger mobile tensions or transformations of context or isolated moment of presence implies stasis and fakery. To recreate the gaps that permit mental movement, both literary and political texts incorporate the contradictory perception. Indifférence), whether epic, historical, or rhetorical, seems essary to understanding communication, a hermeneutic ception Constant shares with Schleiermacher.

His conception of history is intertwined with his understanding of the scope and potential of individualism, another reason studying his literary texts *Adolphe* together with the historical ones. Indeed, one of the most exciting developments in the scholarship presented at the conference the way categories of analysis being transferred from literary history and back.

Here again the debate is between a fatalist and a progressivist, Frank Bowman, a literary critic who wonders if Constant really was a historian, argues that his conception of history is not a mechanistically nomothetic or cataclysmic. This argument implies Constant's perception of the accelerated individual is tragic, that there is an extended Racinian dimension, maxims certainly do describe the submission of the individual to historical laws. Fatalism is strongest in Constant's addiction to gambling as well as in those famous journal entries, "ma galère" and "I... v. d. D. t. l'". volonté de Dieu soit faite".

An equally strong argument however, can be made that Constant's conception of the individual as fluctuating and organicist. Mme Delon, and earlier Annie Berg, noted his use of the organicist opposition dear to the Romanticism. "La variété", he claimed, "c'est l'organisation, l'uniformité, c'est du mécanisme" images of germination permeate historical writings. His conception of historical process is progressive. "Il existe une loi de progrès qui s'exerce dans tous les temps sur tous les objets." At the same time, progress is by no means accommodating the notion of "accueil" and even of barbarism and slavery (which he forthrightly condemned) as part of the same history of man in given contexts.

Actual history, of course, has many cataclysms, most and perhaps being the Terror, but history shaped by thoughtful men and here individual liberty is at stake can be progressive. "La marche de l'espèce humaine est graduelle, toute innovation qui frappe une secousse violente est dangereuse; mais cette secousse est en même temps progressive, tout ce qui s'oppose à cette progression est également dangereux." In a Bourbon Restoration and a Napoleonic usurpation must therefore be condemned as "le règne du mensonge". Both Ellénore and Napoleon erred, as Poulet says, in trying to make permanent a reign necessary only for the moment. Constant's vision of history is organic and progressive, but not teleological. Human consciousness is forever constituting; society becomes more fluid and free; but the details are left open. Constant has little patience for what (mechanistic) social engineers like his utopian contemporaries. The laws of history are above all the laws of process, nature neither mechanistic nor *nature naturata*: necessarily evolution, for which Constant was pleased, becomes a creative principle of conduct.

Constant, that *rara avis*, is a political liberal and individualist who makes use of organicist rhetoric to oppose conservative contemporaries like A. W. Schlegel and De Maistre. Two important features of his organicism temper this situation. Constant's historical metaphors are the liberal, temperate open ones of vegetable growth, not the conservative, spatial, restrictive ones of the body. From Constant's perspective, the attempt to make institutional forms no longer relevant to the needs of society is a return to ostensibly organic medieval forms represents a violation of natural order. Second, and more important, his brand of organicism is centred not on the state but on the autonomous individual and his irreducible natural rights. Unlike abstraction, and mechanistic reality, abstraction, the large scale, are the hallmarks of the organic state, whose life is not in the whole but in the coexisting parts.

The organicism implicit in Constant's thought reminds us of an important Germany was for him. We think of him exclusively in terms of French tradition obscures the fact that he shares a great deal—his *dédoublement* and philosophical anthropology, for example—with Friedrich Schlegel, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and other German contemporaries. Ballanche, who knew Constant, was closer to the truth than he thought when he wrote in 1819 to Mme Récamier, "Coppet . . . serait le berceau de la société nouvelle. Cette frontière des idées allemandes et des idées françaises serait aussi la frontière des idées nouvelles."

Constant, perhaps because he was Swiss, was the most German Frenchman of his age, after his friend Charles Villers, who mediated Kant for the French. Constant spent over ten years in Germany, as a student at Erlangen (1782-83), as a Wertherian courtier-functionary at Brunswick (1788-94), as the travel companion of Mme de Staël (1803-04), and as a scholar at Göttingen (1811-1814). Of his stays the most fruitful was the third and briefest, which marks a critical turn in his intellectual development. He met Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Schelling and many lesser lights. He was well received; Goethe liked him as much as he disliked the future author of *De l'Allemagne*. With Mme de Staël he was coached in Weimar by Henry Crabb Robinson on "la nouvelle philosophie allemande", lessons which were continued in Switzerland by August Wilhelm and Friedrich Schlegel.

As in all things, Constant was somewhat ambivalent about Germany, which like his German wives represented both "repos" and "ennui". One of the journal entries complains that the French intellectuals who attack "la nouvelle philosophie" "me forcent à la défendre, et Dieu sait que je n'y suis pas disposé". He recognized immediately and rejected the conservative, mystical tendencies of German idealism. Germans like A. W. Schlegel, Schelling, and Görres who wished to link Church and State seemed to him no better than French journalists like Geoffroy. Of Fichte's isolationist political theory and proposal to legislate human conduct, he said, "Ce sont des fous qui, s'ils gouvernaient, recommenceraient Robespierre, avec les meilleures intentions du monde". The journals provide wicked portraits of the egoism and bizarrerie of the Schlegels, Schelling, and even Goethe.

Nonetheless, his understanding of the German philosophers was far more profound than that of Mme de Staël, although she more effectively popularized their thought. In Protestant Germany he found a liberal option akin to his own thought, a distrust of forms and an insistence on individual experience: "le sentiment religieux" felt differently in each heart. Many minor figures struck a responsive chord: Ernst Platner, Heinrich Erhard, Gottlob Paulus, and Gottlieb Hufeland, for example. Perhaps most striking, when Constant is examined in the context of contemporary German thought, is the similarity of his views on history, poetry, and the moral education of man to the mainstream views of Herder, Schiller, and Wilhelm von Humboldt, as well as Schleiermacher, Schelling, and the Schlegels.

The importance of the German context for interpreting Constant emerges from Kurt Müller-Vollmer's elegant paper at the congress on the parallels among Wilhelm von Humboldt, Constant and Mme de Staël. Müller-Vollmer, who bypasses both modern *Rezeptionsgeschichte* and the mechanistic study of influences, endeavours, in his own terms, to open up the historical "space" of early Romanticism. What he finds in common among his three authors is the application of Kantian aesthetics to political, ethical, and historical thought, and thus the fundamental unity of their various works.

Disinterestedness can be taken as the key Kantian concept that is transformed from a purely aesthetic, contemplative attitude into a formative modal attitude by Humboldt, Schiller, and Constant. Ironically, while Kant's ethics proper appeared to Constant and others excessively abstract and rigid, the doctrine of aesthetic disinterestedness appeared to them to describe an implicitly moral experience. "Il y a dans la contemplation du beau en tout genre, quelque chose qui nous détache de nous-mêmes, en nous faisant sentir que la perfection vaut mieux que nous, et . . . nous inspirant un désintéressement momentané." "Although Constant agrees with Kant that the beautiful object has no extrinsic, didactic purpose, the experience of the beautiful leads to self-development (and true liberty) through liberation from the narrow circle of self-interest. "Un ouvrage d'imagination ne doit pas avoir un but moral mais un résultat moral. Il doit ressembler, à cet égard, à la vie humaine qui n'a pas un but, mais qui toujours a un résultat dans lequel la morale trouve nécessairement sa place." The analogy between art and human life is characteristic, and it helps to explain Constant's suspicion of historical teleology.

Désintéressement unifies Constant's work. In *Adolphe* it is the magnet that draws unto itself the themes of *amour* and *amour-propre*. In the *Principes de politique*, it leads to a moralistic conception of liberty which enables him to reconcile individual and community. "La liberté se nourrit de sacrifices." Disinterestedness and progress go hand in hand: "Dans la seule faculté de sacrifice est le germe indestructible de la perfectibilité." In *De la religion*, it is the essence of what he calls *le sentiment religieux*, "cet élan vers l'inconnu, vers l'infini", a theme which drags in its wake Ossian, tombstones, love, the spectacle of heroism, and the hatred of tyranny. It is his emphasis on disinterestedness that allows Constant to conclude that "Tout ce qui est beau, tout ce qui est intime, tout ce qui est noble participe de la religion".

Harold Nicolson, in his readable and unreliable biography of Constant, said of his anti-hero that "the interest of Constant's actions and character is to be sought, not in their consistency, but in their inconsistency, not in their continuity, but in their alternations". On the contrary, Constant now appears to us fundamentally coherent: what were understood as contradictions are the different facets of a complex but unified view of the self. Politics, literature, and religion are all grounded in the nature of man: "La société, le langage, la religion sont inhérents à l'homme: les formes varient." All three must therefore be grasped in a single sweep. More than ever Constant has great weight for a generation that is struck by thinkers like Lévi-Strauss, Noam Chomsky, Fernand Braudel, or Roberto Unger, whose work endeavours to integrate many fields.

The Constant vogue has many sources: his rise to greater fame owes much, as has been said, to the sudden collapse of the "vulgate universitaro-marxo-stalinienne". It has also gained from the rejection by the French of Jacobin centralism; the publication of an *acciton* or *filibrige Esprit de conquête* a *d'usurpation* is no doubt close at hand. But there is more to it than that. Constant's stature is genuinely greater than has commonly been assumed. The most thoughtful *litterateur* between Diderot and Stendhal, he is also the most thoughtful *politique* between Rousseau and Tocqueville.

The burgeoning bourgeoisie

By Robin Buss

JEAN DELAY:
Avant Mémoire
D'une minute à l'autre
Vol I, 300pp. Vol II, 312pp.
Paris: Gallimard.

The title comes from Péguy, who said that the memory of a generation ends with its grandparents, *le mur des quatre*; beyond that, we can only know our past by tracing it across the dry moorland of archives and registers. It is an arduous journey and, in the case of family histories where the family is not well-known, usually a private one. It needs exceptional material or exceptional ability in presenting it for the results of such researches to arouse more than polite indifference in those who have no personal attachment to such fragments of history. Jean Delay has investigated his maternal ancestry back to the thirteenth generation and triumphantly justifies his decision to publish the results of his quest.

The registers of the Minutier Central provide his basic material, since he has chosen to limit his research to the Parisian branches of the family. These two volumes cover the period from 1555 to 1736 and, at the very least, demonstrate the range and mobility of the Parisian bourgeoisie from François Ier to Louis XV and the extent to which their social relationships illuminate the history of that period. As in those historical novels where the author wants to startle his reader with a cameo of *déjà vu*, celebrities make the occasional, even nonsensical one of Delay's ancestors, Jacques-Nicolas Moyen was a musician with Lully; others held official appointments which also brought them into contact with the court and the nobility and one was the first publisher of La Bruyère's *Caractères*. But this is not history adopting the methods of fiction and on the whole its hero is Monsieur Dimanche rather than Dom Juan, its domain the family home and the workshop of the conscientious tradesman. Religious conflicts, foreign wars, the Fronde intervene through their effects on family relationships, trade or the cost of living. And, like much recent social history, this gives some basis for reappraising the role of women, showing them to have been more *économically* active than was once supposed.

Marriage contracts, often signed by up to twenty witnesses, provide the crucial intersections from which Delay traces the network of the families' social connections and their status. The story they tell is by definition one of regular unions which the family is happy to have recorded for posterity. Sexual irregularities, emotional crises, thwarted loves and ambitions, even professional disasters can be forgotten or concealed, but it is these dramas which engage our imaginative sympathies with the past and reveal the character of individuals. They appear seldom in *Avant mémoire* and then only obliquely, leaving us to guess at the piety or social circumstances which lead a widow to the convent or the distress of parents whose son is in trouble with the law. We are reminded of how exceptional was the documentary evidence on which Le Roy Ladurie drew for *Montaillou* and Delay does not pretend to give the same intimate portrait of family life or to evoke individuals as vividly as the shepherd Pierre Maury or the rascally priest Pierre Clergue through whom that thirteenth-century Pyrenean village can be experienced, remote and yet familiar as Dickens's London or Zola's Paris. It is not hard to understand why *Montaillou* has been so popular and why it has been followed by a rash of historical novels in France.

However, the uniqueness of the sources of Ladurie's portrait of Montaillou has its dangers: and is likely to remember best and genre-like from its revelations on the behaviour of individuals. Pierre Clergue's phenomenal sexuality tells us a lot about him, but not necessarily anything about the medieval priesthood. The sociological enquiries of *Avant mémoire* are certainly less entertaining, but also more informative. The urban bourgeoisie that it portrays seems to uphold the values one might expect, but is not without its surprises or significant peculiarities. Catherine Malescot, the subject of the first chapter, managed a tennis court, "La raquette d'or", in the sixteenth century; one hundred and fifty years later, her descendants, living in much the same quarter of Paris, were engaged in the relatively new trade of wig-making. In between, the family had included, or allied with, engravers, public officials, wine merchants, printers and musicians, taking in virtually every level of the bourgeoisie, so that its history, spotlighting one by one these different intersections in the network of social relationships, amounts, virtually to a rounded picture of the development of the class. By the time Delay has brought this story up to the *mur des quatre* in the Paris of Haussmann, we shall probably be justified in taking this family saga for a representative slice of Parisian life.

October Books

Fiction

THE CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR
Jean M. Auel

An original and powerful novel that goes back in time to the crucial dawn of civilisation and tells the story of the struggles of a young girl, Ayla, in whose blood flows the future of mankind. *£4.95*

THE GRUDGE
Paul Chevalier

'Probably the most original World War II novel yet written. Non-stop suspense, vivid scenes, powerful characters and – above all – a diabolical plot which grips the reader like a vice all the way'. *Colin Forbes* *£7.50*

Non-Fiction

OPERATION LUCY
Anthony Read and David Fisher
Most Secret Spy Ring of the Second World War

'It makes fascinating reading, especially for someone like myself, involved, as I was, in wartime clandestine Intelligence duties and in handling Ultra material'. *Malcolm Muggeridge*
Illustrated *£8.50*

STARSEEKERS
Colin Wilson

Charts the voyage of man's discovery of the universe, from the construction of ancient monuments such as Stonehenge to the questions posed by Relativity, and by radio and X-ray astronomy.
Illustrated *£10.95*

HIGH DRAMA
Hamish MacInnes

From a master story teller, and specialist in mountain rescue, comes a collection of international stories of endurance, excitement, courage, drama and survival.
Illustrated *£7.95*

Hodder & Stoughton

P|H

RIGHTS AVAILABLE

Hall 5 Stand B 921

PIERRE HORAY EDITEUR

In retreat from reality

By T. J. Reed

THOMAS MANN:
Tagebücher 1918-1921
Edited by Peter de Mendelssohn
908pp. Frankfurt: Fischer.
3 10 048192 5

Thomas Mann's diaries have been a disappointment for readers who, against his express warning, expected them to be a literary event. The 1930s volumes document the trauma and impotence of exile, but much of the bulk is trivial detail. This has been used as a stick to beat Mann with: how could this eminent intellectual and epic master descend to being merely human? As if a diary were not the one refuge (short of silence, which a compulsive formulator is reluctant to yield to) where all the disguise and pretence of grandeur can cease. Just how human, how intensely vulnerable Mann could be was another surprise. That it was not just the shock of exile is now plain. These earlier years show the same shrinking from the frictions of life, to the point of psychic precariousness and an occasional wish for death.

From the first news of their existence, the 1918-21 *Tagebücher* seemed certain to be the most interesting, and so they are, though not for any immediate observations of the German revolution or graphic account of the Munich Soviet Republic. Mann's characteristic distanced reflectiveness might have guaranteed as much. But it is simpler than that: the bourgeois writer does not venture out among political and military crises; he stays at home in his suburban villa, perhaps under curfew anyway, listens to the firing, expects marauders or arrest, and waits for news—telephone calls from friends in Berlin or relatives on the other side of town, callers, rumours. More simply still: where would he go to see the action? Before it has been tidied up for the history-books, such action is everywhere and nowhere, scrappy, uncut, and the vital eye-witness is usually on the spot by chance. So, typically, in February 1919:

> Greatly missing my evening walk. I think I shall be able to get out tomorrow. There are posters saying the general strike will be over tomorrow morning, having "shown the bourgeoisie what we can do". Hats off! There has been a demonstration (what for? what against?) with Levien speaking. A military cordon has been put round the Hofgarten for fear of a Spartacist coup: I thought the Spartakists were in power? One doesn't know quite what is what. — Finished reading Landauer. . . .

That at least goes on in a small area of clarity—reading, writing, preparing to write.

"Writing" in these years means first the two short idylls *Herr und Hund* and *Gesang vom Kindchen*. Walks with a dog and the birth and christening of his latest child hardly seem themes for this period of upheaval and violence; the hexameters are ill matched to the none-too-distant machine-gun fire. Yet, as Mann says, the idylls are in their way documents of the time, a retreat into a few assured areas of life where politics and the larger social forces do not reach. After them, when some strength has been regained, he returns to the larger work which justifies a temporary escape from "reality" by seeking to lay bare reality's deepest nerve: *The Magic Mountain*, abandoned early in the War. It is an uncertain, groping return, a manuscript clearly overtaken by the times; its demands to be revised will grow beyond all expectation, in response to a decade's emotional, philosophical and political changes. These Diaries are full of detail documenting the first phase of that crucial process.

Inevitably there is much political reflection too. Not just the continuation of Mann's wartime conservatism, although that has defined his public image. He early sees that the old Germany must be modified, he can envisage a new "social republic". But he also oscillates to surprising extremes [illegible] sympathy [illegible] for a communist Danube Federation of Bavaria, Austria and Hungary, or of an eventual Pan-Germany to be reached via a dissolution of the present Reich into its old constituents.

The motive is not real openness to new political forms so much as resentment against the Entente. For Germany to break up, or "move East", would be a revenge for the defeat, and even more for the Allies' hypocrisy in fighting a propaganda war in high moral terms and making a peace of hardest *Realpolitik*. Anything sooner than admit that Western capitalist democracy has a future. Communism is more promising, more "human", more (in Mann's weird logic) "anti-political".

The flirtations however lack substance. In practice he votes DVP in Bavaria abstains in the first Reich elections (held on his birthday: "Thanks for the honour!"), finds the Munich Republic more oppressive to personal freedom than the Wilhelmine regime ever was, and is relieved when Epp's White forces put an end to it—the military music of their band symbolizes restored order. All standard *bürgerlich* reflexes. This is still the *haute bourgeoisie*, with 300,000 marks a year, taking its rich meals "under the sword of Damocles of expropriation", smarting from defeat and loss, expecting to lose more. Yet at least, unlike most conservatives, Mann opens his mind a little. Like Heine before him he can see that his objections to communism ("proletarian culture") are not decisive. He can feel "shame" after a family discussion of Bolshevism the direction of which can be inferred, or when his son seeks favour with him by making reactionary remarks. He is residually liberal, finds Ebert's inaugural speech *sympathisch*. Though disliking Liebknecht and Luxemburg as extremists, he is shocked by their murder and by Kurt Eisner's—which his children's classmates greet with dancing and applause. In due course, the sheer fact of violence will cause a fundamental rethinking. But we are still a year short of that. As yet the Republic is an alien thing.

An inhibitor of faster change must have been his brother, whom he identifies with the new order (as well as with the forces that brought low the old). It is Heinrich's heyday, he reflects bitterly: as a one-time outsider in the Wilhelmine wilderness, as the satirist of Kaiser-struck conformism he can now bask in public recognition of his republican virtue. Thomas feels correspondingly that he has lost favour, he is an outsider again as he has not been since his literary beginnings. After an (unusually for him) unsuccessful public reading, his talent is declared by a critic to have no future—just the kind of sweeping notion to which he was acutely sensitive. Doubts about *The Magic Mountain* ebb and flow: by the time it is finished it may be as out of date as the version he is busy revising. At times the whole project seems impossible (but which of his works did not?).

Behind all these worries, there is the home front. He has recurrent trouble with his teeth; so does his baby daughter. He sleep is not always good and his writing suffers. He feels life is slipping away. He is troubled by ear, there is a series of encounters with young men, never going beyond admiration from the next seat in a theatre or tram, or during a house-party; but it is deeply disturbing and causes him thought. His attacks of impotence, over which he deeply appreciates Katia's loving sympathy and tolerance. They have passing tiffs (he tells her off for using too much butter) and his mother-in-law is closely a pain. To the hostile reader, all irritabilities again. Yet perhaps only in a diary do all the frenzos come so completely together, from the state of the nation and a man's artistic standing down to the smallest irritation ("It makes me suffer, physically and mentally, that she's underwear is always too small for me and she's is too large"), bringing into focus the processes of existence behind literature, the ease and unease out of which comes the [illegible] routine sentence. "Wrote [illegible]

"How unpleasant to meet Mr Eliot!/With his features of clerical cut,/And his brow so grim/And his mouth so prim . . .". That self-caricature is hardly borne out by this ingenious and striking triple-image in Cecil Beaton's 1956 portrait of the poet from Beaton (edited with text by James Danziger: 256pp. Secker and Warburg. £14.95. 436 12400 9). The book also contains equally revealing studies of Igor Stravinsky, Augustus John, W. H. Auden and Edith Sitwell; some vivid scenes of New York, Spain, the North African desert and the Far East—these last from Beaton's war years as a photographer for the Ministry of Information—and a remarkable series of fashion, society and show business photographs which reflect Beaton's liking for elaborate settings, an ironic use of the camera and highly stylized rendering of "personalities".

The spatial as scriptural

By Anthony Cheal Pugh

STUART SYKES:
Les romans de Claude Simon
194pp. Paris: Minuit.
2 703 0278 3

Claude Simon's novels have attracted a great deal of attention both in specialist reviews and in collective publications devoted to the *nouveau roman*, and have also been the subject of a colloquium, the proceedings of which are readily available in paperback (*Claude Simon: analyse et théorie*, Collection 10/18). But Stuart Sykes's *Les romans de Claude Simon* is the first general introduction to the novelist's work to have been written in French and published in his own country. In commissioning this book, Jérôme Lindon, Simon's publisher, presumably wanted, Dr Sykes suggests, indulging in any structural, like acrobatics, or "exercices de haute voltige" as he has described articles on Simon written by Jean Ricardou and others influenced by the neo-marxist "textual materialism", that has been a by-product of the *nouveau roman* movement. What M Lindon wanted was a book which would help the general reader to appreciate the "essential simplicity" of Simon's novels, rather than emphasise their difficulty, or use them as springboards as Ricardou has done, for theoretical work.

Les romans de Claude Simon in no way duplicates the two books published in 1975, written in English by American based critics: *The Novels of Claude Simon*, by J. A. E. Loubère, and *Claude Simon*, by S. Jiménez-Pajardo. Both these introductions were concerned with preparing English-language readers for reputedly difficult texts that reflected modernist trends in fiction and intellectual fashions in France. Rather than cover this ground yet again, Sykes follows up a number of statements made by Simon over the years, to the effect that all his work is concerned with discovering scriptural equivalents for spatial forms derived from painting. Simon's frustrated desire to be a painter is well known, and *Les romans de Claude Simon* illustrates well how the novelist's move away from the representation of a coherent and self-contained fictional world, in *La Bataille de Pharsale* (1969) and the subsequent novels, is the logical outcome of his search for a new formal basis for his art. Unlike the work up to and including *Histoire* (1967) his more recent texts are dependent upon neither the chronological representation of time, nor conventional ways of recounting fictional events through narrators or the interior monologues of characters.

Sykes sees *La Bataille de Pharsale* as the turning point after which, in *Les Corps conducteurs* (1971), *Triptyque* (1973) and *Leçon de choses* (1975), description comes into his own as the writing weaves a complex web of relationships between a number of independent fictional situations. These are integrated by linguistic means into into the "ensemble centré" which has become the writer's artistic goal. Such novels cease to be "realist" in any degree, but multiply instead what are called, since Barthes, "representational effects". Far from being "abstract", such texts become open structures of verbal pathways in which the sensual beauty of the language is a more than adequate compensation for the loss of the familiar fictional world of the novels of the "second period", *L'Herbe* (1957), *La Route des Flandres* (1960), *Le Palace* (1962), and *Histoire* (1967).

Although there is little new in Sykes's treatment of these novels, his form-oriented approach is clear and helpful. While he acknowledges gratefully where necessary, the debt of all Simon critics to the undoubtedly perceptive analyses of Ricardou, he avoids getting involved in linguistic technicalities and does not commit himself ideologically to the materialist view, other than in some token remarks about the consumer society. Like Simon himself, whose comments and explanations he quotes at length, Sykes prefers to view the issue of the materiality of the text in aesthetic terms. Work is demanded of the reader, but he is not called upon, in turn, to become a producer of texts:

> Tout roman de Claude Simon s'oeuvre comme un espace à travailler; l'utilité de l'analyse de la forme spatiale, c'est qu'elle permet d'apprécier la portée comme le lieu d'une activité constante et harmonieuse, et qu'elle interdit à la lecture de se contenter d'un rôle passif.

The models that Simon evokes in describing and explaining his novels, such as the "baroque" spiral, the triptych and the "ensemble centré", are, Sykes observes, useful analogies for describing the fictional space that the writing opens up and the various adjustments that the reader has to make to his habitual linear trajectory through the text. But as Sykes points out, they remain metaphorical images superimposed upon both writer's and readers' memories of the novels. Writing and reading, whatever Simon may say, remain time-structured activities. Did readers, after reading *Le romans de Claude Simon*, to what extent apply models and metaphors, however elegant and satisfying they may appear to be, are not as much reductions as statements about a novelist's "world". But that is where those who wish to go further into Simon criticism have to let the theorists of the *nouveau roman* go and decide how far they wish to go along the materialist road.

Though Klaus Mann's *Weher wir kommen und wohin wir mussen* (Fruhe und Nachgelassene Schriften. 288pp. Edition Spangenberg. 3 7707 0202 6) is published last in the fifteen-volume "Werkausgabe" series, it is, chronologically, the first. Most of its items have not been printed in the German language before. Though discussing great literary and musical figures at some length—the Bromes, Hofmannsthal, Horvath ("one of our best"), André Gide, René Crevel—and returning time and again to Thomas Mann, as both a father and writer, these miscellaneous pieces treat less of personalities than of the whole fabric of the contemporary scene.

The three essays that make the strongest impression are "Die neue Eltern" (1926), based on a conversation in Thomas Mann's house between father and son; "Bilderbuch Vaters" (1938), an evocation of childhood; and "Das Ende Ostreichs", which, though it does not tell us anything new, conjures up a past era as vividly as Stefan Zweig.

This is a book that makes one curious to catch up on Klaus Mann. There are enlightening notes and an informative Nachwort. However, this "Werkausgabe" remains a complete without Klaus Mann's novel *Mephisto*, unavailable in West Germany since 1965. It should be re-published.

Four legs good

By Philip Larkin

DICK FRANCIS:
Reflex
247pp. Michael Joseph. £5.95.
0 7181 1950 9

It was the late Edmund Crispin who recommended Dick Francis to me. "If you can stand the horse parts", he said, "the mystery parts are quite good." I found this an understatement in reverse. The horse parts, as everyone knows by now, are brilliant vignettes of a tiny portion of English life: the world of steeplechase racing. Novel by novel we meet the jockeys, the trainers, the owners (usually being taken for a ride in another sense), the bookmakers, the bloodstock agents, the sporting journalists. We learn what it is like to be a stable-boy at a skinflint North Country trainer's, to ride in freezing February fog (the first sentence of the first novel is "The mingled smell of hot horse and cold river mist filled my nostrils"), to be Clerk of a run-down course that wrongdoers are determined to close. But the mystery parts, if inevitably less realistic, arise naturally from the greed, corruption and violence that lie behind the champagne, big cars and titled Stewards; they concern horse-pulling and betting frauds, and lead to wads of used notes in anonymous envelopes, whispered warnings by telephone, and sudden hideous confrontations with big men in stocking masks.

These two elements are welded into adult reading by the Francis hero. Francis has no recurrent central character, no Bond or Marlowe; his heroes are jockeys, trainers, an owner who manufactures children's toys, a journalist, a Civil Service screener. But they tell the story in the first person, and they tend to sound alike; they are bachelors, or widowers, or separated: very twice-shy men, living in caravans or unfurnished flats. Sometimes they are handicapped psychologically (*Blood Sport*), physically (Sid Halley in *Odds Against* has a crippled hand) or circumstantially, in *Forfait* living with a paralysed wife, in *Knock Down* with an alcoholic brother. Their narratives are laconically gripping, and graphic in a way that eschews Chandler's baroque images and Fleming's colour-supplement brand names. They combine unfailing toughness with infinite compassion.

There is a lot of pain in Francis novels, which puts some people off. Their heroes are beaten up thoroughly and in detail, taking days to recover; we are regularly reminded that steeplechase jockeys are used to breaking their bones and rapid recoveries. There can be pain for horses, as in *For Kicks* or *Flying Finish*, and pain between men and women, as when the hero in *Forfeit* has to perform the nightly routine of attending to his paralysed wife's physical needs when she has just learnt of his unfaithfulness to her. But there can be liberating happiness also: the loner heroes often find warm-hearted unselfish women (Francis's women are usually as nice as his men, with the exception of a few fiendish bitches), and the love scenes, usually long deferred, are unpretentiously honest. *Bonecrack*, which I suppose I should under pressure nominate as my favourite, is a moving, original and exhilarating study of parallel escapes from parental domination.

It would perhaps be pushing it a little to say that each Francis novel is a different story enclosing the same story, but it seems like this at times, as if the whole sequence were an allegory of the suffering individual inside endless inimical environments. Francis gives colour to this by his perversely-uninformative titles. One can just remember that *Nerve* is about a jockey losing, or not losing, his nerve; *In the Frame* is about sporting pictures; *Flying Finish* is about horse transport by air. But what is *Rat Race? For Kicks? Risk?* They seem designed to throw the station-bookstall reader into an agony of indecision as he struggles to remember whether he has read them before. He needn't worry: they are all worth rereading.

The theme of the latest, *Reflex*, is, I suppose, photography. Philip Nore, a thirtyish National Hunt jockey, is an amateur photographer who comes into possession of some puzzling negatives left by a malicious lensman who has died in mysterious circumstances. Persons unknown are violently anxious to locate these, and their efforts to do so, and Nore's efforts to solve the technical problems of developing them, are the book's centre. Coincident with this, a hostile dying grandmother offers him a hundred thousand pounds to find out what happened to a younger sister he never knew he had, which would involve learning what happened to his mother and who his father was.

Nore is a true Francis hero: photography "keeps you a step away from the world . . . Gives you an excuse not to feel", and he suffers grievous bodily harm in Chapter 16. His problems are resolved with varying degrees of thoroughness: he finds a nice girl, and after cracking the negatives puzzle decides to become a photographer rather than to go on riding. He believes he discovers his sister; his grandmother more or less tells him who his father was, and leaves him half her money.

One hesitates to criticize a Francis novel, but *Reflex* displays in a less extreme form a defect of its predecessor *Whip Hand*, in which three themes proved in the end to have nothing to do with each other. Francis usually observes Chekhov's dictum that if there is a pistol hanging on the wall, sooner or later someone in the story must fire it, but in fact the sister search is irrelevant to the photography problem, and when she is found in unhappy circumstances the hero does nothing to rescue her. Although this outcome is supposed to change Philip Nore's attitude to life ("I had roots"), his final resolution (one can't give the game away) is not altogether convincing. I have a feeling that Francis is tending to put too many themes into his books at present to compensate for the lack of real dominance of any one, and is failing to relate them satisfactorily: this, coupled with a certain blandness in the writing, suggests there may be a limit to the number of imaginative thrillers to be derived from the steeplechase scene. One can't exactly complain about this: Francis has written a dozen superb novels in less than twenty years, but there have been occasions since 1972 when the vein has shown signs of being worked out. This is one of them.

Two legs bad

By Andrew Motion

J. T. PLUMB:
A House Called Madrid
309pp. Duckworth. £6.95.
0 7156 1484 3

As everyone knows, Dickens invariably made children the souls of virtue—easily able to provoke tears when oppressed and laughter when moral-mindedly confused. Oliver twist on "board night" is typical: "'Bow to the board', said Bumble. Oliver brushed away two or three tears that were lingering in his eyes, and seeing no board but the table, fortunately bowed to the." Dickens was, of course, adapting a popular Romantic tradition, but the alterations he made were so radical that they have themselves become a convention. Obviously children sometimes really are one or more of the following: responsive, various, lively, alert, sympathetic and good. But why is it that these children are almost always aggressive, dull, terrified by anything new?

J. T. Plumb appears to have had better luck with them—he's a staunch neo-Dickensian. Although *A House Called Madrid* is set in a remote, hauntingly remembered late Thirties springtime, its vanille hero, Gordon, exists in an idealized historical present. The whole world is apprehended with a zingy sensuous gusto, and its main motives for action emerge as need, frustration and sexual curiosity. His elders, consequently, do anything but his betters. Are often than not, in fact, they are made to look like disreputable children, since Gordon is unable to understand the reasons for their behaviour. It is a disability that is guaranteed to make the characters commonplace, though Gordon's circumstances are not exactly humdrum anyway.

He's an orphan, whose foster-parents' lives are shaped by disappointment. His Aunt Wells has flung herself into the arms of religion, and his Uncle Conway has sunk into the mists of alcoholism. Both are tormented by more strictly human alternatives, too. Wells chastely pines for a hairy, rhetorical preacher at the mission she visits each Sunday, and Conway suffers the reproaches of an old flame and neighbour, Alex. No one escapes the blast of her venomous tirades: "You're not a lucky woman, are you, Wells?" she asks. "Never known . . . the right kind of hands, have you? Not the sort of hands every woman should know. Lovers' hands. Hands with six fingers and no thumbs, so to speak. Hands that make a woman's tit tops stand up on end and sing."

When Conway decides to prove he's "good with his hands" he precipitates the novel's main events. Knowing that Alex admires Franco because of his supposed resemblance to her late husband, Conway rechristens her house "Madrid" and gives her a model Spanish house. But on the evening of its presentation, Gordon calls unexpectedly—to collect a large-breasted china mermaid he's been promised. When Alex accidentally drops and breaks it, his revenge is simple. "A mouse", he shrieks, and induces what appears to be a heart-attack. Her illness tries Conway's nerve still further, and he asserts himself the only way he knows—by going on the booze. The results are spectacular. He assaults Wells's admirer, interrupts a mission service, and prompts the suggestion that Gordon may be his and Alex's son. But the discovery brings no salvation. By the end of the book, infantile selfishness and muddle have been exposed, without much sign of a cure.

Like many narratives, this one sounds preposterous when reduced to its essential incidents. The point is, of course, that every occurrence is reported by Gordon, whose youthful eye discovers oddities in everything he sees. And given the consistency with which his observations suggest his character, this peculiarity represents a considerable achievement. But Plumb weakens its impact in at least a couple of respects. For one thing, he too often seeks to convey innocent wonder by relying on a gasping sentence structure and a blizzard of exclamation marks. More damagingly, he's tried to increase the range and resonance of his story—as the title suggests—by relating its details to the Spanish Civil War. Conway's support of Franco is echoed by his antipathy to a local socialist; Wells's straight-talking is compared to a military action; Alex is "as beleaguered, as trapped in her own home . . . as the Spanish Republican government"; and even cleaning ladies have mops "dropping and thudding like bombs on some far off city". While these insistent references convey the unease of the period, their paralleling of private and public worlds always looks clumsy. It's too knowingly handled, too obviously calculated, not to compromise a novel which normally portrays childhood as a succession of unthinking glad animal movements.

The seven novels shortlisted for this year's £10,000 Booker McConnell Prize for Fiction are as follows: Anthony Burgess's *Earthly Powers* (published by Hutchinson), J. L. Carr's *A Month in the Country* (Harvester), Anita Desai's *Clear Light of Day* (Heinemann), William Golding's *Rites of Passage* (Faber), Alice Munro's *The Beggar Maid* (Allen Lane), Julia O'Faolain's *No Country for Young Men* (Allen Lane), and Barry Unsworth's *Pascali's Island* (Michael Joseph).

METHUEN

Methuen & Co Ltd
11 New Fetter Lane,
London EC4P 4EE

Methuen Inc
733 Third Avenue
New York NY 10017

E C WRAGG and J A PARTINGTON
A Handbook for School Governors
There are hundreds of thousands of school governors in Britain, mostly local politicians, teachers, parents, businessmen, clergy or even pupils. This book aims to inform them how to fulfil their duties effectively. It addresses itself to questions governors often ask, such as how committees work, how the educational system operates, what governors' duties are, and how governors can get things done.
288 pages
Hardback 0 416 71590 7 £6.00
Paperback 0 416 71600 8 £2.75

ROY NASH
Schooling in Rural Societies
Contemporary Sociology of the School
Most recent attention has been directed towards the relationship between environment and schooling in urban areas. Roy Nash seeks to redress the balance and in this wide-ranging and comprehensive analysis he examines the educational needs of rural people both in the declining periphery of urban Europe and in the resource-starved areas of the Third World.
160 pages
Hardback 0 416 73300 X £6.50
Paperback 0 416 73310 7 £2.75

PATRICK PARRINDER
Science Fiction
Its criticism and teaching
New Accents
Reflecting the steadily growing interest in science fiction as a subject for serious study, this book introduces the student to such issues as the definition of the genre, its function as social criticism and as an embodiment and critique of the scientific outlook.
192 pages
Hardback 0 416 71390 4 £5.95
Paperback 0 416 71400 5 £2.75

CATHERINE BELSEY
Critical Practice
New Accents
The aim of the book is both to criticize orthodox literary criticism and to highlight the alternatives. Thus it discusses in addition to the conventional approach, New Criticism, Archetypal Criticism, Reader Theory and the Aesthetics of Reception before embarking on a fuller investigation of the works of Barthes, Macherey, Althusser and Lacan.
176 pages
Hardback 0 416 72940 1 £5.95
Paperback 0 416 72950 9 £2.75

E B GREENWOOD
Tolstoy
The comprehensive vision
In this challenging study E B Greenwood assesses Tolstoy's character-portrait in the light of his intense engagement with, for example, the question of the nature of happiness and the problem of historical truth in fiction. He also looks in detail at Tolstoy's views on society and education, and in the later chapters takes a sympathetic but critical look at his answers to the ethical and religious questions that increasingly preoccupied him as he grew older.
192 pages
Paperback 0 416 74130 4 £2.95 Ex USA

HENRI TROYAT
Grandeur Nature
Edited by N HEWITT
Methuen's Twentieth Century Texts
In this novel of 1936 Troyat explores the egocentrism and inauthenticity of the life of the actor and analyses the psychology of the *raté*. In a deceptively unobtrusive style he forges a compact novel in which the central images of actor and mirror come to dominate the narrative itself. Questions raised by the novel therefore concern the psychological analysis of character and the handling of imagery.
204 pages
Paperback 0 423 90110 9 £2.75 non-net

All prices are net in the UK only

Eyre Methuen

To be published November 6th
JOHN TOLAND
No Man's Land
From the author of THE LAST HUNDRED DAYS and ADOLF HITLER, the epic story of 1918, told with all the narrative drive of a novel, that embraces all theatres of war, the collapse of empires, confrontations among the high commands and the vividly told individual acts of heroism and despair of soldiers in the trenches.
£10.00

Just Published
PAUL JOHNSON
Ireland: Land of Troubles
A History From the Twelfth Century to the Present Day
A political and social commentary, from one of our foremost historians, focussing on the continuing troubles which are part of the daily lives of so many people.
£6.95

Man in the Holocene
by MAX FRISCH
translated by GEOFFREY SKELTON
"Frisch meditates on human life and civilisation in relation to the non-human processes of the planet . . . a thought provoking and poetic fiction." PETER LEWIS, OBSERVER
£5.50

CALMAN
But It's My Turn To Leave You...
Cartoons that tell some of the truths about men and women and the gaps between the sexes.
£1.95

FRANK MUIR and DENIS NORDEN
Oh, My Word!
A further feast of wit, anecdote and hilarious punning stories.
£2.95

JILLY COOPER
Supercooper
A new collection of her witty pieces.
£5.50

BILL ODDIE
Bill Oddie's Little Black Bird Book
The scurrilous truth about bird-watching from Bill Oddie, a bird-watcher for over thirty years, but perhaps better known as a member of THE GOODIES team!
£4.95

The embodiment of success

By Patrick O'Connor

DENYSE VAUTRIN :
Mimi Bamboche ou La Jeunesse d'Hortense Schneider
382pp. Paris: Denoël.

JACQUES OFFENBACH :
Notes d'un Musicien en Voyage
252pp. Paris: La Flute de Pan.

Both these books are published to coincide with the centenary of Offenbach's death. *Mimi Bamboche* is a novel based on the life of Hortense Schneider, the most famous interpreter of Offenbach's operettas in his own lifetime. At the start of *Notes d'un Musicien en Voyage*, which is reissued here in a facsimile of the first edition, Offenbach writes of Schneider: "J'ai pour la grande Duchesse de Gerolstein beaucoup d'amitié, et quand je la vois passer il me semble que ce sont mes succès qui se promènent."

Catherine Jeanne Hortense Schneider was born in Bordeaux on April 30, 1833. It is easy to change a figure three to an eight so that she was able to drop five years from her age later on. This was hardly necessary in 1855 when she first met Offenbach, although she had already been on the stage for five years. Their first meeting took place at an audition during which she sang an aria from *Le Domino Noir* by Auber. It seems that Offenbach asked whether she intended to continue her studies. When she replied in the affirmative he is supposed to have exploded: "Petite misérable, si tu as le malheur de reprendre des leçons de chant je déchire ton engagement, car je l'engage à 200 francs par mois." Stories such as this, and other details of Schneider's life are sufficiently romantic to ensure that a novelist's imagination need not be strained to prevent them.

After appearing with Offenbach's own company Les Bouffes Parisiens during its first season, she moved to other, larger Parisian theatres, notably the Variétés and the Palais Royal. There she enjoyed an enormous success in *Les Mémoires de Mimi Bamboche* by Grangé-Thiboust which gives the novel its title. Her constant companion by then was the Duc Ludovic de Gramont-Caderousse who was known as Le Prince des Halles. One of the most extravagant figures in an age not noted for sobriety, he seems not to have been above gambling with a lady's money as well as with his own. When he died in 1864 he left 64,000 francs to Hortense Schneider which, according to the terms of his will, he had borrowed from the singer. In the same year Offenbach wrote *La Belle Hélène* in which Schneider humanized the epitome of Second Empire glamour.

Mme Vautrin's book ends with this performance: she adds only a postscriptum detailing the rather melancholy later events in the life of this "première vedette mondiale". For the next six years she remained the queen of the Paris stage. After her fortieth birthday, however, she seemed suddenly to regret her riotous past. She sold her house at the corner of the rue Lesueur and the Avenue de l'Impératrice, which had a crest above the door bearing the legend "J'ai chanté", and retired to a sort of marginal respectability as the Comtesse de Bionne.

This marriage ended in disaster; her illegitimate son by Duc Ludovic suffered from epilepsy and died young. Like the Empress Eugénie, whose court her performances had so often scandalized, Hortense Schneider survived until 1920. Although she was always considered his ideal heroine, Schneider appeared in only nine of Offenbach's 100 stage works. (For the record these were *Le Violoneux*, *Trombalcazar*, *La Rose de Saint-Flour*, *Le Brésilien*, *La Belle Hélène*, *Barbe-bleue*, *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*, *La Périchole*, and finally *La Diva* which was described by the Marquis de Villemer, a famous theatre critic of the time, as "Le Waterloo d'Hortense".).

This novel has so many historical facts and characters that it is difficult to unravel fiction from biography. There is a certain amount of racy dialogue which seems rather modern but one is thankful that unlike previous chroniclers of Offenbach's life, the author does not present him with a lisping German accent which becomes so tiresome to read. This book is an amusing addition to the literature of Offenbachiana and, because of the care Mme Vautrin has taken over dates and contemporary quotations, is also a useful guide to the half-world of backstage Paris 120 years ago.

If Offenbach's little book is more interesting as an account of America in the 1870s than as an insight into his work, it is the only substantial piece of an autobiographical nature that he wrote. When he accepted an invitation to conduct concerts in New York and Philadelphia in 1876, he was, as always, in urgent need of money. He had by his date lost his position as the leading operetta composer of Paris. Attacked by the Republicans, who saw in him a symbol of the hated Imperial era, he had been replaced in the public's favour by young composers such as Charles Lecocq.

Hortense Schneider in La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein *from Alexander Faris's book reviewed on this page.*

Offenbach set sail for the New World on board the good ship Canada on April 21, 1876. This voyage seemed hardly less adventurous to the average Parisian than the one described in his operetta *Le Voyage dans la lune*, which had been given its first performance in October 1875. The writer with appropriate wit about the crossing and about his arrival — greeted by a party of reporters and sightseers in a small boat which also contained a military band playing selections from *Orphée* and *La Grande Duchesse*. The pitching and tossing of the boat proved too much for the musicians, who retired "comme dans la symphonie cinuique d'Haydn où les musiciens disparaissent les uns après les autres . . . les notres rendaient l'âme dans la mer".

Offenbach's first concert took place in Gilmore Garden in New York. To his description of the rehearsals with the orchestra this vast pleasure ground also catered for 8,000 spectators) he adds comments on the modernity of New York's sights and amenities, such as a more specialized chapter on its theatres. In order to get around the law which forbade entertainments on the Sabbath in Philadelphia his concert was announced as "Grand Sacred Concert by Offenbach". For this performance "Dis-moi, Vénus" from *La Belle Hélène* became simply a tune, and other frivolous pieces were veiled *Prière* or *Hymne*. The chapters of this book are concerned with the sadness Offenbach felt in having to leave his beloved home and his large family to earn the dollars. What was more significant, he also had to halt work on his Contes d'*Hoffmann* which remained unfinished at the time of his death four years later.

Less than serious

By Fritz Spiegl

ALEXANDER FARIS :
Jacques Offenbach
275pp. Faber. £11.50.
0 571 11142 5

The centenary of the death of Jacques Offenbach, who died on October 5, 1880, is being marked by a small spate of celebratory biographies, of which Alexander Faris's is the first and most punctual. I shall be very surprised if it is not also the most scholarly. An anniversary is as good a peg as any on which to hang a reassessment of a composer whose very popularity may have been something of a posthumous disadvantage to him, although a book as good as this hardly needs the excuse of a round number.

Offenbach's year of birth, 1819, makes him a close musical contemporary only of Suppé: not a vintage year for composers, although among those who followed him were César Franck, 1822, Lalo, 1823, and Bruckner, who was born in 1824. Beethoven was entering his last period, the elder Johann Strauss his adolescence. Offenbach's influence on the music of his time was not as profound as that of his more serious contemporaries, but it was certainly more widespread. Without Offenbach there would have been no Savoy opera as we know it; no *Die Fledermaus* or *Merry Widow*; and even Tchaikovsky's waltzes lean heavily on the French ballet-waltz, as Mr Faris shows in one of his many generous engraved music examples when he considers the similarity between the *Belle Hélène* waltz and that in *The Sleeping Beauty*. Without Offenbach there may even have been no can-can, which we are told is a French import from Africa; and modern musical comedy would have been even less musical or comical than it is. To help the reader set Offenbach's output into the perspective of his times, the book gives a chronological list of his works, together with German and English titles, production dates, etc.

But the chief delight of Mr Faris's book lies in the way he has steeped himself in, and presents to the reader, the social history of nineteenth-century France; and how the operas, operettas, vaudevilles and ballets which were its byproduct, fit into it. Or rather, how they very nearly did not happen at all, as the French stage was hedged about by petty laws and restrictions, edicts and censorship, compared to which the Lord Chamberlain, who until 1968 had rode the London theatres, was a mere Dutch uncle (he nevertheless insisted as late as 1961 that the word "merde" should be replaced by "damn" in the Sadler's Wells production of *La Vie parisienne*). Offenbach's favourite genre, indeed, was forced upon him by a Napoleonic code, under which a license issued by the unbelievably officious Paris bureaucracy authorized him to perform "Pantomimes harlequinades . . . Comic Plays with words and music for two or three characters . . . Conjuring, Juggling, fantasmagoria, Chinese shadows and marionettes . . . Dance routines . . . Physical feats . . . and Chansonettes for one or two performers in or out of costume". Even the name of his theatre was forced on him: Les Bouffes-Parisiens. As a foreign-born and Jewish immigrant (his father had brought him from their native Cologne to study at the Paris Conservatoire) Offenbach had to tread warily, but nevertheless managed to wage a constant war of satire against authority and almost everyone else, especially Grand Opera and its absurd conventions. He even resorted to the ruse of adding an extra character to the number allowed by the bureaucrats, by making him into a deaf-mute.

He succeeded in offending many of his contemporaries, including Berlioz and Wagner ("Offenbach possesses wit, but it is as the warmth of the dunghill") by his devastating gift for parody in musical clowning, some of which he developed as a cellist in the orchestra pit of the Opéra Comique after leaving the Conservatoire. Only Meyerbeer loved being parodied by him, and would regularly attend performances at the Bouffes. After he took Paris by storm, Offenbach's financial success was assured although as a tireless and inventive composer-manager he was so lavish with furnishings, sets and stage machinery—not to mention his family, friends and (discreetly publicized) mistresses—that he lost much of his fortune again.

I suspect that Mr Faris has enjoyed carrying this book with him ever since he presided over the successful Offenbach revivals at Sadler's Wells in the 1960s; and he is to be congratulated on a grand achievement in musical and musicological as well as literary. He (and Antonia Melville, whose forthcoming Offenbach "Koschel" is awaited with anticipation) must be rare among conductors, whose reading-matter is generally confined to scores and their own press notices.

PORTRAIT: INLAND 161p. Annual

A Prussian's impressions

By S. S. Prawer

THEODOR FONTANE :
Wanderungen durch England und Schottland
Edited by Hans-Heinrich Reuter
Vol 1. 663pp. Vol 2. 645pp.
Berlin Verlag der Nation

Fontane's writings on England have never been fully collected. Many still slumber, anonymous and unrecognized, in the columns of various journals, or inaccessibly filed away in Prussian archives. It has been estimated that if they were ever brought together, they would occupy at least 5,000 printed pages. From the mass of material that is available—some of it published by the author himself, some posthumously by others—the late Hans-Heinrich Reuter compiled the generous selection here offered under a title never approved by the author. That title, *Wanderungen durch England und Schottland*, seems to me at once appropriate and misleading. Appropriate, because it reminds us of the seminal importance of Fontane's reports from Britain—his account of his travels in Scotland is clearly a limbering-up exercise for the famous *Wanderungen durch die Mark Brandenburg*, which it unmistakably (and at one point explicitly) foreshadows. Misleading, because the analogy leads the reader to expect a much more coherent book than he is here given.

Reuter has brought together diaries, private letters, letters to Prussian officials, feuilleton sketches, reviews of plays and novels, lectures of various kinds, original lyrics and ballads, translations from English originals, as well as artistically arranged volumes like *Ein Sommer in London* and *Jenseits des Tweed*. The total effect is anything but unified—there are wildly varying estimates of similar phenomena, or factual discrepancies in successive accounts of the same event; and passages displaying generosity and openness of mind jostle others that seem to have been written to curry favour with reactionary government officials or editors whose patronage the author needed to secure. Nor is it always possible to assign a given piece unequivocally to Fontane's sole authorship. He frequently incorporated, without acknowledgement, whole paragraphs and sections translated from *The Times* or some other British journal—and so far only a fraction of these translations has been identified.

Fontane spent almost four years in England. He came first for a mere fortnight, during the hungry 1840s, when he was a young anglophile who sought (and found) confirmation of his literary experiences, and whose diary stylised actual observations and encounters to make them conform to literary models. His later accounts of the same incidents are more sober and probably nearer the truth. He came again in the summer of 1852, as London correspondent of a government newspaper, the *Preussische Zeitung*; and yet again, for a stay that lasted over three years (September, 1855 to January, 1859) as press attaché of the Prussian government and purveyor of feuilletons for a number of largely right-wing Prussian journals. He tried, and failed, to find a way of settling in England permanently; and though he never revisited these shores after his return to Prussia in 1859, he kept up his interest in what went on here, especially through his correspondence with a London physician, Dr James Morris.

By arranging his material chronologically, the editor has been able to demonstrate not only fluctuations but also forward developments in Fontane's attitude to the British and their island. We can trace a change from almost uncritical approval in the 1840s to admiration more and more clouded by bitterness in the 1850s, and thence to a gentle, often sceptical mingling of praise and blame in the 1890s, with praise, on the whole, predominant.

Lack of an adequate income, lack of introductions to Englishmen prominent in society and the arts, and overwork imposed on him by his Prussian employers, severely limited the contacts Fontane was able to make, and the aspects of British life he was able to see. When this pressure eased, when he was able to rent a house in Camden Town and live there with his family in at least modest comfort, he was further handicapped by his wife's inability to speak English at anything beyond the most rudimentary level. This again limited severely the circle of acquaintances he could cultivate. He did make contact with a few English families, of whom he has left amiable accounts—but on the whole his writings about England are superficial, the work of a tourist, newspaper-reader, and theatre-goer. Nor are they always wholly reliable in matters of factual information. English readers will therefore not find a great deal in these reports, despite their variety, and their occasional sharp observation, which they could not glean from, say, Trevelyan's *Social History*. Some of his more dreadful pieces have happily been left out of Reuter's selection: the account of Turner, for instance, which shows his helplessness when confronted with great painting, or the notorious piece in which Freytag's *Soll und Haben* is praised at the expense of the English novels with which it is compared, and express approval given to Freytag's colonizing attitudes to the Slavs. Whether Fontane himself would have included such essays in the three-volume collection of his writings on Britain which he planned but for which he never found a publisher, is a question that cannot now be answered. He would surely, however, have wished to include another piece also left out of Reuter's selection: the essay "Whigs and Tories", which enunciated maxims and suggested attitudes—that were to re-emerge some forty years later in *Der Stechlin*.

If nevertheless, despite all reservations, the volumes under review deserve a welcome, they do so for three main reasons. First, because it is always interesting to have an intelligent outsider's view, particularly if that outsider is as willing as Fontane shows himself to be to compare and contrast conditions in the stranger country with conditions at home. Many of his comparisons are generous towards England, whose institutions he respects even though he cannot approve of the social snobbery he observes, or of British policy in India, or of Palmerston's Crimean adventure. Sometimes they are so startling that one asks oneself whether Fontane can really be serious—as when he solemnly assures his readers that the reactionary Prussia he served is more democratic than Britain, despite the latter's admired constitution and freedom of the press. But at various times of his life he paid welcome attention to phenomena which intelligent native observers tended to miss. The interest he had taken in English working-poets in the 1840s stood him in good stead later in his life, when it rendered him unusually receptive to the progress of the British Labour movement: we find him giving a particularly warm welcome to Keir Hardie and his *Labour Leader*. Fontane's accounts of the London theatre have also kept their relevance—we can still learn from his comparisons of English and German methods of staging Shakespeare, and from his vivid accounts of performances and audiences at some of the smaller and cheaper London theatres which he assiduously visited.

The second reason why these volumes deserve a welcome is that they show again and again how experience of a landscape, or a building, or a town can be so suffused with history and literature that the past overwhelms the present; that travel becomes an inner adventure only triggered off by the experience of the senses. This comes out particularly well in Fontane's reports from Scotland. Here modern cities appear just for a moment at the periphery of vision, to be immediately shut out by associations derived from old chronicles, or border-ballads, or Burns, or—particularly—from Sir Walter Scott. The very fact that these were experiences of another country than that in which Fontane had grown up—that they took in another country's history and contemporary reality—rescued him from the provincialism which he deplored in his friend Theodor Storm and which he recognized as a danger in himself. Gottfried Benn, who was not a wholehearted admirer, once put his sense of Fontane's Prussianism *and* breadth of vision into a characteristic epigram: "Er ist vaterländisch, ohne dumm zu sein."

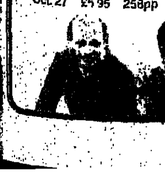
The last and in many ways the most important reason why we should greet the material selected by Reuter with respectful attention is that it lays bare the roots of Fontane's art, not only as a ballad-poet indelibly influenced by Scottish and English examples, but also as a novelist. The phenomena he observed with such fascination in the London of the 1850s—industrialization, expansion and conspicuous wealth, social mobility made possible by the profits of commerce, imperialist ambitions—he encountered afterwards in Berlin; and the ability to understand and describe a nineteenth-century metropolis, a *Weltstadt*, which he first showed in his reports from London, stood him in good stead many years later when he came to write those novels about Wilhelminian Berlin whose reputation stands so deservedly high today. Reading the material selected by Reuter, the lover of Fontane's novels will again and again experience a shock of recognition; he will recognize the germ of his first trial versions, of scenes and conversations in such later works as *Unwiederbringlich* or *Der Stechlin*. He will also come to appreciate how much Fontane's depiction of Prussian society owes to some writer, and one book, to which these pages pay a well-deserved tribute: to Thackeray, and his *Vanity Fair*.

ANDRE DEUTSCH

The Mystery of Edwin Drood
Charles Dickens and Leon Garfield
Illustrated by Antony Maitland
The most original novel of the year — a splendidly satisfying completion of Dickens' last, unfinished work.
£7.95 352pp 233 97257 9

Bowled Over!
A year of sport
Frank Keating
The perfect gift book: a sporting celebration of a great year of triumphs and thrills.
Nov. 17 £6.50 224pp 233 97284 6

A Way to Die
Living to the End
Victor & Rosemary Zorza
The moving and memorable account of 25-year old Jane Zorza's death from cancer, and the emotional support and loving care she received from a hospice.
Oct. 27 £5.95 256pp 233 97355 9



Deliberate Regression
Robert Harbison
A brilliant new vision of European culture; which 'generates more ideas than you'd glean from a dozen conventional books'.
£8.95 288pp Illustrated 233 97273 0

Underfoot in Show Business
Helene Hanff
An entertaining and zestful new book from the author of *84 Charing Cross Road*. This story of her early adventures in the theatre business is irresistible.
£5.95 192pp 233 97277 3

English Humour for Beginners
George Mikes
Illustrated by Walter Goetz
A witty investigation of a very serious subject. In George Mikes' discussion of the nature of English humour, with many entertaining examples, he is continually funny in his own right.
Oct. 27 £5.95 160pp 233 97296 X

Eric Partridge In His Own Words
Edited by David Crystal with tributes from Anthony Burgess, Ralph Elliott, Winston Graham and Randolph Quirk
The great lexicographer died on June 1 1979. There is no better way to display the work of a great wordman than to let him have his say 'in his own words'. This selection of Eric Partridge's writings ranges through his interests - slang, catchphrases, origins and much more — to make a fitting memorial to a great scholar.
Nov. 17 £6.50 256pp 233 97300 1

The Language Library

A First Dictionary of Linguistics and Phonetics
David Crystal
An outstandingly informative and helpful work, both dictionary and encyclopedia, containing over 2000 entries combining definitiing and discussion.
£12.95 hardback 233 97087 8
396pp
£4.95 paperback 233 97326 5

FRANKFURT BOOK FAIR: Hall 5/Stand No. M. 909

Abbeville Press

The Great Book of French Impressionism
Diane Kelder
This lavish book examines the lives and works of all of the major Impressionists in detail, including Manet, Monet, Renoir, Degas and Cézanne and shows how their work influenced others in the movement, ultimately giving rise to the new art of twentieth century. Their brilliant paintings are reproduced in this magnificent volume with a fidelity to detail and colour rarely achieved.
Nov. 17 £50.00 440pp 456 illus 203pp colour plates 89659 157 4

Karel Appel Works on paper
Jean-Clarence Lambert
This lavish, extra-large volume presents Karel Appel's own selection of more than 200 collages, drawings, gouaches and watercolours created during the last forty years. Jean-Clarence Lambert's text and Marshall McLuhan's foreword complement Appel's exuberant childlike spirit.
Nov. 17 £35.00 256 pp 261 illus 138 full colour plates 89659 069 0

Treasures of African Art
Malcolm McLeod
Sixty-two diverse and fascinating art objects from sub-Saharan Africa are presented in large-scale full colour and described in the context of their tribal use. Malcolm McLeod is the Head Keeper of the Department of Ethnography at the British Museum.
Nov. 17 £15.00 136pp 62pp colour plates 89659 103 4

Children's Books

Ardizzone's English Fairy Tales
Twelve Classic Tales
Selected and Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone
Taken from the collection of Joseph Jacobs
Ardizzone's last book: a rich treasury of the best-loved traditional fairy-tales, illustrated with superb line-drawings by this admired artist.
Nov. 17 £3.95 64pp 20 line illus 233 97306 0

What Difference Does It Make, Danny?
Helen Young
Illustrated by Quentin Blake
A story to dispel some of the myths surrounding the condition of epilepsy.
£3.25 85pp b/w illustrations 233 97248 X

Straight bat, straight face

By Peter Sutcliffe

GEOFFREY BOYCOTT:
Opening Up
183pp. Arthur Barker. £5.95.
0 213 16760 3

E. W. SWANTON and JOHN WOODCOCK (Editors):
Barclays World of Cricket
The Game from A to Z
662pp. Collins. £18.
0 00 216349 7

It is almost impossible now for Geoffrey Boycott to play a Test match innings without breaking some record or other. The computer ticks off the milestones one by one and the crowd applauds. It may seem at times from his batting that Boycott himself is an extension of this computer, fully automated, though endowed with some very human emotions. This would also explain why he occasionally appears to have a silicon chip on his shoulder.

Opening Up, however, is not on the whole acrimonious. If the title *is meant to have a double meaning it* deceives: there are no confessions, no revelations, just a bitter rising in the tail. The first chapter is a stern sermon on the virtues *of self-discipline, self-denial*, hard work: "A smile or a knowing look is about as close as I like to come to frivolity", the batsman says. Anything more than that may be deemed unprofessional behaviour. Certain individuals are thus given early warning of what lies ahead.

The book, which can be read in the time it normally takes its author *to score fifty*, is not as well constructed as a good Boycott innings. Much of it appears to have been roughly patched together from interviews, presumably by Terry Brindle who shares the copyright with him but is nowhere else mentioned. There is a totally unilluminating chapter on some great players of the past whom Boycott *never saw play*—including, curiously, such ancient heroes as Compton and Hutton, which suggests a misspent boyhood. Great players of the present and seventeen *younger players who may achieve* greatness, are granted a few paragraphs each. It is the stuff that the radio commentators keep for a rainy day: in print it all seems rather *perfunctory*.

Not much new light is thrown on the Packer affair either. There are lengthy extracts from Boycott's cross-examination in the High Court when he faced counsel for the prosecution, "a spinner . . . alert and wily", and counsel for the defence, "a sort of medium-pacer". His four hours in the witness-box seem to have taxed even his stamina, though from all reports once having played himself in he was reluctant to leave the stand. He appeared on behalf of the Establishment, the guardians of the traditional game who could not conceive that what was palpably treason was condoned by the terms of the 1974 Trade Union and Labour Relations Act, and forfeited £250,000 in consequence. The extent to which Boycott's evidence helped or hindered their case is not discussed.

Most interesting is the account of the unhappy 1979-80 tour of Australia, although his views on his colleagues, and on his captain whose laissez-faire policy he so much deplored, have already been made known. Frivolity broke out among the players. Discipline, whether self-inflicted or otherwise, was absent, and the authoritarian Boycott, himself denied authority, was deeply shocked. Nobody, apparently, was more prone to this unprofessional behaviour than the present England captain, Ian Botham. Boycott found himself deserted by his irresponsible partners, left to carry his bat and burden alone. The point is clearly a sore one, but the balm of personal success is wonderful. English crowds have often risen to Boycott, stirred not only by his achievement but by his own manifest delight in it, and we share some of that emotion when he writes, for instance, of his triumphant century against Australia in December 1979: "I felt as though a lot of years had slipped off my shoulders and I was playing in the 1965 Gillette Cup final all over again." Some gruesome encounters await him in the West Indies this winter, and it is to be hoped that in his next book he will have similar experiences to record.

Who, it may be asked, is Barclay? Not some new pundit or statistician, it turns out, but a bank which has made possible what otherwise would have been inconceivable, a revised edition of *The World of Cricket*, an extraordinarily ambitious compilation first published in 1966. The new edition, like the first, contains about three quarters of a million words, though they have been compressed into half as many pages, which also accommodate some 750 illustrations. The type size in consequence is a little too small for comfort, but the book still exudes a confident authority and general air of opulence and largesse. Every aspect of the game is covered by the many distinguished contributors. The history, which includes articles on eighty-nine countries, from Argentina to Zimbabwe, is a book in itself. There are 320 succinct biographies, sections on school and junior cricket, on the one-day game: there are bibliographies, advice on coaching hooks, an anthology of miscellaneous essays, and a glossary. The quality of the writing is generally high. Largely as a result of the energetic associate editor's enforced absence from *The Times* the revision was accomplished within a year. The editor himself laments those manifestations of the modern game that "affront the eye and jar the ear", and he fears, too, that Australia and the West Indies are drifting away, developing their own version of the game as gladiatorial contest.

The future is dark but the past is golden. Copies of this book should be put in a safe place in *the event of cataclysm. Survivors*, picking up the threads of civilization again, will find in it everything they need to know, and a good deal more. And all publishers *now, in their hour of need*, will agree that Barclays Bank International should do much more of this sort of thing.

CAPITALISM, CONFLICT AND INFLATION
Essays in Political Economy
Bob Rowthorn
Awarded the Isaac Deutscher Memorial Prize 1980
The theoretical and historical essays in this volume, by one of the most influential of a new generation of Marxist economists, cover major areas of debate among contemporary economists. They include 'Marx's Theory of Wages', 'Skilled Labour in the Marxist System', 'Rosa Luxemburg and the Political Economy of Militarism' as well as essays on neo-Ricardianism and Marxism, the economics of imperialism, and Ernest Mandel.
272pp . . . hardback £8.50

IDEOLOGY AND POPULAR PROTEST
George Rudé
A comparative study of the relation between revolutionary political thought, popular ideas, and mass action in Britain, French and American history from medieval times to the crisis of industrial capitalism. Using a concept of ideology which has its origins in the work of Marx and Engels and was applied to the study of popular culture by Hobsbawm, the author illuminates hitherto neglected areas of revolutionary history.
176pp . . . paperback £3.50

COMMUNISM AND PHILOSOPHY
Contemporary Dogmas and Revisions of Marxism
Maurice Cornforth
'This volume constitutes a major reassessment of the legacy of classical Marxism; which critically examines the Marxist classics themselves. Against the background of the growing debate on Marxist theory and practice under Socialism and in the West, Maurice Cornforth stresses the importance of subjecting Marxism to constant scrutiny and challenge.'
352pp. . . hardback £6.95

MARXISM AND DEMOCRACY
Alan Hunt (ed.)
'Marxism and Democracy is a discussion of the moral and practical problems of socialism and intelligent, careful and original.' — *Tribune*. Contributors: Barry Hindess, Bob Jessop, Stuart Hall, Alan Hunt, Anne Showstack Sassoon, Colin Mercer and Paul Jones.
192pp . . . paperback £5.50
hardback £8.95

Lawrence and Wishart
39 Museum Street, London
WC1

Secrets of the studio

By Victoria Glendinning

REGINALD BOSANQUET:
With Wallace Reyburn
Let's Get Through Wednesday
My 25 years with ITN
189pp. Michael Joseph. £6.50.
0 7181 1942 8

ROY PLOMLEY:
Days Seemed Longer
206pp. Eyre Methuen. £6.95.
0 413 39730 0

VAL DOONICAN:
The Special Years
An autobiography
157pp. Elm Tree Books. £5.95.
0 241 10499 8

Reginald Bosanquet's memories, of twenty-five years with ITN, were ghosted by Wallace Reyburn, who has produced a jumble of anecdote and opinion, packaged in handily quotable short paragraphs, that makes Reggie seem even more ghostly than his ghost. What exactly happened to the man who won a scholarship from Winchester to New College and was apparently described by his tutor Raymond Carr as "dazzlingly clever"? He made a brief early marriage to a Soho-ville girl, and joined ITV at its beginnings in 1955. The memoirs cover his career as roving reporter, interviewer and newscaster; he was only this last and least demanding role that brought him real fame.

His book will tell you whether *all his hair is his own, why his* smile is lopsided, and what Anna Ford's fox-trot is like. It is expansive on Mr Bosanquet's special interests — tennis, bar billiards and the problems of paying alimony. *This last* is what really gets him going, since, he asserts, his "cash flow is governed by the financial claims," of his second wife, whose feelings are not spared. In spite of his reputation, he does not really seem to like women at all; the saving grace of men, he says, is "their ability to get engrossed in some trivial game or diversion, which protects them from the basic feminine telling of being neurotic". This sentence begs so many questions so blatantly that it ought to be arrested for vagrancy.

He is proud of ITN's innovatory techniques; they were in early days "running what was virtually a training school" for politicians, used to "getting away with bland prepared statements" on boring television — on the BBC, which was "jolted out of complacency" by the ITN style. No wonder, since in Mr Bosanquet's opinion a newscaster should read the news "vouchsafe in the sort of terms he would use if he arrived at a party and imparted to the other guests some bit of news he had just heard". He is specially proud of innovations that were his very own. ITN pioneered the technique of having two newsreaders, but "I think I can claim to have been the innovator of the style by which we turn and talk to one another" as the credits begin to roll afterwards. As Andrew Gardner recounts in his foreword, Reggie also established another precedent:

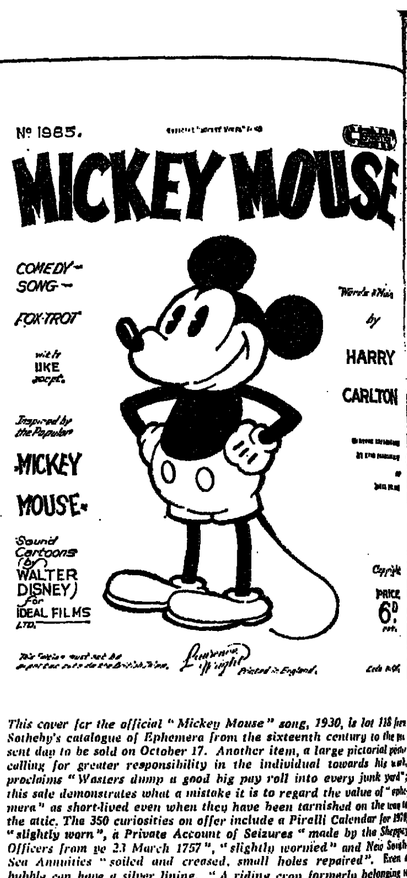
> Two or three seconds before the start of *News at Ten*, Reggie would always turn to me and, pressing an imaginary pedal underneath his desk, he'd say just two words: "Vroom! Vroom!" It became a comforting little ritual.

Comforting little rituals however are what keep us all going. *Desert Island Discs* is a comforting little ritual of a more substantial kind; it would be unnerving if this radio programme, or its presenter, Roy *Plomley, were ever to change. But Days Seem Longer*, Mr Plomley's memoirs of his early years as a broadcaster, may not be quite the book to choose "apart from the *Bible and Shakespeare*" to while away the time on his island. It begins beautifully, with a leisurely and affectionate account of his childhood in Kingston-on-Thames, where *his father had a chemist's shop; the* family lived over the shop. He was an only and cherished child, reared in that ruthless sort of gentility that eschews the buying of second-hand books because of germs. The author's loving and unusually detailed memories of his environment and his childhood experiences are retailed with a classic simplicity that give them a classic value.

There followed a patchy period when the young Plomley worked in advertising, as a "crowd artist" in *films and, briefly*, as a busker, before joining Radio Normandy in 1936. The story that he has to tell of pre-war English-language commercial radio, and his own not inconsiderable part in it, fills the rest of the book. Though it will be of interest to radio buffs, it makes for rather flat reading. His title suddenly begins to seem unfortunately apt. He left France with his future wife, a beautiful Chinese girl, soon after the Germans entered Paris in 1940; in this final section the writing becomes alive *again*, as he describes the packed refugee trains, the chaos and the general heartbreak; at the approach to the station in Rennes, for example, was a wooden fence "completely covered with thousands of pathetic pinned-up messages for missing members of families".

Mr Plomley, it is almost insulting to stress, wrote his book himself. So, presumably, did the singer Val Doonican, and his *The Special Years* is also decorated with his own very pleasant drawings. He too is best on his childhood. He belonged to a large, poor family living in Waterford, on the south coast of Ireland, which was a wonderful mother and a philosophic but drinking dominated father; several of the eight children were victims of the then rampant tuberculosis. (This was in the early 1930s.) Mr Doonican writes with amiability and, sometimes, an Irishly comic turn of phrase, as when he describes one of his mother's sayings as including "lots of everything as including "—as if Irish Protestant divisions normally prevailed even in pastries, or in the other profession. (As maybe they did.)

The Which? Book of Money (240pp. Consumer Association. £8.95. 0 340 25049 6) gives advice on an exhaustive range of financial matters divided into the following areas: work, home, family, investment and tax. The cost and complication of earning a wage, getting married, buying a home, insuring it, filling it with children and passing money on to them while making sure you have enough left for yourself in old age after the tax man has taken his share, are explained, illustrated and rendered (just) manageable. The editors, the financial specialists who have contributed their expertise to the elucidation of this pressing and tangled subject, have done a valuable service.



This cover for the official "Mickey Mouse" song, 1930, is lot 118 for Sotheby's catalogue of Ephemera from the sixteenth century to the present day to be sold on October 17. Another item, a large pictorial poster calling for greater responsibility in the individual towards his work, proclaims "Wasters dump a good big pay roll into every junk yard"; this sale demonstrates what a mistake it is to regard the value of "ephemera" as short-lived even when they have been tarnished on the way to the attic. The 350 curiosities on offer include a Pirelli Calendar for 1978, "slightly worn", a Private Account of Seizures "made by the Sheriff's Officers from 26 March 1757", "slightly wornied" and New South Sea Annuities "soiled and creased, small holes repaired". Even a bubble can have a silver lining. "A riding crop formerly belonging to Laurence Olivier . . . together with a letter relating to the crop signed by Olivier" comes apparently neither worn nor wormed. "An unusual collection of 47 palm prints taken from the hands of popular entertainers including Englebert Humperdinck, Mick Jagger and Liberace" will give insight into the secrets of the stars, but the coin-bearing details of the July 9, 1887, St Stephen's Review Presentation Cartoon of John Bull's Nightmare warn us of the price of success, however ephemeral.

Dionysian draughts

By John Weightman

HENRY MILLER:
The World of Lawrence
A Passionate Appreciation
Edited with an *Introduction and Notes* by Evelyn J. Hinz and John J. Teunissen.
272pp. Santa Barbara: Capra Press. $15.
0 88496 147 8

Sextet
Six Essays.
138pp. Calder. £7.95.
0 7145 3828 0

The first of these books, which was meant to mark Miller's entry onto the literary scene but remained unpublished, is a sort of time bomb which now explodes, with a rather dull thud, some fifty years after its initial preparation. Not long before Miller's death, the editors, who also happened to be personal friends of his, exhumed it from amongst his papers and obtained his permission to bring it out. The second is by way of being a valedictory volume, made up of five miscellaneous pieces written after the age of eighty, plus a sixth put together in 1972 but containing apparently for the most part of diary entries going back to 1939 and 1949.

It is a fair bet that neither of these books would have been published had they not been by the author of *Tropic of Cancer*, that one problematic work which, in its time, was as scandalously famous as *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or *Voyage au bout de la nuit*. This is not to say that they are devoid of interest; anything pertaining to a writer who once made his mark on cultural history is grist to the critical mill. But it seems obvious in the contemporary eye that neither is a successful work in its own right. The first embodies the intellectual and emotional magma from which *Tropic of Cancer* sprang, and the second shows what was left of the magma when vitality was ebbing away. The really interesting question is whether, in the two *Tropics* and the other productions of his middle years, Miller fossilized the magma into permanent and convincing artistic form. Now that the scandal of his bad language and sexual outspokenness has evaporated through being surpassed by that of later generations, what remains of the essential Miller? Did he say anything important, or was he perhaps just drunk on his own exuberance?

In this respect, *Sextet* produces a disappointing impression. The initial essay, "On Turning Eighty", is prosy and undistinguished, and might have passed unnoticed as a contribution to the *Reader's Digest*. No distilling of superior wisdom here; only folksy serenity and some typical name-dropping about Picasso and Casals. Most of the other pieces—on Mishima and Japanese culture, Mauritius, China, etc—have a perfunctory, non-necessary feel to them, as if they were the outcome of an automatic writing-function rather than of creative pressure. Only from certain diary entries relating to Greece and written presumably in middle life could one guess that Miller was the genius he proclaimed himself to be, and that some critics say he was. Occasional paragraphs have an intense romantic vibration, but whether *their lyricism is specifically connected* with Greece or is a random expression of the subjective euphoria which is one of Miller's characteristic modes—his yea-saying as *opposed to his nay-saying—it is* difficult to decide.

The World of Lawrence is quite a different matter. According to the *editors, it was begun in 1932 after* the completion of *Tropic of Cancer*, at the suggestion of Jack Kahane of the Obelisk Press, who felt it would be politic for Miller to make a *respectable appearance as a critic* before the publication of his shocking novel. He was already forty-two, that is, as old as Lawrence had been at the time of his death, but *he was a late starter in literature* and, in particular, seems to have had no experience of expository writing. Consequently, the text reads like the first wild draft of a thesis, written by a student in a state of high excitement who only occasionally glimpses a possible order in the chaos of his ideas.

He started, as he explains, with some initial prejudice against Lawrence, but once he was involved in the book, it became as much Miller in the light of Lawrence as Lawrence *in the light of Miller. And* since either before or during its composition he had read, or was reading, Nietzsche, Spengler's *The Decline of the West*, *Ulysses*, and *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, not to mention Freud, Jung and others, Lawrence may be lost sight of for pages at a time while the author works out his attitude to *these other authorities, or at least* makes some attempt to do so. A query remains, however, in my mind. Was *Tropic of Cancer* actually finished in 1932? *Voyage au bout de la nuit appeared* in that year, and its tone is so similar to that of *Cancer* that one wonders if *Miller's music, demotic, picaresque* monologue does not owe something *to Céline, especially* since the confessional monologue was clearly a form more congenial to him than argumentative, theoretical prose. The editors do not raise the issue, and make no mention of Céline, although he was the Parisian sensation of 1932. The explanation given for the abandonment of the Lawrence book is that Miller grew impatient with the idea of appearing under the Lawrence aegis, and managed to get *Cancer* published in 1934. Besides, as he says, he had never wanted to write criticism:

> This is an appreciation, passionate and prejudiced, an emotional document, which I consider the only kind of criticism worthwhile. . . . *The only way to do* justice to a man like Lawrence . . . is to give another creation.

It is, in fact, more creation than criticism, a Dionysiac outpouring, an over-energized text which buttonholes, badgers and declaims with little apparent respect for coherence or clarity. But if, while being bundled along on the stream of words, one keeps one's meagre Apollonian wits about one, it is possible to discern a kind of system, which might be defined as post-Nietzschean anarchistic mysticism. Nietzsche, more than Lawrence, is the force behind the book, although Miller, with some justification, sees great similarities between the two. In his more ecstatic flights, he implies that the three most representative figures in Western history are Jesus, Nietzsche and David Herbert: Christ, Anti-Christ and "Super-Christ" (his own expression). The conjunction may seem heretical to convinced Christians, Nietzscheans or Lawrentians, but it serves to show that Miller's temperament *was fundamentally religious*; his excitement is at least partly metaphysical.

In expounding Lawrence, he puts *forward in higgledy-piggledy* fashion a number of ideas which were perhaps relatively new in the English-speaking world in the early 1930s, but which are now common *currency through* having been disseminated on the mid-century flood of Absurdist Existentialism. God is dead, but this does not dull the thirst for the transcendent. Jesus *was a great and tragic figure, but he* has to be denounced because he placed the centre of life in the unimaginable Beyond, instead of in this world. Nietzsche proclaimed that man had to become his own God, Superman or "Post-Man" (Miller's pun), through the transvaluation of all values. Lawrence, following him, denounced a number *of contemporary evils*: the Industrial Revolution, which destroyed the so-called organic society; the non-mystic nature of scientific "explanation", which has replaced ancient reverence; modern materialism which makes money, not the quality of living, the basic criterion; civilized manners which achieve refinement and complexity at the cost of sound gut-reactions; and Protestant inhibitions which *stifle* sex. He had "a limited intellect" and he was a necessarily imperfect artist, but he represented the logical outcome of centuries of Christianity "gone over into its opposite". His ultimate message is that man, as he has existed in Western society, must die out utterly in order to be born again.

Even in this drastic simplification, some contradictions are apparent, the main one being that there *is no point in making reservations* about Lawrence's intellect, if the intellect is the source of civilized corruption. Incidentally, this problem goes back beyond Nietzsche to Rousseau, who was the first great European intellectual to use the intellect to denounce itself in the name of the supposed non-intellectual beauty of primitive Nature. It is *curious that Lawrence, like André* Gide, another outstanding neo-Nietzschean Naturist, should have been unaware of his kinship with Rousseau; Miller is equally unaware of the connection, since he makes only one sneering reference to Rousseau. But Miller, in his egotistic, Dionysiac anarchism, is further away from Rousseau, and more Germanically Nietzschean, than either Lawrence or Gide.

Rousseau placed the source of evil in traditional society, and had a concept of social improvement; Lawrence dreamed of the ideal community, and Gide was at times politically progressive. Miller, on the other hand, was not unsympathetic to the more sinister Fascist and Nazi versions of the Superman, since he makes one or two complimentary references to Mussolini and Hitler. Also, he stresses, much more forcibly than some critics, the dark side of Lawrence. For him, the Lawrentian message is not simply one of happy sex, craftsmanship, dancing in red trousers, wholefood and a return to the "organic" society. Sex is also a bleak obsession, a permanent tension between male and female, an infuriating mystery, a sort of black hole in the cosmos (this attitude finds more complete expression in the brilliantly cynical passage in *Cancer* about the metaphysical *trompe l'oeil* of the vagina).

Similarly, he emphasizes the death wish at the expense of both the artistic ideal and of any coherent philosophy of living. Lawrence, he says (and no doubt he is thinking primarily of himself), did not in the last resort believe in art, because even the best art is a sign of the failure to live. The fundamental compulsion is to turn life itself into art, but this is finally impossible, since all the essential problems of living are insoluble, so one is left in wondering contemplation of the meaningless ebb and flow of being, over which one has no significant control.

When it clarifies out into rhythmical statement, as occasionally in the *Tropics*, this philosophy might be called lyrical nihilism. Its robustness of expression is to some extent deceptive, since it is not a positive, workable doctrine for Everyman. It means that Miller is not as close to Lawrence as he is to Céline, his nearest temperamental neighbour, or to Sartre and Camus in their negative, despairing moods.

The director's diary

By Ray Ockenden

VOLKER SCHLÖNDORFF:
Die Blechtrommel
Tagebuch einer Verfilmung
160pp. Darmstadt and Neuwied: Luchterhand. DM 9.80.
3 472 61272 X

Only half this book is what the title claims; Schlöndorff's diary of the filming of *The Tin Drum*. The rest is an unsatisfying olio, with details of takes and timings, and ten pages which purport to be medical and historical light on dwarfism; in these we are assured examples of self-induced dwarfism, growing may well have to be attributed to Grass's imagination. Enzensberger's rave review of the novel is reprinted, and shows fewer signs of wear after twenty years than Reddaway's 1979 revise. We are given a long *Spiegel* article on the making of the film, which mentions Schlöndorff's diary, and guesses that it will be turned into a book. The retrospective nature of the book is illustrated by the fact that Schlöndorff's diary in turn refers, with what seems like an unhappy scorn, to that guess. So we have a diary entry on an article referring to a book about a film based on a book....

Schlöndorff's diary, is an intimate and sometimes frank document; the difficulties, both personal and technical, he encountered make the success of the film more remarkable. We learn something about the German film industry and about Schlöndorff's political associations; but there is little here for the serious student of either film or literature.

The glimpses we have of Grass's contribution to the film are tantalizing: clearly his influence was important right through to the cutting stage, but we do not see how he became (as G. P. Butler has remarked) "seduced by his experience of film-making". Grass's retrospective comments on the novel are interesting, but his reference to "the author as unreliable witness" wisely registers how modestly privileged such self-elucidations are.

The diary highlights one thing which will surprise none of the film's admirers: the remarkable role played by its chief actor, who evidently inspired and influenced the filming as much as he dominates the film. Grass's drawing, reproduced here, which shows David Bennent and Oskar Matzerath strangely fused, eloquently acknowledges that for the author as well as for thousands who may not read or re-read the novel, Oskar has acquired new contours. Those who are redirected to the text will, one hopes, enjoy discovering all the dimensions, perspectives and characters Schlöndorff found he had to omit; and so realize how far the novel is from being just another melancholy evocation of the rise and fall of Nazism.

Schlöndorff hints that he would like to film the later part of the novel; but it is doubtful whether *Return of Oskar* or *The Tin Drum Strikes Back* could restore the richness and ambiguity of Grass's vision, or indeed match up to the splendid film we now have. Before he starts on another diary, at least let us hope that Schlöndorff will muse on his words in this one: "The real diary is not written in this exercise-book, but in the film."

In 1916 Hugo Ball, one of the main initiators of dadaism in Zurich, called it an "fools' game out of nothingness in which [however], all elevated questions are involved; a gladiatorial gesture". Karl Riha's lively volume, *Da Dada da War ist Dada da* (312pp. Carl Hanser. 3 446 12835 2) takes stock of what was later recognized to be an important movement of the period. While previous publications have tended to centre on Zurich, the present one deals preponderantly with dadaism in Berlin—and from a literary rather than a visual viewpoint.

The main features of the book are the inclusion of numerous contemporary newspaper reports on dadaism; profiles of dada personalities; copious illustrations; and excerpts from the writings of Hugo Ball, Tristan Tzara, George Grosz, Max Ernst *et al.* A novel approach is the space devoted to the "Neodadaism" of the 1950s and early 1960s. Collage and the "Laut- und Simultangedicht" are treated at some length, as also is the constructivism to which dada gave way.

H. R.

NIETZSCHE
A CRITICAL LIFE
Ronald Hayman
'Mr Hayman's effort is impressive . . . it will gain widespread recognition' – *Economist*
'A new popular but scholarly life in English has long been overdue. Ronald Hayman has provided it' – *The Times*
'A recognisable and convincing Nietzsche emerges from Hayman's book – thanks, mainly, to an implicit sympathy with his subject and generous quotations, carefully and tellingly selected' – *Guardian*
ON SALE NOW £18.50
Weidenfeld & Nicolson

Kinds of conservatism

By Gordon Wright

WILLIAM R. KEYLOR:
Jacques Bainville and the Renaissance of Royalist History in Twentieth-century France
349pp. Louisiana State University Press (AUPG). £17.50.
0 8071 0465 5

PHILIPPE ARIES, with MICHEL WINOCK:
Un historien du dimanche
219pp. Paris: Seuil.
2 02 005543 0

No other political movement in twentieth-century France has drawn so much scholarly attention as the now-defunct Action Française. Although peculiarly French in character, it has especially attracted American historians, who seem to have staked it out as a kind of private preserve—with important assistance, it is true, from such outlanders as Ernst Nolte and Zeev Sternhell, together with an occasional Englishman or even a Frenchman. How is one to explain the Americans' fascination with a movement, an ideology, so alien to their own doctrines and traditions? Sheer exoticism, perhaps; the glamour of royal institutions, rituals and values for a middle-class society with egalitarian pretensions. Or a belief that Maurras's preachings contain in embryo the ideas and structures of modern fascism. Or, possibly, a sense that the Action Française as a political movement and an ideology really did represent something deeply and intensely French, without which that nation and its political culture cannot be fully understood.

Whatever the source of this infatuation, the flow of serious studies continues. William R. Keylor's *Jacques Bainville and the Renaissance of Royalist History in Twentieth-century France*, the most recent in the sequence, is a worthy addition to the literature; it concentrates on a figure who has been somewhat neglected, or taken for granted. Bainville was the AF's literary star—the only prominent activist, except for Maurras himself, to achieve immortality French-style through election to the Académie Française. Keylor's purpose is to show what kind of historian (and political journalist) Bainville was, how he used history to further the neo-monarchist cause, and why he won such a large and admiring audience in France. It was Bainville, Keylor believes, who "constructed an intellectual bridge to the . . . respectable right in France", and thus gave the AF a breadth of support and a resonance that far transcended the narrowly partisan circle attracted by the doctrinaire Maurras and the demagogic Daudet. If this is so, Bainville's importance in building up AF power has been underrated by past scholars, who were more inclined to treat him as an ornament of the movement, providing intellectual lustre but not much else.

Keylor's argument is persuasive, and is buttressed by publication and sales statistics for Bainville's major works—especially the *Histoire de France* and the biography of Napoleon, although many others among his some forty books of popular history sold well also. Bainville slipped into a career as historian rather by accident; he had no university training in the field, and as a lycée-trained student the fact-ridden history of that day the most boring of all subjects. Nor, for that matter, was he a monarchist by inheritance; he came of a solid republican family, and his Catholic commitment always remained dubious. A youthful visit to Germany triggered his interest in writing a biography of King Ludwig II, and provoked him into a lifelong concern with the Franco-German relationship through history. Yet it was not until 1923 that he reluctantly went beyond the writing of brief historical essays to try his hand at a full-scale work of history—a one-volume *Histoire de France*. When his publisher proposed this project, he demurred at first, pleading ignorance of the subject—to which the publisher (Fayard) responded: "Well, this will be an excellent opportunity for you to learn it".

Bainville thus represented that honorable school of amateur historians with a talent for clear and graceful prose and a taste for synthesis and easy generalizations, to which qualities he added an obsession with what he believed to be the lessons of history.

Yet he aspired to give his royalist version of France's past a scientific base, in the Taine-Sorel-Fustel tradition of historical positivism. His readers were entranced; they found his book a pleasant and painless guide to understanding the main trends in France's long and brilliant history without bogging down in full detail or historians' controversies. It was all so persuasive, so clear and simple! And so reassuring as well, in spite of the evil days on which France had fallen since the eighteenth century. For Bainville held out to his readers, despite his own deep strain of pessimism and determinism, the hope that men could learn from history and could at decisive moments shape their own destinies.

Bainville's influence on his countrymen was exerted not only through his historical works but also through his prolific journalistic writings. He had embarked reluctantly on this career when Maurras persuaded him in 1908 to contribute a daily commentary on foreign affairs to the movement's newspaper. From that time until his death in 1936, he wrote indefatigably on all aspects of public policy in *Action Française* and a number of other conservative organs; many Frenchmen of the right came to regard his pronouncements as a kind of revealed truth. Keylor's lucid analysis of the Bainville *œuvre* through these three decades of recurrent crisis leaves one with a curious double impression: on the one hand, of a mind set in concrete, committed to a series of deeply held principles and prejudices; on the other, of a repeated tendency, in adopting positions, under the pressure of immediate events, that were in contradiction with his basic beliefs.

At times, this apparent inconsistency may have derived from his self-proclaimed stance of "realism" in international affairs. Ideology and principles, he claimed, were of no importance except as they might be used in wartime to inspire heroic sacrifice; it was "realism" that won wars and secured the peace. Realism meant, among other things, recognizing the Germans as a permanent menace to French security and European order; it also meant preserving the balance-of-power system against such moralists as the Wilsonians. Bainville urged the restoration of the Habsburg empire in 1918 as a barrier to Germany's inevitable expansionist ambitions. And he opposed Allied intervention in Russia in the hope that "Prussia" would become infected by the Bolshevik bacillus, producing a German anarchy that would benefit France.

Some of the inconsistencies in his diets seem difficult to justify, however, on grounds of "realism". He opposed French colonialism before 1914, then came to support it after the war; he favoured Italian fascism at first, then turned against it; he called in 1918 for a greater Poland to fence in Germany, but in 1920 branded Poland a "geographical monstrosity" that was a threat to the peace; he looked increasingly to the British for help in defending the West, yet continued to dislike and distrust the "Puritan mentality" and to find the British almost as distasteful as the Germans. Even with respect to Germany, where he was most consistent, a certain ambivalence persisted. He denied in 1920 that history revealed any "temperamental incompatibility" between the French and the Germans, yet he kept returning to "the singularly aggressive nature of the German mentality" to explain why Franco-German co-operation was forever impossible. Those Frenchmen who looked to Bainville for sane and sensible guidance in foreign policy matters got something rather different from their gurus: an acidulous mix of deep dogmatism and lofty obiter dicta, masquerading as hard-headed analysis.

Un historien du dimanche is a much different sort of book, and presents us with an entirely different sort of historian. What Philippe Ariès and Bainville have in common is their long affiliation with the Action Française: Ariès in his youth was a disciple of Bainville (and of Maurras), but later turned strongly against what he called Bainville's "Cuperian" history, with its episodic structure and its obsession with the lessons of history (there are none, Ariès suggests). Ariès eventually became alienated as well from his Action Française origins, although as late as the 1950s he was still willing to collaborate with some AF survivors in publishing the weekly *La Nation Française*.

The Ariès book is a kind of long soliloquy in which the historian reminisces about his career—an autobiographical memoir that was evidently captured on tape by the young historian Michel Winock. It has the charm of a long, relaxed conversation over a bottle of good wine, except that the conversation is all one-way until the final chapter. Luckily, Ariès is a fine raconteur; his self-examination never becomes tiresome, and is relieved by a lively strain of humour and irony.

Ariès presents himself as a "Sunday historian" who managed to strip off his repressive Sorbonnard training to become a free-lance scholar venturing, all alone at first, into uncharted territory. Frustrated by the Sorbonne's orthodoxy, Ariès took to reading on his own, and discovered the work of the *Annales* school, with its stress on social history. No doubt that deviation contributed to his failure when he sat for the *agrégation*, and to his subsequent entry into a non-academic career (he was employed in a technical institute concerned with tropical fruits, which led one Sorbonnard mandarin to dismiss him loftily as a "marchand de bananes"). In his free time Ariès began groping his way towards a subject that would satisfy his growing interest in a vanished world of old-style "sociability": a system in which men were bound together into groups broader than the nuclear family, and were free of state domination. A series of books followed, on regional traditions and on what later came to be called "collective mentalities", but they were almost completely ignored by the Establishment; those who knew of him tended to dismiss him as a kind of crank. The long "quarantine", as he calls it, ended only in the 1960s when the new social history began to emerge as the current *tarte à la crème*, and when Ariès published his remarkable essay *L'enfant et la vie familiale sous l'ancien régime*. Ariès obviously enjoys his hard-won victory, and the worldwide recognition he has finally achieved in the past dozen years. It is a kind of Horatio Alger epic in which the hero reaps fame rather than riches.

The early chapters contain some intriguing glimpses into the experience of growing up in a provincial Catholic family with a deep commitment to Action Française doctrines. A cousin, for example, committed the appalling heresy of joining the Army before dying heroically at Verdun; but for fifty years his name was blacked out of family tradition as a renegade whose offence could never be excused. Ariès suggests that in some ways Action Française devotees resembled the Jansenists; and one suspects at times that despite his eventual apostasy, something of the old dogmatism and intolerance remains alive in him. His pro-Nazi leanings during the Occupation years led him to an almost visceral dislike of the Resistance; the passions of the liberation era, he suggests, turned him against both politics and history. Yet, as his *Histoire évènementielle*, twin "pathologies" that are fixated on the state alone, he is inclined to believe that French soldiers who died during the Second World War, as opposed to the First, died for nothing. During the Algerian war he rejected both the ultras' "myth of assimilation" and de Gaulle's "surrender"; although he admits that he had no solution of his own, he nevertheless plunged into the polemical battle on behalf of Algérie française. He is outraged by the Catholic modernists, by the heirs of the Enlightenment who still believe in progress, by the excessive growth of the state's power, and above all by the turn to privatization at the expense of a lost sociability. For his old belief in authoritarian nationalism he has substituted a kind of *imarchisme de droite*; he finds Foucault's philosophy congenial.

Philippe Ariès has undoubtedly enriched the historical enterprise by his creative and original work, but there is room to be sceptical about his view of the good citizen's responsibilities in the society in which he lives. One wonders what France would be like today if Jacques Bainville, Philippe Ariès and their friends had been free to shape its destiny.

The settlers unsettled

By Patrick McCarthy

DANIEL LECONTE:
Les pieds-noirs
Histoire et portrait d'une communauté
316pp. Paris: Seuil.
2 02 005397 7

In the summer of 1962 some 800,000 French settlers came flooding back from newly-independent Algeria. They had fought with frenzy not merely against the Arab nationalists but also against the French government which had, so they felt, betrayed them. Now they firebombed the buildings in the centre of Algiers, burnt down the university library, smashed their furniture and drove their cars into the sea. After this orgy of destruction they crowded into boats and set out for a France that most of them had never seen and cordially loathed.

Daniel Leconte has written a history of the settlers or "pieds-noirs" (whose nickname is of uncertain origin) from the French conquest of Algeria in 1830 to the present. The chapters which deal with the years since 1962 are the most interesting because they depict the "pied-noir" diaspora.

The hard men of the Organisation Armée Secrète, the terrorist movement which had devastated Paris with plastic bombs, settled in Spain, where they were protected by Franco. Unwittingly, Franco also sheltered men from Oran who had been leftwingers in the 1930s and had fought against him in the International Brigades. Around 10,000 exiles settled in Montreal, where one occasionally hears the slow, lilting *pied-noir* accent that is so different from Quebec intonation. They have swollen the ranks of the francophones and helped make trouble for Ottawa. Meanwhile a third group went to Argentina and started all over again as pioneers.

Less fortunate exiles settled in Corsica and continued cultivating the vine. They have proved so successful that much of the island's wine-production is now in their hands. This has spurred Corsican separatism, and local guerrillas, who have studied the OAS's experiments with plastic, have been blowing up *pied-noir* farms on the island.

The majority of the European Algerians have rebuilt their lives in southern France. De Gaulle was bitterly hostile to them which sounds both ungrateful, since they brought him back to power in 1958, and understandable, since they acted at least twice to kill him. Government grants for resettlement were small and many *pieds-noirs* who had left behind small businesses were stranded. Yet they were fortunate that they arrived in 1962 when the French economy was growing at 5 per cent a year. A similar group arriving in today's cheerless economic climate would fare much worse. Then too Giscard d'Estaing has been more generous than De Gaulle. During his election campaign of 1974 he took as his bodyguard some the very hardest *pieds-noirs*, who were unusually rough with hecklers. Perhaps in gratitude Giscard has made it easier for the French Algerians to obtain loans and indemnities for property they left behind.

A special dilemma faced the Algerian Jewish community. They had no desire to remain in independent Algeria because the French colonial authorities had always offered the Jews as a scapegoat to the Arabs. About 30,000 Jews left for Israel, where they have discovered that Israel has its own racial tensions between European and non-European Jews. Of those who came to France one group settled in Belleville in northern Paris, where there is a strong Arab community and where graffiti break out on the walls whenever there is fighting in the Middle East.

Leconte chronicles all this well but, surprisingly, he leaves out the most interesting group: the *pieds-noirs* who remained in Algeria. Having houses or businesses they could not sell, they reluctantly stayed behind in a country that has since been transformed. A poor and ageing group, they constitute the "pied-noir problem" and whenever the French Foreign Secretary goes to Algiers, he has to meet their representatives. Inevitably he finds it impossible to offer them financial help and after the last meeting in the summer of 1979, one of them commented that France was waiting for the "pied-noir problem" to be solved by the death of the surviving *pieds-noirs*.

The earlier chapters of Leconte's book add little to what has already been written about Algeria. He draws on Charles-André Julien for the early history and on Yves Courrière's four-volumed book on the war of independence. He is weak when he describes the *pied-noir* left, although there is a fine study by Emanuel Sivan of the origins of the Algerian Communist Party. Even more surprisingly, Leconte omits from his bibliography what is perhaps the best book on Algeria: André Nouschi's *La Naissance du nationalisme algérien*. Although Nouschi deals chiefly with the Arabs, he analyzes the Algerian economy which shaped the lives of both communities. During the 1950s the price of wheat and wine plummeted and only the large farmers could survive. They bought up most of the land and the poorer Europeans drifted into the cities or, for the Arabs, they either joined them, which caused severe overcrowding in the Arab sections of Algiers, or else stayed in the countryside and starved. By the late 1930s the seeds of the 1954 war had been sown.

In an attempt to grasp the psychology of French Algeria, Leconte delves into its popular novelists. Louis Bertrand, who was not himself a *pied-noir*, created the myth of fertility: the French Algerians were the spiritual descendants of the Roman legions that had occupied North Africa. Next came Robert Randau, who fostered the legend of the pioneer: the French Algerian was an adventurer who conquered the desert and had no use for the decadent Europe he had left behind. Leconte might have delved deeper here and found a third myth, detected by Paul Achard: the European Algerians were French, Spanish, Corsican or Maltese and they all blended together—along with the Arab—into a Mediterranean medley.

For the Arab also was in Algeria, that was the trouble. Leconte sees at the core of *pied-noir* life "the original, ancestral fear that is buried in the darkness of the colonial night . . . the fear of a minority that knows it is surrounded." Because it could not be expressed openly, this fear took the form of a quest for authenticity. Mediterranean "medleys" disguise the fact that the European is intruding and is exploiting the true pioneer, the Arab, who might at any time rise up and throw these new Boulogne legions into the sea. The need for authenticity explains the French Algerian's anti-semitism: the pied-noir flaunted his contempt for Jews in order to show he was French. But by 1958 the French theme had grown decadent so the only Jews French were the *pieds-noirs*, who demanded the right to rule France from Algiers.

Despite such ambiguities the *pieds-noirs* loved their Algeria. When one meets them in France they talk with flamboyant nostalgia about the bare mountains, the street-life of Algiers and the Roman ruins at Tipasa. All these have been lost, and history's losers are not usually allowed to write history, so Daniel Leconte has done well to offer us this chronicle.

Dextrogyrations in Paris

By Eugen Weber

When, in June 1789, the three estates of the kingdom of France came together in a National Assembly, the people's friends tended to sit on the left side of the hall, rather on the right of the President; at the end of August 1789 the vote establishing the right of the Presidential veto, which caused the counting of votes done by standing up or staying seated (*par assis et levé*), made Right and Left have been with us since that time and, in France at least, few have withstood the sinistrous tendencies of French political life—what Albert Thibaudet was to call its sinistrogyrations. By the Third Republic, the very label "Right" had become a political liability. The last group to accept that description in the Chamber was elected in 1919, and numbered only twelve members. In the Senate, those furthest to the Right called themselves "Républicains de gauche".

As the Right ran for semantic cover, its identification became more difficult. In this dicey quest, André Siegfried, the leading political scientist of his day, placed tradition above reactionaries: one could be politically Left and socio-economically Right, but a sure compass would tell you (at least if we saw French) who was Right, who was Left, and who was to the left of whom. The latter issue was crucial as labels went, but leapfrogging leftward tended to leave most regions right of centre sparsely occupied and, by the resulting clutter, to confuse the rest.

With the difference between Left and Right no longer clear, except at those extremes that seemed electorally least relevant and ideologically less representative, one began to hear timid suggestions that the traditional division was outdated (General de Gaulle and Jean-François Revel would also say so in due course). Such subversive notions were firmly rejected. When someone raises the question whether the division of Right and Left is still valid, said Alain, I know that he is certainly not a man of the Left. True to Alain's spirit, and to the necessities of political marketing, the French have continued to face political facts squint-eyed, which may not make for 20/20 vision but has produced some splendid political literature.

It could be argued that both "Right" and "Left" have become umbrella-terms that shelter almost the whole spectrum of possible political stances: from counter-revolutionary to revolutionary among the former, from conservative "radical" to radical leftist among the latter. Raoul Girardet, a connoisseur of political nuances, points out that in the past 150 years France has simultaneously known Rights that were socially conservative, liberal, reformist or sympathetic to socialism, Jacobin/centralizing and Girondin/federalist, clerical and Voltairean, imperialist and anti-colonialist, militarist and pacifist, industrial and agrarian, nostalgic and modernizing, mercantile and anti-capitalist, authoritarian and laissez-faire—and possibly just as many varieties of the Left.

A quick glance at the present situation (quick lest the situation should change between glances) reveals this stubborn variety: the old legitimist right, ultra and counter-revolutionary, is heavily divided. Its most interesting section, epigones of the Action Française, has become a Maurrassian cacophony. The moderate Orléanist tradition is carried forward by Giscard d'Estaing and the economic liberals. The Bonapartist (or Boulangist) current — statist, strongarm and *cocardier* — runs through the Gaullist right. But such pigeonholing is an old-fashioned academic diversion. The new development is the appearance of a New Right (henceforth NR), no less diverse in some ways than the old, but willing to accept a denomination that had so long been shunned.

In common parlance, Right still stands for conservatism, or reaction, or the "fascism" that covers a multitude of sins. In politics it means "moderate", or liberal or centre. The NR rejects all of these positions and, is denounced by their representatives as not national or Catholic or French enough, not liberal or conservative, and certainly not centrist. The only thing that the NR is not blamed for is for not being Left, and that heavy witness lies to a Right revival than to the Left's decline.

The intellectual bankruptcy of all the Lefts has taken a long time to surface. It used to be that men of the Left had ideas; their enemies only truncheons. Now, affectivity and mindless violence are associated as much with the Left as with the Right; and the poverty of Marxist thinking makes the thinness of rightist arguments look less painful. In any case, the NR is set on invalidating Guy Mollet's reference to "la droite française, la plus bête du monde" (which it never was, in the face of overpowering competition), and on reestablishing an intellectual contest abandoned for nigh on half a century. This had been hard to do while memories of collaboration endured and tainted all on the Right with guilt by association. Time is not the only factor in that situation's waning, nor should it be attributed to dark conspiracies. Begun by the long cascade of Marxist let-downs (nothing fails like success!), it was completed by the intellectual confusionism of the Left: if all opponents are wicked, wickedness drifts into irrelevance. When every ill-tempered teacher can be denounced as fascist, banality takes over. Now that Gulags match Auschwitzes, the banalization of evil and of terror has helped release the Right from its burden of guilt, and set the Left wrangling about who should bear its own—or explain it away.

But the articulation of a NR goes back before all this—to the eve of May, 1968, and the appearance of *Nouvelle Ecole*, mouthpiece of the newly-founded GRECE (Groupes de Recherches et d'Etudes pour la Civilisation Européenne). Claiming to be inspired by Antonio Gramsci rather than by Charles Maurras, the new thinkers, most of them in their twenties and early thirties, abandoned the royalist sage's "politique d'abord!" for a new affirmation: "culture d'abord!". Maurras's formula, Pierre Gaxotte had explained before the war, established "not a hierarchy of values, but an order of urgency". The urgency, now, was on the other foot. The political turnaround, the sociopolitical revivification, could come only after the reoccupation of intellectual territories too long abandoned to ideological incoherence. Political action was secondary to the more urgent need for a cultural *reconquête* in whose service the "study groups" would act (as Alain de Benoist once wrote in *Europe Action*) as a laboratory of philosophical and scientific anti-Marxism.

The laboratory's products can be viewed in the glossy pages of *Nouvelle Ecole*, and in a host of other publications (including Michel Poniatowski's answer to *Le Matin des magiciens*: *L'Avenir n'est écrit nulle part*), culminating most recently with the widely read *Figaro Magazine*, edited by Louis Pauwels and written in good part by members and friends of GRECE.

But if anti-Marxism furnished the original inspiration, it has by now been relegated to a subsidiary role. Bolshevik-inspired systems of government have been recognized as self-conserving power systems, like any others. The "new" post-Marxist philosophers have rejected Marxism and its pretensions to changing the world. Socialism, like liberalism, survives only by hybridization, ideologically irrelevant and dubiously attractive in practice. Other favourite targets of the Right are also blurring: parliamentary democracy, no longer an immediate menace, has become a subject of nostalgia rather like cloche hats; presidential rule is difficult to condemn when its evident shortcomings reflect those of the oligarchic elitism one advocates. The true and fundamental threat, now, to Western survival is found in egalitarianism, from which most of our other problems flow. The NR is about "the attitude that considers the diversity of the world and hence the inequalities arising from it as good, and the homogenization of the world extolled and gradually realized by egalitarian ideology as evil." To this I shall return, but only after a broader look at writings whose focus is not always clear, and whose arguments are advanced less by affirmation than by eclectic indirection.

Characteristically, the NR presents itself as a choir with many voices. When Pierre Vial published a book supposed to speak for GRECE, *Pour une renaissance culturelle*, it is a collection of essays by many hands. Alain de Benoist's prize-winning *Vu de droite* turns out to be an anthology, not very different from certain undergraduate readers. *Nouvelle Ecole* itself leaves an uncertain impression, at first. Its numerous "Comité de patronage", heavy with academic titles, unites (or united until some resigned) what has been described as a Who's Who of the world for right with some illustrious others (Mircea Eliade, Georges Dumézil, René Huyghe, Arthur Koestler . . .). Its contents fall into place only gradually.

In 1970 a special number of the review, *Hommage à Bertrand Russell*, paid tribute to the philosopher's detached logic and to his "peculiar radical elitism: l'aristocratisme à visage humain". In 1971, a special number on Eugenics reminded readers that "every twenty seconds a mental defective is born". Over the years since, two special numbers have been devoted to the Celts (back to our pagan

ARMANDO CURCIO EDITORE

A World Leader in Reference and Part Works, Women's Magazines, Books, Records and Cassettes, Mail-Order Sets

Via Arno, 64
Rome, Italy
Phone 84871/Telex 614666

Our Publishing Companies and Partners:
Curcio Publishing, Rome
Curcio Periodicals, Rome
Longanesi Books, Milan
Longanesi Periodicals, Rome
Curcio Recording, Rome
Editions de Vergennes, Paris
Selemark Direct Mail, Rome

Our Stand Number during the
1980 Frankfurt Book Fair
Halle 5 / G-901-903-905
Phone 74.13.41

cultural roots, and note their admirable propensity to suicide), two to Wagner (and to Gobineau), one to Psychoanalysis ("Science against Freud"), and one to Ethology. There have been poetic articles on Yukio Mishima and bushido, learned articles on the likes of Pareto, semi-learned ones by Konrad Lorenz, who sees humanity as threatened by the maladies of civilization and degeneration as selective pressures wane. A fairly typical number, that of Winter 1979/80, contains articles on Georges Sorel (the moral possibilities of decadence), Montherlant (how to die well and at will), Heisenberg (indeterminacy, hence emancipation from determinism), and Moeller van den Bruck (the ideological aesthete as conservative revolutionary).

Alain de Benoist, much in the news of late, emerges as a specialist in compendious contributions that read as tributes to memory, stamina and summarizing skills ("solid erudition" as Gilbert Comte called it in *Le Monde* of March 4, 1978); superior tutorial essays reflecting ready acceptance of outdated stereotypes: silly (France is the garden of Europe; the Germans are wanderers in search of the infinite); equivocal (landed aristocracy lived in symbiosis with the people); wrongheaded (German national unity spontaneously realized out of the popular will; the German people creating the nation which in turn created the state). Benoist has read too much Wagner and only listened to history with one ear. He should try it the other way round.

Under his pen and those of his friends, *Nouvelle Ecole* makes many of its points by dint of quotations. From Robert Ardrey: "man has a territorial instinct, and if we defend our homes and our countries it is for biological reasons. . ." From Patrice La Tour du Pin: "countries without legends are condemned to freeze to death". From Heisenberg: "taking sides for humanistic culture means taking sides with the West. . . We must begin by believing something and willing something. . . We must declare for the West."

As can be seen, *Nouvelle Ecole* is for diversity against uniformity, for elites against undifferentiated masses, for selection (and selectivity) against egalitarian myths, and for the West rather than merely for France. But its West, though a bit broader than that which Henri Massis invited his generation to defend, stops at the North Atlantic. The NR is virulently anti-US. (*Nouvelle Ecole* has had a special number about that, too), a country formed against Europe, consecrated to opposing authority and order, dedicated to the puerile search for material happiness and the mercantile appreciation of money and comfort. Jean Cau objects to the "grosse vulgarité de l'obèse Amérique", and to its "chewing-gummy mastication of ideas". Raymond Abellio insists that a country so productive of material power cannot represent the head of humanity, only its belly. (What would he say now that even the material power has become uncertain?) Most of their fellows (Not all. Louis Pauwels likes America and, sensibly, the consumer society.) denounce America's adipose virtues: the United States are too rich to be honest, too preachy to be anything but a bore, too rootless. Europeans must resist its pull, shed their *Euroamericanism*, especially their *Gallicoamericanism*, recapture their history, their past and their pride.

Nouvelle Ecole comes out of a Catholic, Latin, Mediterranean, traditional, Right. But no one seriously thinks to salute the flag that hangs limp above Fleeting Europe. Europe has become a machine tended by soulless technicians (Hans Staudinger), apatrides unlikely to appeal to vitalist patriots. And there are other problems: nationalism retains very little appeal. Supranationalism has lost what appeal it had in the 1950s. The Right beats an orderly retreat to previously prepared positions: regionalism, folklore, rusticisms complete with local idioms. Unfortunately, it finds all sorts of "Green" ecologists and even left-wing intruders squatting in what had been its private properties. The greening of the Left confuses issues even more than its paling had done. So the NR stressed Barrèsian about roots (crucial in a rootless age), with many references to Indo-European origins that make serious scholars sigh, and with no sense of historical scale ("la patrie c'est le territoire d'un peuple"). They are vitalist and organicist, and

All, like Maurras, are haunted by fear of decadence, decline of energy and will. All note the debasement of *style*, and deny the possibility of *real* content without form. A certain Right's admiration of the samurai did not await Montherlant's *Solstice de juin*; it can be found in fascist literature as far back as the 1920s. Their appreciation of the "saines habitudes de chahut intellectuel" praised by Jean Mabire recalls both "camelots du Roi" and the provocative post-Liberation *hussards* around Roger Nimier, who once wired François Mauriac: "L'Enfer n'existe pas. Tu peux te dissiper. Signé: Gide." Insolence is also a form of self-affirmation, particularly appropriate in the midst of mediocrity (anti-egualitarianism again!). The NR exults not the humble (as in the Judeo-Christianity they spurn) but the strong and proud. But there is little new about *that*, at least since Nietzsche; and Maurras also rejected Judeo-Christianity to accept only its Roman version (because it was so un-Christian). True, the NR go one better when they advocate returning to the polytheism of their supposed pagan roots; but so, up to a point, did the young Maurras. Let us wait to see what happens when the New Right grows old.

Finally, from Maistre to Maurras, the chief concern of right-wing thinkers has been the state, its integrity, the danger of its dissolution under the Chinese water torture of hostile ideologues. The state is founded on order (and assures it), order is founded on hierarchy, hierarchy needs to be (re)set on firm foundations. The search for these foundations has been the leitmotif of the political philosophy of the Right. The traditional Right followed Bonald in minimizing the force of reason and of scientific argument, and emphasizing tradition, habit, and the use of power. But this reasoning did not hold for long. History, science and reason were soon enlisted to show "the bankruptcy of the Revolution" (*Revue des Deux-Mondes*, August 15, 1871); and Victor Nguyen, writing in the latest *Etudes maurrassiennes* (no 4, 1980), shows how Maurras mobilized evolutionism and positivism in support of conservatism, "thus using the pessimism of his generation to strengthen the social and religious reestablishment of Catholic-backed values."

Evidently, that is not what the NR want to do but, if their ends are slightly different, their means are similar: aggressive nostalgia sublimated in pseudo-science, "using the pessimism of [their] generation" and appealing to its intellectual preconceptions. Even though the government and management to which we looked for answers to our vexations appear increasingly part of the problem, not of the solution, Comtian visions of a congruous social order directed by a trained elite look fine to graduates of X, of Sciences Po, of ENA, and to others devoted to doing well by doing good.

Intellectual marketing has its limits: new idioms must be intelligible in older terms, accessible as slightly modified versions of the *déjà lu* and the *déjà su*. Right across the intellectual spectrum, the conservative consumer expects a conservative novelty. The new must be familiar too: a New Right is as familiar as a new Left, and as easy to cope with. This is not to call its message useless, quite the contrary. A language no one understands is futile. In this case, communication is no problem, while the substantive contents which make for resistance, exclusion, exhilaration, security—not a roller-coaster, but a tunnel of love.

In the great tradition, the NR offers the old, the new, the borrowed and the blue in proportions to be selected by those who read them. Their evolutionism reeks of Social Darwinism; their positivism is brought up to date in the sciences of the hour: biology. Or, better, in a sociobiology that argues from the biological foundations of social behaviour to an order that would represent not conservative stability but evolution based on planning and on will.

Behind the verbiage and the scientific pretensions, students of the Right recognize an old friend: the organic view of society. Genetics indicate that men are different but unequal, and not just that they are unequal but that their inequalities are hereditary. The NR do not take issue with the Republican ideal of careers open to talent—only abandoned by the Republicans when they drew from seem-

biological preselection, meritocracy translates into an elitism that is, at least partially and probably significantly, predetermined. No matter how many vitamins we feed them, homogenized societies that mix cream and skim, dross and dregs, are programmed for destruction.

In *Le Désordre établi* Bertrand Renouvin, of the Nouvelle Action Française, attacks *Nouvelle Ecole's* apology of selection and of race (the NR rejects racism), accusing it of seeking the scientific elimination of biological dross; and he quotes Jean Cau, always intemperate, who calls for "the rule of selection and of order . . . by force". I have found no such extremes in NR writing, no mention of euthanasia, or even of the Nazi racial laws in their more extreme form—topics one can see would be best avoided even at the expense of historical completeness. Eugenics simply tell how to avoid decline, if it is not too late; and, to that end, abortion, sterilization and quality selection may all be enlisted to help Man make himself.

This leads to one of the more attractive lines of NR thought: the call for a heroic subjectivism. Man makes himself out of what he is. Genetic inheritance is not destiny but opportunity, seized or not according to one's will (or luck?)—the highest form of of will being to create social norms where these are lacking, as they are today. Norms are conventional constructs which develop as the result of decision and choice but come to be regarded as (ultimate) values when their historical evolution has been forgotten. This realization, that values are relative and fallible, which leads some to abandon all norms, can lead others to try to establish new ones. With no little hint of Georges Sorel, Benoist proposes "to assume and institute a certain collective subjectivity in a sufficiently forceful manner to have this perceived as a 'natural' norm functioning as an 'absolute' in the social structure".

This is the basis of the NR's view of honour, which consists of being true to one's norm, to one's own image of oneself. Generally speaking, a sense of honour is simply a due regard for those values and standards that a society holds in high esteem and rewards accordingly. A society where values are

either mercantile or hard to find calls for a more activist approach. Explicitly existentialist, though evidently closer to Camus than to Sartre, the NR (or, at least, Benoist) stress their particular style by calling for a morality whose description as aristocratic testifies to a serious degree of inflation in that realm: assumption of duties as well as of rights (reminiscent of long-forgotten Republican civics) and the capacity to act against one's own interests (reminiscent of the Four Musketeers).

Which suggests that, in my eyes at least, all is not wrong with the New Right. Their references, often mythological or superficial, sap the credibility of their arguments; but their criticisms often hit home. "New" movements have a predilection for half-truths that can be turned into absolutes, and the NR is no exception to this. But sometimes even half-truths are better than none. Our society is irresponsible and counter-productive, subsidizing the least efficient and working hard to saw off the branch on which we perch. Our scientific triumphs do threaten demographic and eugenic catastrophe. The humbling principles of egalitarianism have run riot, abandoning the demand for equal opportunity for an insistence on equal fulfilment. Politicians, especially, have forgotten the wisdom of Francis P. (see *Les carnets politiques de Francis P., ancien ministre. Recueillis et présentés par* . . .) that inequality is the traditional logic of political activity. It does no harm to remind them that the normal movement of society tends ever to create new inequalities, privileges and hierarchies. Or to offer new/old maxims based on another finding of Francis P.: that political rationality is irrational in principle, since the world it would have to organize is that of error, passion and folly.

Of course, there *are* no ideas in politics, only calculations which factor in ideas, taking into account not the idea itself but its possible political (i.e. market) value. In France, especially, intellectuals are apt to attribute too much importance to their relatively private debates; but these do provide effective and ritual ammunition for real battles being waged elsewhere. With the left on the run or on a *retro* kick, political men in search of intellectual vamish have welcomed the expo[illegible] the new school, itself le[illegible] on penetrating the arcana [illegible] and the scientific-sounding [illegible] that it so readily provides [illegible] NR's pleas for selection [illegible] readily accepted by one [illegible] world's most highly selected [illegible] its apologia for elitism is [illegible] by *énarques* fond of plum[illegible] suspicious of Hirsutism [illegible] discredited left. Alain de B[illegible] ofcited remark of not so [illegible] is getting out of date: [illegible] almost everyone claims to [illegible] the left, being on the right [illegible] best way to be elsewhere [illegible] the spreading elitist chic [illegible] his escape-ground crowded.

In a society where [illegible] cosmopolitanism and soci[illegible] ill conceal the rankest [illegible] provincialism, the NR still [illegible] attractively exotic. Perhaps someone has enviously [illegible] that is because they read [illegible] periodicals and translate [illegible] More likely, so many French [illegible] lectuals have indulged in the [illegible] formism of anticonformism [illegible] one can hardly grudge them [illegible] now opt for the nonconformism [illegible] a new conformism. So, in [illegible] moment, and as they will [illegible] in court, "la parole est à lui".

Books expository and/or critical [illegible] the ideas of the New Right [illegible] France include:

JEAN-PIERRE APPARO (Ed.): *Droite aujourd'hui*. 400pp. Albin Michel.

ALAIN DE BENOIST: *Les S[illegible] Pendroit*. 298pp. Paris: [illegible]

ALAIN DE BENOIST: *Vu de [illegible]* 626pp. Paris: Copernic.

ALAIN DE BENOIST and [illegible]: *Qu'est-ce que l'ennemi?* Pamphlets. GRECE. 130 [illegible] Pompe, Paris 16.

JULIEN BRUNN (Editor): *Le [illegible] Droite*. 392pp. Paris: Ou[illegible]

MICHEL FROMENTAUX: *NR: [illegible] sur la nouvelle droite*. [illegible] Aspects de la France.

GEORGES HOURMAT: *Réponse [illegible] nouvelle droite*. 183pp. [illegible] Stock.

HENRY DE LESQUEN: *La R[illegible] vicante*. 313pp. Paris: [illegible] Michel.

MAURRAS: Renaissance de l'[illegible] 29.1pp. Paris: Plon.

BERTRAND RENOUVIN: *Le D[illegible] établi*. Paris: Stock.

PIERRE VIAL (Editor): *Pour [illegible] renaissance culturelle*. [illegible] Copernic.

Fall of a Falangist

By Paul Preston

IAN GIBSON:
En busca de José Antonio
335pp. Barcelona: Planeta. 800 ptas.
8 4320 56361

Almost without exception, scholarly studies of fascism in Spain have limited their attention to Falange Española. A cynic might be forgiven for seeing this as a neat way of avoiding a number of thorny interpretative and ideological problems. If Spanish fascism can be reduced to the sordid hybrid founded by José Antonio Primo de Rivera then other groups of the authoritarian right, like Gil Robles's CEDA or Calvo Sotelo's Renovación Española, can simply be excluded from a discussion of the subject. More importantly, Franco's subsumption and absorption of the Falange [illegible] its regimen stole the book of being deemed fascist. In fact, a meaningful discussion of fascism in Spain must start with the nature of the country's backward agrarian capitalism and the crisis that it was undergoing in the 1930s. Seen in this context, Falange Española simply becomes one, albeit the most servile of the groups used to defend Spain's beleaguered oligarchy.

Nevertheless, for those content with style and ideology as the main criteria for defining fascism, the unanimous and exclusive choice of Falange Española as the Spanish candidate is understandable. Its cult of violence—described lovingly by Primo de Rivera as "the dialectic of fists and pistols"—facilitated the destabilization of the politics of the Second Republic. And its blue-shirted militias, with their roman salutes and their ritual chants of "Arriba España—Viva—Viva—Viva—Grenada!" gave Spain's fascists an impressive paucity of numbers aides, of which ing to one Nazi and fascist [illegible] 1933 to 1936 as the cannon-fodder of the bourgeoisie, and during the Civil War, flooded with newcomers, as the instrument of state terror which annihilated the left in the nationalist zone. Thereafter, incorporated into Franco's bureaucratic monstrosity, the single party amalgam of all right-wing groups, the Falange deteriorated into a parasitic job-finding organization.

Ian Gibson's lively exercise in debunking is not really concerned either with the nature of Spanish fascism or with the socio-political function of the Falange. On the broader issues, he draws heavily on the pioneering work of H. R. Southworth. Where he performs a valuable service is in dismantling the myths of the Francoist cult of Primo de Rivera and in presenting a well-rounded and believable portrait of the Falange leader. The debonair José Antonio, son of the dictator Miguel Primo de Rivera, looked rather like a cross between Rudolf Valentino and Osvaldo Ardiles, and was the heart-throb of many young women of good family in 1930s Spain. Smart, witty and charming, he shared little of the buffoonery of Mussolini or of the vulgarity of Hitler, and the attractions of his personality have seduced more than one Anglo-Saxon scholar.

The myth of a truly revolutionary Falange and of its romantic and poetic leader was carefully cultivated by the Franco regime to mask its own commitment to traditional oligarchical interests. Until about four years ago, roads into Spanish villages were still adorned with a large red yoke and arrows, the Falange's equivalent of swastika or fasces. Church walls were still daubed with the words "José Antonio presente", a constant reminder of the "ausente" executed in Alicante on November 20, 1936. The semi-religious devotion to his memory began at the end of the Civil War when his body was carried in torchlight procession across Spain from Alicante to El Escorial, a journey marked by the killing of [illegible] prisoners of the forces of [illegible] along the way. Among his [illegible] uses, the cult served to obscure the fact that José Antonio had lost [illegible] along with Calvo Sotelo, Sol[illegible] and Mola, one of the "precious dead" whose demise facilitated Franco's rise to power.

Gibson does more than demolish the official myth, he also [illegible] the more subtle, unofficial [illegible] that the young Prime [illegible] somehow represented Spain's [illegible] lost opportunity. Gibson [illegible] stresses the close links between José Antonio and the [illegible] landowning oligarchy and [illegible] how the man's ineffable charm [illegible] he once dismissed Calvo Sotelo [illegible] a potential *caudillo* on account [illegible] his poor horsemanship [illegible] him an unlikely man of [illegible] importantly, Gibson shows [illegible] that behind the mask of [illegible] there was an unmistakable [illegible] lence, which [illegible] José Antonio into a [illegible] even found its way into his theoretical statements. In addition, he [illegible] shown that Prime de Rivera was neither so civilized nor as progressive as the myth would have [illegible] Gibson then reveals [illegible] exiguous nature of his support [illegible] 1936 hardly boded well for [illegible] chances of becoming a serious political option.

In his book on the poet [illegible] Federico García Lorca, Gibson demonstrated considerable [illegible] detective work. There is little [illegible] evidence of that here in his account [illegible] of José Antonio's trial and in [illegible] examination of the reasons for the meagre efforts being made by Francoists to obtain his release. Elegant and illuminating, it is [illegible] that there seem to be no plans for this work to appear in English.

Spanish Playing cards, by [illegible] Deaning 194pp. The International Playing-card Society, 18 [illegible] Lane, East Sheen, London [illegible] £12. 0 9506941 0 X. Discusses the problems of classifying [illegible] cards according to their design [illegible]

Standing for government

By Geoffrey Marshall

ROGER SCRUTON:
The Meaning of Conservatism
205pp. Macmillan. £12 (paperback, Penguin, £1.95).
0 333 30478 0

We may wonder what we are in for when faced with a phrase like "the Meaning of Conservatism". Are we to hear about its philosophical underpinnings, or its major objectives, or perhaps its historical development? In the introductory chapter of his book, which is in part sharply and interestingly written but in part baffingly unclear, the author speaks of the "dogmatics" of conservatism which are to be distinguished both from the philosophy on which it rests and from the particular policies that spring from it. He says also that conservatism has an essence and that its essence is inarticulate. Articulate essences being something of a rarity, this seems to call for no apology. But what may be more serious is the assertion that some conservatives themselves are inarticulate and not much given to argument, apart from some exceptional cases, such as Aristotle, Hume and T. S. Eliot. So dogmatics (which sound rather like principles dressed up a little) perhaps may be seen as the sorts of general propositions that conservatives could articulate about conservatism if they had a mind to it. How are we to assess dogmatics? Perhaps the best thing to do with them is just to let them come at us and see how they feel.

Chapter one sets out some dogmatics on the subject of political institutions and freedom. They reflect, as is made clear, the views of a conservative dogmatist who stands well back from the post-war policies of the Conservative Party. "Dogmatist" may not be quite the right term. Possibly "dogmaticist" would best bring out his scholarly concern. One thing that the conservative dogmaticist (or CD if we may abbreviate him a little) is firmly dedicated to is maintaining the structure of society threatened by social unrest, empty fashion and wasteful administrative reform. In many such matters recent conservative politicians have allowed themselves to be drawn along improvident paths. But it comes as more of a surprise to learn that CD is opposed to the free-market economy, and indeed in principle to the programme of defending individual freedom against state encroachment. Though recent conservative strategy has cast the Conservative Party into assuming a libertarian stance when faced with particular collectivist demands, CD holds this policy to be fundamentally inconsistent with the long term configuration of the Conservative Party line, since it represents an opportunistic dabbling in the philosophy of liberalism. It is liberalism "with its attached trappings of individual autonomy and the natural rights of man" that (in CD's view) is conservatism's principal enemy. Conservatism, he believes, stands not for "freedom" but for "government". It regards no citizen as possessed of a natural right that transcends his obligation to be ruled.

At this early stage, some conservatives will no doubt have queries to put to CD. What is he up to? What is it to stand for "government"? Can one be for government without being for some sort of government? And what sort? Not corrupt? Not despotic? Not any old government? And what has he been reading? Burke? Hegel? Hobbes? Did even Hobbes believe that one could have an obligation to be ruled?

CD, it quickly appears, is reacting against, amongst other things, the Lockean tradition in Anglo-American political philosophy. Some of his remarks suggest that he sees this as a tradition that besides inspiring the American revolution has extended continuously into the present time and bears some responsibility for democracy, UNESCO and the European Economic Community. It is a tradition "reaching from Locke to Robert Nozick". Though it may be that few amongst recent Conservative politicians have carried their political education as far as *Anarchy, State and Utopia*, they seem to CD to be behaving as if they had. Although "it is the nature of conservatism to avoid abstractions" many conservatives, seduced by the rhetoric of the Lockean tradition, have nevertheless succeeded in "identifying their position with this abstraction called Freedom" and with "the notion of human rights with which it is associated".

This worry about human and natural rights sounds as if it might be something of a distraction that diverts the thrust of the main argument against liberty. Certainly it seems to neglect the importance of some chapters in the history of British political thought, which has not, since Hume and Bentham or thereabouts, been continuously devoted to the cultivation of natural rights theories. But it may help to explain why CD in discussing liberty tends to equate a belief in the right to liberty with belief in a natural right to liberty, and then to assimilate the notion of a natural right with that of an abstract right, and in turn with an absolute or unrestricted right. Thus it is the "abstraction of Freedom" which has led contemporary conservatives to support the ideals of free speech and freedom of conscience. But it is only by treating freedom of speech as if it meant a naturally absolute and unrestricted freedom that it is possible to make plausible CD's claim that disbelief in the freedom of speech is entrenched in the law of England when it restricts libellous, obscene, blasphemous, and seditious utterances.

About the law of sedition CD, incidentally, seems both fixed and puzzled. If it were to be applied, he says, it "would lead at once to the curtailing not only of what was said on the rostrum of the National Front, but also of what is said at every radical demonstration and at many a Trades Union Congress". So why are Messrs Webster, Skinner, Scargill and Murray not in gaol? It must, he concludes, be because the law was not applied. Responsibility for the non-application of the law of sedition is not then pursued in any very satisfying detail. No actual judicial conspiracy is suggested but there are hints about appeasement of middle-class consciences in the matter of race (conjoined perhaps with some squeamish reluctance to incorcerate trade unionists). Politicians—especially politicians of the moderate right—are allotted a share of the blame for devaluing the very *idea* of sedition. None of them has been bold enough to realize that a society has enemies, that they seek to undermine it and that it is the duty of the government to prevent them "by every means to hand". CD, though possibly a little carried away at this point, would no doubt expect politicians of the moderate right to inject a few mental reservations about the unchained pursuit of sedition, wondering as they might, perhaps, whether the Star Chamber could be accommodated within the strategy of a property-owning democracy.

For CD—as for Burke and Hegel—the state in itself seems an object of piety and he thinks a good deal about allegiance. His case, once he has, so to speak, articulated its essence, is that liberal theories are to be rejected because they rest the allegiance of citizens on contract and consent. Contract and consent are different theories but the differences do not much concern CD because they are both activities voluntarily undertaken as a matter of choice and they suggest that government is a means to the achievement of particular ends such as freedom. Similarly CD holds, on the contrary, that government and the state are not valuable because they make men free or equal or better or happy, but that they have a value in and for themselves. Moreover, there is an analogy, it is suggested, between a society and a family, neither being contractual. Like a family-tie, the bond that unites the citizen with society is both natural and transcendent. It is transcendent in the sense that it is not a self-created obligation or a matter of free choice.

The problem for CD is that these suppositions, even if true, do not seem sufficient to rule out a wide range of un-conservative policies and beliefs. The present content of citizens' obligations remains open to argument; and facts about the natural historical origins of social organizations do not settle questions about the way in which their continued existence is to be carried on. Liberal beliefs that ruling rests morally on the continuous consent and removability of rulers, or that the forms and practices of government are susceptible of large-scale improvement do not rest upon any belief in the contractual origins of political society (the Tory Hume knew that well enough). Again, allegiance may have natural origins but not all natural things are nice and some nice things may in time turn nasty. Thus, when we are told by CD that the constitution, since it makes allegiance possible, is at the heart of conservative theory, and that the business of conservative politics is to maintain the civil order, there seems somewhere to be something of a leap from the importance of maintaining a civil order to the importance of maintaining some particular existing civil order. The centrality of a constitution cannot (except as contrasted with violent or arbitrary political change) yield a conservative conclusion about the preservation of any particular constitution or set of political arrangements. Similarly the rhetorics of authority and tra-

ARBEIDERSPERS
SINGEL 262 AMSTERDAM
Publishers since 1929

We publish amongst others:

Hannah Arendt
Beryl Bainbridge
Roland Barthes
Walter Benjamin
Anthony Burgess
Elias Canetti
John Cheever
Salvador Dali
Dick Francis
Knut Hamsun
Peter Handke
Hermann Hesse
Patricia Highsmith
Shere Hite
Erica Jong
Thomas Mann
Patrick Modiano
Pablo Neruda
Sylvia Plath
Isaac Bashevis Singer
Botho Strauss
Paul Theroux
Boris Vian
Robert Walser
Patrick White

FRANKFURT BOOK FAIR
HALL 5/STAND R956

tel. (0611)-74 12 33

dition seem empty and lacking in muscle when they can be appealed to by establishments of any stripe—whether monarchy, mafia or masonic order.

What is familiar and induces compliance may in fact be good, bad or indifferent—and much the same is true of that instinctive Burkelian prejudice or inclination that is offered as characteristic of the conservative stance. Its implications for action are hopelessly unclear. He who has it "is for" certain things : he is for them not because he has arguments in their favour, but because he knows them, lives with them, and finds his identity threatened (often he knows not how) by the attempt to interfere with their operation". Such a form of cerebral rigidity is not uncommon, but it is as near to describing the condition of the *National Union of Mineworkers* as that of the *Carlton Club*.

At this point the dogmatics of conservatism are deployed in some detail. On some of them—for example property, taxation, public ownership and education, they are plainly and often entertainingly set out, and shrewd hits are registered on a number of deserving targets. On other topics however elements of obscurity appear. The main examples are in the discussion of Rights, the Constitution, the State, Democracy, alienation and ideology.

As to rights ; it is said that civil rights are possessed by Englishmen because they have inherited them in a peaceful way, but they are not possessed by Russians because they have not. Conservatives will, it is added, see no reason for the rights of British and Soviet citizens to be the same, and if the latter do not have the right to dissent it will not be prudent to make a fuss about it, there being no need to give gratuitous support to seditious utterances in foreign parts, or to the idea of an international charter for dissidents. As conservative dogma this seems excessively pragmatic.

About the Constitution, what CD says is that it endows the life of society with continuity and will. It also provides society with its intellect. "Continuity" is clear enough but "intellect" and "will" begs so. One might have thought there were other claimants to being the sources of intellect, but perhaps the point is not to be understood in a literal fashion. It may be that the same is true of the suggestion that the state, besides being an organism with a will, has a self-image, since the mechanics by which the state imagines or pictures itself are not exactly described. Nor is either the state or the constitution precisely defined. It is maintained, however that in a healthy society the constitution must be "tacit, general and implicit"—a requirement that would leave most of Europe and North America in a condition of marked political disemper.

The health of nations is not, on CD's view, much improved by democracy, which he speaks of on several occasions as a contagion. He finds it hard to know whether "the right to vote would be missed by the populace, were it now to be removed from them". Two points are doubtful here. It seems quite likely, for one thing, that if general elections disappeared, the populace would in fact notice it, or that if they did not it would sooner or later be drawn to their attention by some left wing newspaper or other. In the second place, what, [illegible] "populace"? Does it include for example, Mr Cliff Jenkins or Mr Kevin Keegan? CD believes, with Tocqueville, that democracy, "separates each man from his contemporaries and threatens to confine him entirely in the solitude of his own heart". On the other hand, he says also that it makes him demand council houses and gives him a taste for street-rioting. These dispositions seem in some degree inconsistent and we should not perhaps be surprised if they lead the populace in the direction of Alienation.

Alienation is presented as a matter which the conservative dogmatist should take seriously. It arises not from Marxists believe from the existence of private property or the capitalist system but from "complex and inescapable features of industrial prosperity". It can only be opposed piecemeal, in particular policies as they arise. It is essentially a matter of degree, especially in the field of higher education. Here at least it can be [illegible]

technology and opposing the creation of university courses in women's studies, gay studies, football studies and industrial relations. This latter programme certainly seems commendable quite apart from its possible effect on alienation.

No doubt some of the above-mentioned studies have been in part responsible for helping to create the demand for equal rights between persons, classes and sexes. Against the last of these demands CD deploys an ingenious ontological argument, which runs as follows. The supposition that sex is an accidental characteristic and that persons as such are interchangeable compels an individual to experience his sexuality as alien, not being of his essence. Thus "clarity in the relations between men and women" disappears. "It" (what ?) "becomes a confused performance of no more emotional significance than the shaking of hands." The conclusion is obvious. If it comes to a choice between sex and sex legislation there is no doubt which a conservative should choose.

The way in which CD describes sexual attraction (referring to it, for example, as "It") suggests that some of his attitudes may be of an old-fashioned, perhaps eccentric, variety. When we survey his opinions in the round, the nature of his politics becomes even odder. His beliefs are advanced as reflecting the true meaning of Conservatism, but they do not seem to resemble the views of Disraeli, or Stanley Baldwin, or Harold Macmillan, or Sir Keith Joseph or Lord Hailsham. Occasionally his unsure management of the definite article (in such phrases as "the conservative regard for constitution" or "the power of state as an embodiment of privilege") suggests that he may not even be English. This, together with his concluding remarks on political myths—bearing some resemblance to the doctrines of The Republic—contribute to the impression that CD, far from being a true-born Tory, is an elderly Indian Platonist, unwillingly emancipated, perhaps, from the spell of the British Raj.

CD's final words indeed depict his dilemma. The conservative dogmatist knows the vanished, or never-existent, social order that would correspond to his ideal. But all social order is sustained by myth and ideology. Nevertheless, as he emerges from the cave (or as he puts it "the sea of politics") he perceives in the clear light of day that the sustaining myths are, in all probability, false. A conservative who in the pursuit of truth becomes self-conscious has set himself apart from things on a strange uninhabitable shore. If he announces his true reasons for propagating the myths that sustain society he will destroy belief in the myths. So he must keep silence. Having seen the light and the shore he must re-immerse himself in the sea of politics and ideology where he can freely proclaim the sustaining and necessary and noble Platonic lies.

So that is what it comes to and where the dogmatics end. Many radicals have called their opponents unthinking hypocrites. But they must have been wrong. The third secret turns out to be that the conservative must be a self-conscious cunning hypocrite, finding his freedom, like the Marxist, in the recognition of that necessity, and even, it seems, wallowing in it.

[illegible]

"The Press of the Red Army", one of El Lissitzky's photo-murals for the Soviet Pavilion at the "Press" International Press Exhibition (Cologne, 1928) : from the recent reissue of El Lissitzky : Life, Letters, Texts *(410pp. 284 illustrations. Thames and Hudson. £18. 0 500 23090 0), written by Lissitzky's widow, Sophie Lissitzky-Küppers, and with an introduction by Herbert Read.*

The Habsburg bunker

By Norman Stone

PETER BROUCEK (Editor) :
Ein General im Zwielicht
Die Erinnerungen Edmund Glaises von Horstenau
Vienna : Böhlau.
3 205 087 10 2

Edmund Glaise von Horstenau killed himself at Nuremberg in 1946. He had been one of the Austrian "Gentlemen-Nazis" who helped Hitler towards the *Anschluss* in 1938, and Hitler made him German General-Plenipotentiary in satellite Croatia. Glaise had enjoyed a prominent career in the Austrian Republic before 1938: he was director of the War Archives and was largely responsible for the Austrian official history of the First World War, *Oesterreich-Ungarns letzter Krieg*. He wrote prolifically and his account of the last days of the Habsburg Empire was translated into English. It is still a very useful work, for Glaise had first-hand experience of the subject, and he wrote well.

The first volume of his memoirs (written largely at Nuremberg) covers the period of Austro-Hungary's collapse. Glaise was born into a military family of French origin—the name is pronounced in the French, rather than the German, manner—and he adopted a military career. He distinguished himself in examinations, and he could manage paper-work, which was not a quality the Austro-Hungarian army ever despised. He was well-connected, affable, discreet, a good dancer, and efficient. He [illegible] "sporting winners." Friends in high places (he included Archduke Franz Ferdinand) helped him towards a good job in the War Archives just before the First World War ; and when war did break out, he had to serve only for a few weeks at the front before being appointed to keep the war diary in General Headquarters.

Glaise remained attached to the High Command for the rest of the war, surviving the upheaval that came when the new Emperor, Karl, took over from "the old gang" late in 1916. Glaise even managed to have himself appointed to the delegation that went to Brest-Litovsk early in 1918. When the crash came, he was agile enough to cultivate links with the new Social Democratic masters of the Austrian Republic, and he was used by them for negotiations with the Weimar Republic. Glaise knew everyone, as these (excellently edited) memoirs show, but he used them, and dropped them (as happened with his many Jewish acquaintances when Hitler came on the scene). For all his affability and competence, he was, in the Austrian expression, *undurchsichtig*. There is an indefinably depressing quality to these memoirs.

But on an anecdotal level, they burble on very agreeably. Anyone who knows the last years of the Habsburg Monarchy will at once respond to this. The titles are splendidly Ruritanian my prize went to "Viktor Ritter Mudrak von Riedburg und Emporkomren Pellwitz" and to "Nikolaus Gyarmaty von Gyr, Assi und Alduar-Aldrich" ; and there are good portraits, acid and otherwise, of prominent Austro-Hungarian characters. He is very good on the atmosphere in the High Command at Teschen in Austrian Silesia. The nominal commander was Archduke Friedrich, grandson of the Archduke Karl who was beaten Napoleon at Aspern in 1809. He lived apart from the staff, and was henpecked by his wife, Isabelle de Croy (known as "Busabella"); he looked for relief with maids, some of whom would turn up to blackmail him. He knew a little of what was going on that he had to ask his servants if it was true that army headquarters were to be transferred. The staff officers discreetly moved in their wives (they could not great each other when they met in the street) and Conrad von Hötzendorf, the chief of staff, had his wife live publicly in Teschen after they had married in 1915 (they had been having a cronellated affair since 1907). Glaise does not often talk about the professional side of things. His job was simple enough, and even when he found himself at the centre of things he had not much to say. He is very disappointing on Brest-Litovsk, for instance. Self-possessed as he was, he was unable to see the drama in which he was taking part.

There is a certain Céline-like quality in these memoirs. As cracks appeared in the walls all around, as the ceiling began to buckle and the floors to shake, there were still many creatures of fantasy busying about small details of constitutional exclude. The Hungarians had a magnificent appetite for these. Here we have Count István Tisza, prime minister of Hungary, raising Cain because Glaise wrote in a communiqué that "sons of all peoples of the Monarchy" had distinguished themselves in such-and-such an operation. Hungarians did not regard themselves as just one people in the Monarchy ; Glaise's texts had to be amended to read "Sons of all of nations in the kingdoms and lands represented in the Imperial Parliament, together with soldiers from all areas of the lands of the Hungarian Crown, as well as Bosnians and Herzegovinians serving in their local units . . ." Tisza was anxious to force the new Emperor, Karl, into taking the coronation oath to Hungary at Budapest ; so that Karl would have to take it publicly.

It was an absurdly inappropriate thing to do in wartime. Karl, wearing the Arpád crown which was much too large for him, galloped up the coronation hill with the crown slipping and sliding all over the place as he waved his sword on horseback in all directions. The choreography of the coronation went wrong ; Karl's adjutant, a Prince Lobkowitz, forgot the text that he had to read in reply to a sermon by the Prince-Primate of Hungary, Cardinal Csernoch, and the Cardinal had to be told directly to drag on for a quarter of an hour more while Lobkowitz raced off for the text. The hapless Karl peers out of the frontispiece of this book like Lehar lieutenant in a comic opera ; but he, too, added the Céline touch. There are pages and pages of speculation as to who will get which medal. August brains were taxed for several days with inventing a way by which some Germans could get Maria Theresa Order after Capo[illegible] site, though not Ludendorff, arguably the most deserving recipient, but also the German most hated in Austria. Karl knew that he was too close to the German ; he knew that him speculating as to whether an alliance with France might be cobbled together. The problem would be solved, he thought, if the monarchy were restored in France. Of such is the stuff of history.

Glaise was a skilled hand at [illegible] as the official history he directed was to show, one of his skills was to suppress the truth without actually telling lies. Anyone who really wishes to know what happened in the war seeks in vain in these pages, or for that matter in Glaise's official history. Both memoirs and official history end over the terrible blunders made over mobilization in 1914, and most of the Austrian army reached the front more slowly by bicycle would have happened by bicycle. Glaise would never criticize Conrad von Hötzendorf. This was understandable, maybe, in the official history, but it hardly squares with the memoirs. Later on, Glaise did not find authorities whose record deserved discreet [illegible] ; he stabbed his republican masters in the back ; he disliked many of his Nazi friends ; he fell foul of the Croats, the German foreign office and the Italians, until Hitler had him removed from Zagreb in September 1944. He, and others like him, looked to Hitler for the rule of force that the Habsburgs refused to supply. Glaise was one of those who have also thrived in Vienna, did not have long enough spoon.

The Foxite legacy

By John Clive

LESLIE MITCHELL :
Holland House
320pp. Duckworth. £18.
0 7156 1116 X

At first glance, one has some fears for this book. Leslie Mitchell's opening chapter seems to herald yet another of those affectionately anecdotal accounts of Holland House as a brilliant Whig *salon* in the early nineteenth century, in which the stories are familiar and the conclusions predictable. One's confidence is not increased by the style. Speeches suffer from gout—"Holland's speeches in the Lords were startlingly infrequent, being plagued at first by a youthful stammer and then by excruciating attacks of gout" ; and the Hollands, like hospitable Americans *de nos jours*, "host" Cabinet meetings.

But once one gets properly into the book, one's fears are quickly put to rest. Not only does the writing improve, but it soon becomes apparent that Mr Mitchell has indeed produced something new and important, a critical analysis of Lord Holland's political ideas and activities, based in large part on an intensive study of the Holland House manuscripts in the British Library. And, as it turns out, there are rewards even for those in search of fresh anecdotes about that figure of terror and superstition, Lady Holland ; for example her attempt in 1845 (new to this reviewer) to stop Dickens's projected American tour by telling him to "go down to Bristol and see some of the third or fourth class people, and they'll do just as well".

But while Lady Holland dominated her husband's personal life—he was not permitted to use crutches because she disapproved of them ; and when, by the intercession of Grey, he was once allowed a second slice of melon, he remarked, "Ah, Lord Grey, I wish you were always here. It is a fine thing to be Prime Minister"—his political outlook had been almost totally shaped by his uncle, Charles James Fox. The Foxite legacy, treated reverently at Holland House, included those three great causes—slavery, Catholics, and Dissenters—of which Holland considered himself to be a trustee and of which he wanted to make the Whigs of his time sole proprietors. Above all else, it included wariness of royal encroachment, fear of the abuse of executive power. For Lord Holland, George III's dissolution of parliament, which led to the end of the Fox-North coalition ministry in 1784, remained "the greatest revolution we have experienced, the origin of all our evils and the most severe blow the constitution ever received". That is why he was far less worried about threats from mobs than about suspensions of habeas corpus, and the behaviour of the magistrates at Peterloo. And that is why he supported the First Reform Act, not so much as a prudential concession to potentially revolutionary forces, but as an essential check to the Crown, which had blocked all change for a generation.

All this is hardly unfamiliar. But it is Mr Mitchell's contribution to have taken the story one step further, to have shown some of the difficulties confronting a loyal nephew who saw himself throughout as the guardian of a sacrosanct stock of ideas. One personal complication arose from the fact that the Vassal estates in Jamaica, which had come to Lord Holland by marriage and which helped to support the high standard of life and entertainment at Holland House, employed five hundred black slaves. As a consequence, Holland found himself a leading "West Indian", and at times more equivocal on the issue of the abolition of slavery than on that of the abolition of the slave trade. Still, Mr Mitchell concludes that while it was occasionally hard for Holland to reconcile the role of Fox's nephew with that of a Jamaican planter, he never came to doubt seriously that emancipation was both right and inevitable.

Other, less personal complications arose from the fact that the Foxite Whigs did not hold a monopoly on Holland's uncle's views and policies. Canning and Lansdowne saw to that ; and Holland could never get used to it. Canning had been a close friend of Holland's at Oxford ; and, given his views on most public questions, *should* surely have become a loyal Whig. But Canning's hatred of the aristocracy (they would never let him forget that he was the son of an actress) led to his becoming a Pittite. Thus the Whigs could not really lay claim to the issues of slave and Catholic emancipation as exclusively their own. Furthermore, the Hollands were quite convinced that, *au fond*, Canning was an opportunist. Lady Holland minced no words : "My stomach will bear hot water", she wrote in 1813, "my stomach will bear cold water, but my stomach absolutely rejects lukewarm water. So Mr Canning makes me sick". Lord Lansdowne's case presented a different problem. He called himself a Whig, while continuing to draw on both Foxite *and* Pittite traditions ; with the consequence that the Hollands could never bring themselves to consider him reliable.

But even without Canning and Lansdowne to complicate matters, the Hollands would have had their troubles as custodians of Fox's shrine. Holland was not really a very good judge of events and tendencies in the world of politics around him. He insisted, for instance, on seeing Catholic emancipation purely in party terms, and was completely surprised by the split between Wellington and Peel on the one hand, and the Ultras on the other, which led to the Whigs' return to power in 1830. He concluded, wrongly, that Catholic emancipation had solved the Irish problem, and that the first Reform Act would serve to prevent such things as William IV's dismissal of the Whig ministry in 1834. He failed to foresee the speed and extent of Peelite recovery after 1832. As for economic and social matters, which were coming more and more to the fore in the course of the 1820s and 1830s, Holland showed little interest. "I do not pretend to understand anything about these matters", he wrote in 1826. "Allen once made me comprehend the question between gold and silver as a standard, and though I have in some measure forgotten the reasons I still retain the conviction that silver should in all prudence be our standard." It is no wonder that Mr Mitchell, in a memorable phrase, points to the resemblance between the Hollands and eighteenth-century whales stranded on nineteenth-century beaches.

One is bound to add, however, that for a stranded whale Lord Holland was uncommonly active, especially in the field of foreign policy. Here, too, though his impulses were for the most part liberal and humane, one could not by any means characterize his efforts to conduct an independent foreign policy as uniformly successful. In 1815 he and John Allen, the much harried *factotum* of Holland House, drew up a constitution for Naples, which fell into Austrian hands and embarrassed Anglo-Austrian relations. In 1821 Holland openly declared that Alexander I had connived at the murder of his father ; which led to a great public outcry and to the Russian ambassador's wife absenting herself from Holland House for eight years. At the same time, Holland's enthusiasm for Spanish liberals, which had previously led him into doubtful constitutional behaviour, again found him dealing with the opponents of a régime officially recognized by the British Government. As far as most of these matters were concerned, it might be argued that however "trouble-making" Holland's activities proved to be, he helped to shape that tradition of dissent in foreign policy which, while awkward at the time, would one day look decent as well as correct to future historians. That, however, can hardly be said about his repeated assertions that he would not mind seeing the Russians in Constantinople. His fellow Whig, Lord Grey, characterized those as "childish simplicity".

Yet, while Mr Mitchell is duly critical of Holland's errors and misjudgments, he also recognizes that in some respects Holland House attitudes were neither as anachronistic nor as foolish as they have sometimes been made out to be. Thus the *Edinburgh* reviewers, always eagerly received by the Hollands, were able to supply a new dynamic of progress and improvement for what would otherwise have remained static Foxite views. As for the uncritical adulation that Holland House repeatedly reserved for Napoleon, Mr Mitchell points out that it could justly be imputed to Lady Holland (to whom the Emperor left a snuff-box) but not to her husband. Lord Holland was never as uncritical an admirer of the French Emperor as many of his contemporaries believed.

This, then, is a valuable and useful book. There are some oddities. A. Kriegel's edition of the *Holland House Diaries 1831-1840* is mentioned more than once in the footnotes, but the volume is not included in the bibliography and, more important, not much use seems to have been made of its contents. One is also puzzled why the famous essay on Holland House which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1841 is credited to that journal, but not to its author, Thomas Babington Macaulay. But perhaps one ought to apply to both these points Charles James Fox's last words : "It don't signify." At least, not very much.

Through foreign eyes

By Nesta Roberts

J. G. LINKS :
Travellers in Europe
251pp. 50 plates. Bodley Head. £10.
0 370 30202 8

Some people, like some wines, do not travel. Today's package tourist, full of Intervoiofrom and foreboding in the airport lounge, has his counterpart among the twenty-two travellers from whose letters and journals J. G. Links has built up an evocative picture of the roads and cities of Europe, from classical times to the eighteenth century ; whether it is Horace "on hostile terms" with his stomach in the canal boat that took him across the Pontine marshes or Erasmus finding "every dish filthy and stinking" when he dined at Breisach en route from Basle to Louvain. The difference is that, for Mr Links's travellers, enjoyment was not the first objective : as the author reminds us, before the eighteenth century men left home on pilgrimage, for health or business or study, or in the service of the state, but not for pleasure.

Women are popularly supposed not to have left home at all (if the Wife of Bath had been a phenomenon, would she have been accepted so naturally by her fellow travellers ?), but one of the travellers in this book, the Spaniard, Pero Tafur, while at Basle, picked up—it is the only possible term—"a lady who was on a pilgrimage for her brother, who had been taken prisoner in Turkey", and they spent eight days there together before going on to her estate in Cologne, where he was her guest for eight more.

Tafur had left Spain in 1435 for a four-year tour of Europe and the Near East, crossing the St Gothard Pass on a trailer drawn by an ox, buying "two female slaves and a mulo" in the Crimea (he took them back to Cordova), finding the Danube so severe cold on the way from Breslau to Vienna that "my teeth almost fell out of my mouth", besides being attacked by "some unmounted noblemen with intent to rob". In Cologne the inns were "not worthy to entertain a king if needs be". Bruges was "one of the greatest markets of the world", teeming with luxuries, but "not a place for poor people". He enjoyed Breslau, despite the cold, against which its people fortified themselves "by taking great quantities of food and drink, a custom which, to us, seems stranger than anything else", but of all the countries of Europe, it was Italy, and, of Italy, Venice, which chiefly engaged him. In contrast to Rome with its "narrow, litter-filled streets", the city was "as clean for walking in as a gracious chamber", with merchants who were eager for fair dealing, and "no trace of necessities strictly controlled".

Tafur was the first of a long line of travellers to record his delight in Venice, which, between the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries, was a Crowe junction for pilgrims to the Holy Land. Felix Fabri, a Dominican friar from Ulm, who found reassurance in staying at the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, where "no word of Italian was to be heard in the house" and the dog barked at all but Germans, was impressed by the "wonderful height and beauty of the buildings along the Grand Canal, the Milanese, Piero Casola, by the merchandise in the shops, and by the "quantity of marble of every kind and colour". The Englishman, Thomas Coryat, who was there in 1608, admired the elegance and accomplishment (in music and rhetoric) of the courtesans.

And England ? The Greek Nicander Nucius, who came here in 1546 in the suite of the Emperor Charles V's ambassador, found our men "martial and valorous ; flesheaters and insatiable of animal food : sottish and unrestrained in their appetites", but was impressed by the "great simplicity and absence of jealousy in their usage towards females ; even those who have never seen them kiss them on the mouth with salutations and embraces". It seems to have been a recent custom, or possibly not one current among the upper classes, for, fifty years earlier, the Venetian ambassador, Andrea Trevisano, noted that the English kept "a very jealous guard over their wives", though he added : "anything may be compensated in the end by the power of money". Far from considering them insatiable and sottish, he said they were "great epicures" and "very sparing of wine when they drink it at their own expense" ; *their wife were very quick* when they chose to apply them, but "few . . . excepting the clergy are addicted to the study of letter". Above all, they were "great lovers of themselves, thinking that there are no other men than themselves, and no world but England".

In that last Trevisano spoke truly. His successor, Andrea Badoer, displayed such "excellent qualities" during his six years in London that, by the time he left, "all the great personages of the realm had come to consider him quite in the light of a native Englishman". It was the supreme accolade.

Village England, edited by Peter Cornelius (256pp. Hutchinson. £9.95. 0 09 142320 1) is compiled from the excellent *Observer* series. The emphasis is on the less well-known areas ; twenty-four towns have been chosen as centres for exploration, from Hexham to Pensance and from Ludlow to Framlingham. Each section includes information about the prettier villages in the surrounding area and details of places of interest.

Heinemann Educational Books

Visit the Heinemann Stand (no. 5/R 903) at the Frankfurt Book Fair and examine our range of new and recent books. HEB is renowned for its publishing in Africa and the Third World in addition to its strong list in the studies of national and international politics, urban planning and development, social work and community welfare, economics and education.

New books on display will include:

Britain in Europe
Edited by WILLIAM WALLACE — cased £10.50 net, paper £4.95 net

Rational Techniques in Policy Analysis
MICHAEL CARLEY — cased £12.50 net, paper £8.50 net

Growth Centres in the European Urban System
PETER HALL and DENNIS HAY — cased £13.50 net

Parliaments and Economic Affairs in France, Great Britain, Italy and the Netherlands
Edited by DAVID COOMBES and S.A. WALKLAND — cased £13.00 net

Seeds of Discovery
W.I.B. BEVERIDGE — cased £6.95 net, paper £3.90 net

A Victorian Playgoer
KATE TERRY GIELGUD — cased £9.50 net

Of special interest at Frankfurt 1980 will be our new African publishing . . .

An Introduction to the Writings of Ngugi
G.D. KILLAM — paper £2.95 net

The Writings of Camara Laye
ADELE KING — cased £7.50 net, paper £3.90 net

Historic Architecture of the Caribbean
DAVID BUISSERET — cased £12.00 net, paper £4.90 net

Heinemann African Writers Series

Poets to the People (AWS 230)
Edited by BARRY FEINBERG — paper £1.70 net

The Non-Believers Journey (AWS 233)
S. NYAMFUKUDZA — paper £1.95 net

Black Sunlight (AWS 237)
DAMBUDZO MARECHERA — paper £2.60 net

The Graveyard Also Has Teeth (AWS 221)
SYL CHENEY-COKER — paper £1.95 net

HEB **Heinemann Educational Books**
22 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HH

Souvenir Press
the independent publisher of books that sell

IN PRAISE OF TEDDY BEARS
Philippa & Peter Waring

A beautiful, large-format gift book that celebrates the world's favourite cuddly toy. Words and pictures – many in colour – explore the origins of the teddy bear, his makers and collectors, bears in literature, song and on film, famous bears and record-breaking bears. A lovely present for all members of the family and a source book for any arctophile curious to know the secret of the bear's phenomenal popularity.

285 624555 267 x 210mm
128 pages October 23 £6.95
With 30 colour pictures and 218 in black and white

THE DIETER'S GUIDE TO WEIGHT LOSS AFTER SEX
Richard Smith

The book that will fill every stocking this Christmas, an hilarious guide to losing weight every minute of the day and night. Detailed charts tell you how many calories you will lose falling in love in Paris or in the supermarket, nursing a hangover or asking a neighbour to return your lawn mower. No serious dieter can afford to be without this book with its 1,400 answers to the question most often asked by dieters: "Is there life after sex?"

285 624156 144 pages October 16
large paperback £1.95

MARIO'S VINEYARD
Michael Legat

A rich and engaging family saga of an Italian wine-growing family and its part in establishing the wine industry in California. Joy and tragedy, love and despair, mingle in a story that brings to life the struggles of a courageous and colourful galaxy of characters and vividly explores the techniques of wine growing, from planting the vines to fermenting the wine. A first novel by a publisher turned author, this carefully researched story celebrates the origins of a wine district that is now acknowledged as one of the best in the world.

285 624520 456 pages October 9
£6.95

THE REAPING
Bernard Taylor

The bestselling author of *The Godsend* (now a successful film) and *Sweetheart, Sweetheart* touches our most atavistic fears in his new thriller, a spine-chilling mystery centred on a strange country house and a young man brought there to paint a portrait. Beset by questions, it is only when he begins to find the answers that Tom Rigby learns the full horror of the drama in which he is an unknowing participant.

285 624369 224 pages October 9
£5.95

commentary

Gender generalizations

By Gay Clifford

Women's Images of Men
ICA

At the entrance to this exhibition stands a life-size group of wood sculpture, Ana Maria Pacheco's menacing and ironic *Some Exercise of Power*. Two men in sinister black suits hang over a man lashed to a board and completely naked. He is screaming, yet the torturers and the tortured all have smooth, almost metal heads and, set in their open mouths, real teeth. The teeth horrifically subvert the stylization and make it harder, the more one looks, to tell the grin of bullying from the rictus of pain. The exercise of power is revealed as compulsively self-destructive, and the two domed heads above the prostrate body make a triptych disconcertingly like an ideograph of male genitals.

Jo Brocklehurst's "Don", from the exhibition reviewed here, which continues at the ICA until October 26 and then goes on a six-month tour to Bristol, Bracknell, Liverpool and Glasgow.

The compassion of Pacheco's work is as impressive as its force, and this combination is the signature of everything that is best in the exhibition. It is amazing, given how much women artists have to be angry about in the operation of the largely male-dominated art establishment, that there is so little vengefulness or paying-back in evidence. The images that the artists present are full of pathos and vulnerability—even the erotic images. In fact, it's possible to wish that there was more sexiness here, for one of the consequences of the marginal role of women artists has been that men have been dreadfully short-changed in the iconography of their erotic qualities. The evening of poetry, prose and songs (*Earthly Delights*—about women's sexuality) at the ICA on October 29 should compensate for that.

Joan Wakelin's *Footballer of the Year* is sexy partly because it's funny. And Elizabeth Frink's elegant nudes are beautiful in all ways. Jo Brocklehurst's masturbating man is a great deal more than a female reversal of a *Hustler* spread; its colours, the blue and white handkerchief in the man's hand, suggest a French bistro—the whole fund-sex-consumption cliché is evoked with irony. The humour and wit (rarely sarcasm) of many of the works will possibly come as a surprise to those who imagine that an exhibition on this theme, open to anyone who wanted to submit work, would of course have brought forth nothing but humourless feminist stereotypes.

There is occasional obviousness and feyness—I regret that I find Elena Samperi's much-praised paradic Madonna almost false-naïve. But the whole display shows women working confidently in every medium and style: photographs, woodcuts, collage, sculpture, leather, acrylic. To the objection that it's heavily representational one can counter that the title of the show demands mimesis. Most art has some of its origins in gender, however generalized into the human or humane. Women have had the problem that it has been hard to make the available techniques work, hard to subvert or reconstruct available iconographies, until they could begin to sort out what they wanted to say, and then to discriminate between what was said simply as woman, and what as woman-and-artist. This exhibition is a reminder of how far and fast women have approached the elimination of that problem.

From "Swans' Encampment"

Little mushroom, white Bolitus,
my own favourite
The field sways, a chant of Rus'
rises over it.
Help me, I'm unsteady on my feet.
This blood-red is making my eyes foggy.

On either side, mouths lie
open and bleeding, and from
each wound rises a cry:
Mother!

One word is all I hear, as
I stand dazed. From someone
else's womb into my own:
—Mother!
They all lie in a row,
no line between them,
I recognise that each one was a soldier.
But which is mine? Which one is another's?

This man was White now he's become Red.
Blood has reddened him.
This one was Red now he's become White.
Death has whitened him.

—What are you?—Can't understand.
—Lean on your arm.
Have you been with the Reds?
—Ry-azan.

And so from right and left
Behind ahead
together. White and Red, one cry of
—Mother!

Without choice. Without anger.
One long moan. Stubbornly,
A cry that reaches up to heaven.
—Mother!

Marina Tsvetayeva
Translated by Elaine Feinstein

Aunts and maters

By Richard Usborne

Jeeves Takes Charge
Fortune Theatre

First, the bad news: Bertie Wooster's evening trousers. Jeeves would not have allowed him to go out, even to a Drones Smoking Concert, with the creases breaking at the insteps that way. A small adjustment to the braces, sir, or, for the American version, the suspenders.

The rest is good news. Edward Duke, single-handed except for the curate who played the piano for Bertie's rendering of "Sonny Boy" and "Look for the Silver Lining" at the village concert, gave the first-night audience two hours of vintage Wodehouse, and we left with idiot grins on our faces. Bertie, Jeeves, Edwin the beastly Boy Scout (who must be a viscount, surely?), Lady Florence, Uncle Willoughby (in a plummy Ralph Richardson voice), Gussie Fink-Nottle (the plastered prize-giver at the Market Snodsbury Grammar School), Aunt Dahlia, Aunt Agatha, AWOL schoolgirl Peggy Mainwaring, Miss Tomlinson, her headmistress: Mr Duke has stitched these characters together from their various sources for two acts of instant and expert impersonations—voice, height, walk, carriage, clothes, and a toothy grin attachment to the upper lip for Gussie.

He has plundered the texts widely for gags and brought them in seamlessly. His Jeeves is very good. The absolute dead-pan not gormlessness but the face cleared of all expression - this is something one has admired in Peter Sellers and Peter Cook. Mr Duke slides into it and hides behind it, and under a bowler hat, effortlessly—elbows out as though the arms were carrying piglets or flamingos. I am glad that, though he has Jeeves's name in the title of his show, Mr Duke gives Bertie the fat. It is that sort of young boulevardier (the pronounced boul-vard-eer, though he recites Anatole's dishes as to the manner born) whose songs and tap dances in (is it?) a Bullingdon blazer and white bags at the village concert put the grins on our faces at the end. I still think that Wodehouse never specified a moustache for Bertie Wooster, but it looks as though he has grown one for one on stage and screen.

Considering that Florence Craye was such a menacing female on her first appearance (in the short story which gives the show its title) it is no wonder that Wodehouse reached for her time and time again in subsequent novels. However, imagination boggles quietly at the thought of the Steeple Bumpington ménage when Florence's father married (second marriage for both) Bertie's fearsome Aunt Agatha. At her last appearance in the novel *Much Obliged, Jeeves*, published on Wodehouse's ninety-third birthday, Florence collected and rejected Bertie for the last time, and she passes into history still beautiful, still unmarried, with rejected fiances breathing sighs of relief from Malibu (Boke Fittlewortha) to Mayfair (Bertie, Stilton and many others).

The programme is full of telling points, but the one I like best is in the appreciation of his late grandfather by Edward Duke. "Hilaire Belloc described him as the best writer of English among his contemporaries and Evelyn Waugh put it all quite simply by inscribing a book to him as follows: 'To P. G. Wodehouse, the Master of our Profession'." Waugh would have objected to Cecil's name, for omitting the "Mr" before the name, but he would, I think, have quite liked "Master".

Musical muscle

By Bryce Morrison

Maurizio Pollini
Royal Festival Hall

The exigencies of a concert pianist's life can be intimidating and it took some years for Maurizio Pollini, after his legendary triumph at Warsaw's 1960 Chopin Contest, to emerge into the light. Today, his mastery and finesse are well-known and he has become one of the world's most formidable musical presences.

Pollini's recital at the Festival Hall (October 3) at once confirmed his status, and in Chopin's Twenty-four Preludes his serene substitution of nuance for rubato, of poetry for artifice, stressed not only the essential modernity of his conception but the classical bias of Chopin's romanticism. For Pollini the path to musical truth is enviably direct: it would be difficult to imagine a young pianist less given to distortion or to the quirks and gimmicks of an inferior personality. The controlled fury of, say, numbers 8 and 16 emerged as suddenly as reflex actions from the nature, pace and style of numbers 7 and 15.

Later, in six Debussy Preludes Pollini's overall command seemed insufficiently balanced by his subtle illumination of detail, yet the music's imaginative nerve remained subtly untouched. Again, although few could match Pollini's magisterial command in Scriabin's *Petrushka*, others without a tithe of his ferocious musculature have somehow evoked more tellingly that tragic clown's instinctual yet all too human heart.

However, most of the audience had no such misgivings, and an admirer's attempt to present his musical hero with flowers resulted in a graceless collision which left Pollini bemused amid a shower of chrysanthemum petals. No other pianist arouses such frenzied adulation. Yet merely Pollini's surface brilliance and articulacy, however, point to the music's surface, there is insufficient engagement with its inner poetic life.

EP MICROFO LTD
Academic Publishers Microfilm and Microfiche

New Publications
Government Publications
Group I—Votes and Proceedings of the Committee
Group II—Statistical Abstracts
The Archives of the Church Missionary Society: Northern Nigeria and Yoruba Missions, 1925 on 7 reels.
Consisting of reels from letters-out for these import missions.
Forthcoming titles to be in 1981 include:—
Government Publications
Group III—Statutes.
Annual Departmental Reports to Cape Colony
Government Publications
For further details visit us at the Frankfurt Book Fair or write to Editorial Department, quoting catalogue covering all publications.
East Ardsley, Wakefield, West Yorkshire, England.
Telephone: Wakefield 872409

le in African Studies:
to Cape Colony
ritish Annexures and Select
54-1909 on 284 reels.
1821-1909 on 46 reels.
ary Society: Northern
1925 on 7 reels.
in and letters-out for
in 1981 include:—
to Cape Colony
ling to Kenya
o Southern Rhodesia
R409 in Hall 5A at
October or write direct
of the complete
ailable.
kshire, England.

commentary

L'histoire d'Ho

By John Ryle

Slow Motion
Camden Plaza Cinema

It is a long time since we saw a new Godard film in the cinema. Godard was said to be working in television — in Czechoslovakia, in Switzerland, in Mozambique. Since 1968 his technical experiments and continuing political analysis of the institutions of production and distribution in the movie industry had led him away from film and into video, and for a decade this made him invisible. He was present in the pages of *Screen*, but absent from the screen, and his work during those years could be seen in this country only at the National Film Theatre (which is showing much of it again in a season ending on November 1).

Now, with *Slow Motion*, or *Sauve Qui Peut (La Vie)*, co-produced by several television companies but shot in 35mm, there is a return to something initially reminiscent of the Godard of the 1960s. There are actors, landscapes and a story line. A television producer, Paul Godard, breaks up with his girl friend, Denise, who wants to move to the country. She decides to let her flat. In a film seminar, they argue about a programme they are doing. Paul quarrels with his ex-wife and daughter. He spends the night with a prostitute, Isabelle. Isabelle is shown at work. She answers Denise's advertisement for the flat. Paul is run over by a car....

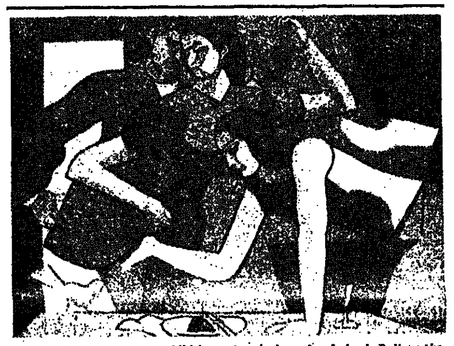
But the plot is consciously inconsequential. Godard is interested less in contingency than in the space between the characters and the moments in their lives that are unconstrained by social life or the pressure of time, the "steps taken slower"—Denise cycling through the countryside, or in a clinch or a fight with Paul. Such moments are embraced by voluptuous stop motion sequences and freeze frames that take us back to photography's earliest experiments in kinesics. Isabelle's transactions with her clients exist, by contrast, in time which is structured to the point of absurdity. One of them caresses her fiercely while doing a business deal on the telephone. His hard bargaining, her ennui and the voice-over describing an idyll on the beach set up a chronic tension between the image and the soundtrack. Another client persuades her to take part in a complex four-some: "Suck when I press my foot", he commands. "When she sucks you say 'Ho!' When he licks your ass, say 'Eh!' If I smile, kiss me. Right. Action."

In such a way does the film maker organize actors into sequences as controlled as those of a production line. Godard's image of prostitution as a close-up of the work relation, which originates in *Two or Three Things I Know About Her* (1966) about a housewife in a new Parisian suburb going on the game, is extended in *Slow Motion* to love relations and the process of movie making. Godard says we're all whores or tricks. And movies are murderers—on a blackboard in Paul's film seminar there is a slogan, "Cain et Abel. Cinéma et vidéo". "I make movies to occupy myself", Paul tells the seminar. "If I had the strength I'd do nothing." The film seems to be heading back into the teasing didactic style of *Le Gai Savoir* (1968), concerned with making problematic the relation between the viewer and the film and the film and itself.

Is this ciné angst an art that reveals art? Colin MacCabe thinks so, and comprehensive instructions for deconstruction are given in his *Godard: Images, Sounds, Politics* (176pp. British Film Institute/Macmillan. Hardback, £12. 0 333 290 739. Paperback, £4.95. 0 333 290 747). "The institutions of communication and entertainment, film and television, entertain by erasing, give pleasure in exchange for being, hide their own work so that the spectator can relax", he writes. "The radical demand that Godard addresses to the viewer is to actively participate in the production of meaning. . . . It is only at the moment that we pay attention to our position as a viewer [sic] that . . . any communication can take place."

In a frequently illuminating account of what, borrowing the French term, he calls Godard's "project" MacCabe provides, *inter alia*, a useful guide to the films, mostly for television, that Godard has been making recently (though he doesn't always make you want to go and see them). His text is skilfully interpolated with extracts from an interview with Godard, who makes it clear that having freed himself from the toils of film producers he is not about to become the prisoner of his exegetes ("I'm not driving at anything", he says). MacCabe has allowed his disagreements with Godard to stand unresolved, which makes the book more interesting, more like a film.

More like a Godard film, anyway, where, as Godard says—comparing himself with the Renoir of *La Grande Illusion*—no single character, even one called Godard, represents the film-maker's point of view. In *Slow Motion*, Paul Godard is making a film, but Denise is also working on something, a "project" which she will not specify. The voice of Marguerite Duras is heard intermittently on the soundtrack, speaking of moments in "the private domain of women . . . when something in the back or the head arches itself against nothingness"; but Duras refuses to appear at Paul's seminar and so is not seen in the film. Such gaps and refusals punctuate the centrifugal movement of the film as the women detach their lives from Paul's (and he dies). They signal the labile quality in Godard, an attention to interstices as well as interfaces, that eludes interpretation in terms of a known "project".



An acrylic from the exhibition of paintings by Leland Bell at the Theo Waddington Gallery, 25 Cork St, W1.

Lather trade

By T. J. Binyon

Dressed to Kill
Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square

Dressed to Kill is the story of Bobbi, who has personality problems and tries to solve them by wandering through the streets of New York in a black leather coat, blond wig and dark glasses, with a blood-stained cut-throat razor in one hand. There is more than one Hitchcockian echo in Brian de Palma's shocker: most obvious, however, are his variations on the shower scene from *Psycho*, of which there are enough to fill a smaller cinema than the Odeon, Leicester Square, with lather.

Angie Dickinson, everybody's favourite leading lady since she threw a vase of flowers through the hotel window to get John Wayne out of a sticky situation in *Rio Bravo*, gets the Janet Leigh part, baring herself to the water as Kate Miller, "an attractive woman suffering from erotic fantasies so vivid that she has difficulty separating her dreams from reality". Reality is pretty vivid, too: in the first ten minutes she loses her gloves on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, her knickers on the floor of a yellow cab, her diamond ring in a stranger's bedroom, and is called upon to enact three orgasms (two genuine, one fake). *Police Woman* was never like this.

Also involved is Kate's psychiatrist, Dr Robert Elliott, played by Michael Caine with an air of bemused numbness, as though the cameras had started rolling before he had had time to get over the shock of reading the script.

Detective Marino (Dennis Franz) of New York's finest is supposed to be investigating Bobbi's razor work, but he is a lazy, ungentlemanly slob, and the hard grind is done by a nifty duo consisting of Kate's son Peter (Keith Gordon), your typical teenage mad scientist, and Liz Blake (Nancy Allen), a hooker who is more interested in the Dow-Jones than in johns. The film seems to miss a trick (in several senses) here, in that these two never get to together, but most voyeurs should be satisfied with what is otherwise on offer.

The message, if any, offered by the plot would seem to be: do not make eyes at your shrink but the general moral suggested by the film is: do not try someone else's hat on unless you are sure it is going to fit.

Under fire

By Richard Combs

The Big Red One
Classic Cinema, Haymarket

Samuel Fuller is known for treating film-making as a kind of warfare. In a cameo role in Godard's *Pierrot Le Fou* (in which he appeared with his own cigar but Godard's dark glasses), he declared his philosophy: "Film is a battleground. Love, hate, death—in a word, emotion." Elsewhere, he has speculated about the ideal war film which would fire real ammunition into the audience. Often crude in plot and production, his work has pushed towards emotional extremes that demand a sophisticated response.

The Big Red One is the film Fuller has been trying to make since the Second World War, when he served with the United States First Infantry Division (from whose nickname the film gets its title) through North Africa, Sicily, France, Belgium, Germany and Czechoslovakia. Given the way the economics of new Hollywood have virtually excluded his kind of movie-making, it is not surprising that it is now almost ten years since his last film, and that *The Big Red One* is a (modestly) large production. But if the times have changed, the director has not. The episodic plot might be a sketch for some potboiler of heroism and comradeship under fire. It follows one rifle squad through the division's campaigns, particularly the four young soldiers who become the veteran core while endless replacements come and go, under the leadership of grizzled sergeant Lee Marvin. But heroism here amounts to no more than the motion "Surviving is the only thing in life". The result is a remarkable freshness, as the film works from each of the soldiers' experiences ("The creepy thing about battle", one of them says, "is that you always feel alone") rather than pleading an emotional or moral cause on their behalf, or being unduly overawed, like most war films, by the logistics of combat.

Along with the freshness and immediacy, however, *The Big Red One* is also distinguished by a sense of distance. Part of this is a matter of logistics. In the past, Fuller's war films have internalized their tensions and conflicts. The scope of a world war, as much as of blockbusting movies, has usually been beyond his ken. *The Big Red One* has not sacrificed this internal dimension—it is there in the gap, made by professional pride, by emotional numbness, that separates the four riflemen who survive, and the faceless, interchangeable replacements who do not. The film's action comes out as a curious succession of moment-by-moment shocks, giving a sense of this compact GI unit trolling distantly through history.

Michael Abbensetts's comedy *Sambo*, about Alfredo Lanna, the West Indian leader of the most sought-after Latin American dance band of the 1950s. The Argenting Gauchos, is published this week by Eyre Methuen (40pp. Paperback £1.75. 0 413 48140 9). The show is running until October 18 at the Tricycle Theatre, 269 Kilburn High Road, NW6. Forthcoming titles in Methuen's Theatre scripts series also include Nigel Williams's *Sugar and Spice*, now being previewed at the Royal Court.

Wakefield Tricycle's next production is *Space Ache*, a new play by Snoo Wilson with music by Nick Bicat. It tours to Cheltenham, Frome, Bridgewater, Bexford, Birmingham, Norwich, Hemel Hempstead, Aldershot and Bracknell, before reaching Tricycle Theatre on November 11.

Oxford University Press

The Poems of William Cowper
Volume I: 1748-1782
Edited by John D. Baird and Charles Ryskamp
This is the first of a two-volume edition of Cowper's poems, the contents of which are divided into seven main sections: the early poems 1748-1763; *Olney Hymn* and other poems, 1764-1772; miscellane oun poems, 1774-1782; poems against Madan's *Thelyphtora*, 1780; *Poema by William Cowper, of the Inner Temple*, 1782; and miscellaneous poems, 1781. £25 *Oxford English Texts*

Thomas Becket
A Textual History of his Letters
Anne Duggan
This book studies the materials relating to the Beckett controversy assembled between his death in 1170 and the translation of his relics to 'Becket's Crown' in 1220. It traces the origin and dissemination of three groups of collections and examines the exploitation of epistolary material by the principal biographers of Becket. The author explores the relationship between the various sources, and traces the complex origins of the letter-collections to the records kept by Becket himself, Gilbert Foliot, and John of Salisbury. £17.50

Kings, Lords, and Peasants in Medieval England
The Common Law of Villeinage in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries
Paul R. Hyams
This study, relying on the evidence of thousands of cases and treatises, shows how the law of villeinage initially emerged to determine who might use the king's courts, but thereafter transcended the disputes of a few lords and peasants to influence every corner of English society. This illuminates not only the development of common law, but also the social history of the period, and will interest lawyers and historians alike. £17.50
Oxford Historical Monographs

Shrinking History
On Freud and the Failure of Psychohistory
David E. Stannard
At a time when new discoveries in the sciences have stripped many of the Freud's original postulates of current scientific validity, psychoanalysis has grafted itself on to traditional historical inquiry. This book examines the field of psychohistory, and argues that little, if any of it, is good history. Illustrated £7.95

An Economic History of Central Niger
Stephen Baier
The author traces the economic history of a region of the West African Sahel from 1850 to 1960. This is the first major study of the effects of the reorientation of overseas trade away from trans-Saharan routes, and the first detailed account of the consequences of overseas trade on a West African nation's economy and its internal trade in staple products. £15 *Oxford Studies in African Affairs*

AUTUMN TITLES FROM QUARTET

THE BIRDS OF OMAN
Michael Gallagher & Martin Woodcock
A comprehensive and lavishly illustrated book, the first systematic guide to all the bird species in the Sultanate.
£37.50 *illustrated in full colour throughout*

Also a limited luxury edition

HINDSIGHT
An Autobiography
Charlotte Wolff
The life and work of this remarkable woman; her fascinating tale makes this a full, frank and moving book.
£8.95 *illustrated*

THE WAR MACHINE
The Case Against the Arms Race
James Avery Joyce
The lunatic race to accumulate arms amongst major nations has got out of hand. This theme is presented with all the cogency of a well-briefed prosecutor.
£6.95

PISSARRO
His Life and Work
Ralph E. Shikes & Paula Harper
'The most perceptive genius of this epoch' Sir Herbert Read. This A massive work that is the first comprehensive biography of Pissarro *'the first Impressionist'*
£19.95 *illustrated throughout*

MOROCCO
Shirley Kay
An in-depth portrait of Morocco, its people, and the history that has shaped them. A must for the traveller.
£15.00 *illustrated throughout*

THE TELEVISION BARONS
Jack Tinker
As the fight for franchises nears, Mr Tinker looks at the men behind the independent companies, their influence on our lives, and their literal 'licence to print money'.
£7.95

PALESTINIANS AND THEIR SOCIETY 1880-1946
A Photographic Essay
Sarah Graham Brown
A history using contemporary photographs, with scene-setting and informative captions, which imprints upon us the modes of being and behaviour of a society so remote from our own.
£12.50 *illustrated throughout HARDBACK*
£6.95 *illustrated throughout PAPERBACK*

PALESTINE IN PERSPECTIVE
Politics, Human Rights and the West Bank
David H. Ott
A search for a solution to the Palestinian problem based squarely on the fundamental norms of international law. A timely analysis of the problem on which world peace may depend.
£6.95

VICTORIA LINE
Maeve Binchy
From the author of *Central Line*, *Stories of Big City Life* comes another collection of fascinating tales from the underground. Maeve Binchy arouses our laughter, sympathy and, always, delight.
£1.95 *PAPERBACK ORIGINAL*

Quartet Books Limited
A member of the Namara Group
27/29 Goodge Street
London W1P 1FD
01-636 3992

to the editor

Writers and their Audience

Sir,—James Campbell writes (Commentary, September 5) "There was a rumour going round [at the writers' Conference, Edinburgh Festival] that Vidal had greeted Anthony Burgess . . . with the remark: 'Hi, still writing for an imaginary audience?'" This is the sort of invention that will be repeated until, with time, it will be true. I said no such thing. How could I? I'm a part of Burgess's audience and although I am often grotesquely imagined, I am not imaginary.

GORE VIDAL.

La Rondinaia, Ruvello (Salerno), Italy.

Dante

Sir,—Dante and Guido Cavalcanti are unfortunately not alive to correct Roger Scruton's interpretations of their works (September 26). He also claims, however, to know that I am "under the impression that Aristotle did not believe in God". I am not. Nor did I say anything in my book about Dante to justify such a statement.

GEORGE HOLMES.

St Catherine's College, Oxford, OX1 3UJ.

August Courtauld

Sir,—Craig Brown complains (September 26) that in *The Man on the Ice Cap* I deal "at excessive length with [August] Courtauld's uneventful careers in the army and as a county councillor".

Courtauld was never in the army. I tried to do justice to his time in the navy, and devoted just twelve lines to his ten years as a county councillor.

NICHOLAS WOLLASTON.

Thorrington Hall, Stoke by Nayland, Colchester.

Translating 'Eugene Onegin'

Sir,—I am prompted by Kyril Fitzlyon's generally favourable review of the Penguin paperback edition of Charles Johnston's translation of *Eugene Onegin* (September 19) to raise a dissenting voice in the matter of its quality and fidelity to the original.

At the time of its first appearance, three years ago, as Mr Fitzlyon remarks, Sir Charles's version was greeted—mainly by reviewers who had little or no Russian—as a triumph of the translator's craft: simply the best translation of the poem ever. And it well may be.

In the background of any discussion about translating *Eugene Onegin* must loom Nabokov's prose commentary and prosaic crib, of course, and his scathing attacks on previous attempts in rhyme. As a non-academic reader of Russian, who took the trouble to examine Sir Charles's work against the original, I can only conclude regretfully that it is scarcely freer of the contrivances, additions and elisions of the poetical translator than its predecessors (among them Arndt) so savagely mauled by Nabokov. I have before me as I write several pages of notes, as many as I cared to make at the time, of which there is only space to recall two here.

The First four lines of the third stanza of Chapter 2, for instance, are a misrendering. The use of the present participle and gerund gives an odd effect, in obtaining the necessary feminine rhyme, rather like listening to an Indian speaking in the continuous present. Sense is sacrificed to rhyme or metre: do droshkies "jaunt at full power" or . . . bookshelves usually contain "a dusty stack"? Since I do not have the paperback edition to hand, I do not know if any of these points has been subject to the slight revision your reviewer mentions.

Sir Charles's is, of course, a very creditable attempt at turning Pushkin into English—a superhuman task. At risk of playing on Pushkin's Byronism, and arousing Russian critics' wrath, I might hazard that the only suitable translator for him would have been a middle-aged, more studious Byron, who had at his command such easy Russism as he had Italian in his youth.

M. G. MOOREY.

178b Central Road, Worcester Park, Surrey.

Wang Wei

Sir,—Reading the extract from H. A. Giles's translation of a poem by Wang Wei quoted by Charles Tomlinson in his introduction to *The Oxford Book of Verse in English Translation* (September 26), I couldn't help reflecting on the utterly different effect the same poem makes in the last movement ("Abschied") of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*. Mahler himself adapted the German text of Hans Bethge, whose book of translations, *Die chinesische Flöte*, he had been given by a friend. Bethge did not know Chinese, and worked from French, German and English versions—conceivably including Giles's, I suppose.

C. J. BOSANQUET.

22 Stonehills Court, College Road, London SE21 7LZ.

National Union Catalog

Sir,—If Eric Korn (September 26) has accepted bets that Volume 680 (the reference to Volume 629 is a misprint for 679) of the *National Union Catalog, Pre-1956 Imprints* does not start with "duplicated limericks from the YMCA of New Mexico", he has lost. But he should pause—if it is not too late—before paying out, as he may be a victim of post-race betting. Volume 680 was published in April, the first entry being "Young Men's christian association, New London . . . Constitution and by-laws". This fact has been accessible for some months to users of any library less dilatory in getting the volumes on its shelves than that frequented by Mr Korn seems to be.

He has been similarly misled by the absence of the *BIBLE* volumes (53-56; four volumes, *pace* Mr Korn, not five). These were issued in May and far from having been dulled over, represent more than fifteen years of continuous and highly expert editing and refinement. Such is their importance that the Bible entries in the *Catalog* are being made separately available in five self-contained volumes entitled *The Bible, Texts and Translations of the Bible and the Apocrypha and Their Books from The National Union Catalog, Pre-1956 Imprints*.

More good news for Mr Korn. Volume 685 (ZOLA, Emile (Terra)—ZZAYS, Jao Wan) issued in July is not, as he may be tempted to think, the end of the *Catalog*. Some seventy volumes of supplementary material are on their way, of which the first five (Volumes 686-690, [SYMBOLS]—ANVAR JALAL) were dispatched to subscribers in September.

JOHN COMMANDER.

Mansell Publishing, 3 Bloomsbury Place, London WC1.

Mary Shelley and Her Letters

Sir,—Donald Reiman (Letters, October 3) is understandably wounded that I did not think the Mary Shelley letters in the Pforzheimer collection particularly interesting. I fail to see why he thinks this proves I had not read them.

He quotes me out of context. I did not write that Mary Shelley wrote *no* account of the deaths of her husband or children; but that, unlike Trelawny, "she did not think to sit down and pen a well-turned" account of these things. I found the letter he refers to pathetic; but I did not share Nicholas Joukovsky's view that it "was the best bit of prose she ever wrote". Reviewers inevitably come to different conclusions about things: a fact that Mr Reiman seems unable to accept.

Mary Shelley started *Frankenstein* before she was nineteen. I acknowledge and bewail that she did not finish it until after her birthday. This is my only error of fact which Mr Reiman chooses to mention.

It would be impertinent to suggest that Mr Reiman had missed the point of what I wrote. I am not ashamed to be what Mr Reiman calls a "generalist" and he is quite right to say that "Wilson evidently prefers pictures to 600 pages of closely printed text with full scholarly annotation". There are such things, nowadays, as microfilms.

A. N. WILSON.

St Hugh's College, Oxford.

Across and Down

Sir,—If 47 across in Eric Korn's crossword (Remainders, September 26) from the *North Frontenac News* was IF, then I don't see how 47 down could have been HEY. If 47 across began with I, then so would '47 down'; but if 47 down began with H, then 47 across would too, surely.

RAY WARD

23 Crescent Lane, London SW4 9PT.

Nonesuch Press

Sir,—Montague Summers may have suspected "[Francis] Meynell and [David] Garnett" of reviving his books for the *TLS*, but it was most unlikely that *he* thought the Nonesuch Press "connected with Meynell and the Fortune Press" (" R. A. C." 12). The fact that Francis Meynell (properly identified as the founder of the Nonesuch Press) and Percy Birrell (co-founder with David Garnett of "Birrell and Garnett, English and foreign Booksellers") shared the same first name is, perhaps, contributed to the confusion about Birrell's "connection" with the Nonesuch Press. Perhaps, also, the fact that the two ventures shared the same premises for a time has made confusion even more likely. Birrell and Garnett occupied the ground floor of 19 Taviton Street until moving to 30 Gerard Street in mid-1929; the Nonesuch Press began life in the basement of 19 Taviton Street and moved to 16 Great Ormond Street some time in 1924. Later in 1924, Garnett gave up bookselling and sold his shares in the business to Graham Pollard, but kept his connection with the Nonesuch Press. Most of my facts on the matter are drawn from Garnett's own account in the second and third volumes of his autobiography, *The Flowers of the Forest* (1955) and *The Familiar Faces* (1962).

Some readers may also recall that in the *TLS* of December 1, 1955 (page 724), Mr Garnett was obliged to correct a reviewer of Harry Moore's *The Intelligent Heart*, who asserted that "Percy Birrell and Mr Garnett had a connexion with the Nonesuch Press". Mr Garnett wrote "Francis Birrell had no connexion with the Nonesuch Press. I was a partner in it from its formation in 1923 by Francis Meynell until the middle thirties".

But let me end my letter by thanking Timothy D'Arch Smith for his wonderfully interesting and entertaining article.

J. LAWRENCE MITCHELL.

Department of English, University of Minnesota, 207 Lind Hall, 207 Church Street SE, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55455.

The Registers of Henry Scott Tuke, R.A., have been transcribed, annotated and published in duplicated typescript form by B. D. Price, who is also largely responsible for the Tuke exhibition now on view at the Falmouth City Art Gallery. Copies and further information can be obtained from the editor at the Pavilion Terrace, London W12 8HT.

Information please is on page 1155

Among this week's contributors

RODERICK BEATON's *Folk Poetry of Modern Greece* was published earlier this year.

MICHAEL BUTLER is Senior Lecturer in German at Birmingham University. He is the author of *The Novels of Max Frisch*, 1976.

ANTHONY CHEAL-PUGH is a lecturer in French at the University of Durham.

GAY CLIFFORD is a lecturer in English at University College London.

JOHN CLIVE's books include *Thomas Babington Macaulay: the Shaping of the Historian*, 1973.

RICHARD COMMS is the editor of *The Monthly Film Bulletin*, and a regular contributor to *Sight and Sound*.

HENRY GIFFORD's books include *The Novel in Russia*, 1964, *Tolstoy: a Critical Anthology*, 1971, and *Pasternak*, 1977.

VICTORIA GLENDINNING's biography of Edith Sitwell will be published later this year.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER's translation of a selection of Paul Celan's poems will be reviewed shortly in the *TLS*.

MARGARET HIGONNET teaches Comparative Literature at the University of Connecticut.

PATRICE HIGONNET is Professor of History at Harvard University.

ALAN HILL was Chairman of Heinemann Educational Books from 1961-1979. He is Chairman of Heinemann Educational Books, Nigeria.

PETER KEATING is the author of *The Working Classes in Fiction*, 1971, and editor of *Into Unknown Britain*, 1977.

PHILIP LARKIN's most recent collection of poems is *High Windows*, 1974.

VIRGINIA LEBWELLYN SMITH's *Anton Chekhov and the Lady with the Dog* was published in 1973.

PATRICK MCCARTHY is the author of *Céline*, 1975.

GEOFFREY MARSHALL's books include *Constitutional Theory*, 1971.

TIM MASON teaches Modern History at St Peter's College, Oxford, and is the editor of *History Workshop Journal*.

BRYCE MORRISON's book *The Piano* will be published next year by Phaidon.

RAY OCKENDEN is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.

PATRICK O'CONNOR is the editor and publisher of *A Tribute to Yvonne Printemps*, 1978.

S. S. PRAWER's books include *Comparative Literary Studies: an Introduction*, 1973, and *Karl Marx and World Literature*, 1976.

PAUL PRESTON is a lecturer in Modern History at Queen Mary College, London.

T. J. REED's most recent book is *The Classical Centre: Goethe and Weimar 1775-1832*, 1979.

NESTA ROBERTS's books include *The Face of France*, 1976.

COLIN ROSS is a lecturer in German at the University of Kent.

ANDREW SAINT is Architectural Editor of *The Survey of London*.

FRITZ SPIEGL is a musician and broadcaster.

GEORGE STEINER's recent books include *Heidegger*, and *On Difficulty and Other Essays*, both 1978.

J. P. STERN is Professor of German at the University of London. His recent books include *On Realism*, 1973, and *A Study of Nietzsche*, 1979.

NORMAN STONE's most recent book is *Hitler*, 1980.

PETER SUTCHFIELD is the author of *The Oxford University Press: An Informal History*, 1978.

EDWARD TIMMS is a lecturer in German at the University of Cambridge.

RICHARD UNBANE's recent books include *Wodehouse at Work to the End*, 1977.

EUGEN WEBER's books include *Action Française: Royalism and Reaction in Twentieth-Century France*, 1962, and *Peasants into Frenchmen*, 1977.

JOHN WEIGHTMAN is the author of *The Concept of the Avant-Garde: Explorations in Modernism*, 1973.

GORDON WRIGHT's books include *Rural Revolution in France: the Peasantry in the Twentieth Century*, 1964.

Socialist superblocks

By Andrew Saint

MANFREDO TAFURI and others :
Vienna Rossa : La politica residenziale nella Vienna socialista, 1919-33
233pp. Milan : Electa.

Public or state-aided housing was a nineteenth-century reformers' concept which gained international acceptability only between the wars. Of the several European cities that plunged ardently into public-housing programmes in the 1920s, Vienna was much the most conspicuous, though by no means the most prolific. In Berlin some 140,000 dwellings were erected with public funds (mainly through building societies) between 1926 and 1932; in Greater London, admittedly a larger city, 78,634 units were directly built by local authorities between 1920 and 1929. By contrast "Red Vienna" achieved about 63,000 dwellings between 1922 and 1934, when Fascism smashed the programme of the Social Democrats.

Yet Vienna's fame in this regard is merited, and entirely worthy of this book and its accompanying exhibition (held in Rome earlier this year). For Vienna was the first city to promote municipal housing as both a political product and a political instrument. The socialists who governed the city during these years found themselves in straitened circumstances. Austria after Versailles was drastically diminished in size, its economy half-supported and half-inhibited by other powers. Vienna itself was surrounded by a conservative countryside where revolution had little hope of success. The "Austro-Marxist" ideologues of the Social Democratic Workers' Party therefore opted for reform.

A radical housing programme, financed largely out of a tax on private rents and coupled with stringent tenants' protection, became the foremost strand of this policy. The housing legacy of the imperial era was especially grim; the previous twenty years had merely seen the proliferation of *Mietkaserne*, the meagre, speculative tenements where most Viennese workers dwelt. The downfall of the Habsburgs should have largely enabled the city council to buy up a good deal of urban land cheap, while the inflation of the postwar period rendered rent control imperative. Finally, the socialists urgently wished to strengthen their power base by improving their supporters' lot and nurturing their loyalty. (In this sense they differed from post-war British governments, who in so far as they promoted council housing for political ends wished to appease working-class discontent.)

Just the same circumstances determined what has always most struck architectural observers about the Vienna city houses—their blatantly urban character. Nearly all the estates illustrated in this book were, for their time, bold, broad and tall. Some were of very great size as well; Elm's celebrated Karl Marx-Hof of 1927-30, for instance, contained 1,382 flats. To an extent it is right to interpret the confidence of these "superblocks" (as they are called nowadays) as a manifestation of political will and pride. Manfredo Tafuri, the well-known architectural historian who contributes the book's main essay, devotes much space to linking (in the literal yet all-too-loose idiom that passes in some circles for Marxist analysis) the "morphology" of the blocks to contemporary political ideology. Certainly the city council built at high density and provided communal facilities on an unparalleled scale (laundries, drying rooms, crèches, playgrounds and in some cases even reading rooms and libraries) in order to foster socialist values and cement loyalties. They succeeded, too; the short-lived anti-Fascist rebellion of February 1934 was partly conducted from these "red strongholds".

Nevertheless, in many eyes — socialist ones included — the Viennese built superblocks *faute de mieux*, because they were cheap. In celebrating the blocks as symbols of Vienna's political resolve Tafuri passes over this too lightly. The 1920s saw much debate on a question that is still with us; whether housing should be dispersed and suburban, or denser and more urban—generally the cheaper but less healthy alternative. At the time this was known as the issue of the *Siedlung* versus the *Hof*, and on the whole German-speaking reformers and architects favoured the former. German cities, when construction finally revived in the later 1920s, usually built *Siedlungen*. Vienna, starting earlier, was pushed into *Höfe* above all by economy and the availability of central sites; only a few *Siedlungen* were built.

Many people deplored this necessity, as some helpful contemporary articles republished at the back of *Vienna Rossa* show. Josef Frank, one of the many architects who contributed to the housing campaign, wrote that his work on the *Höfe* was an act against his own conscience. The dramatist Ernst Toller, while feeling in 1927 that the Viennese achievement "dispersed with extraordinary power the sense of depression that every German radical socialist bears within him", added: "with all respect for what has been done, I think it can be affirmed that the urban organism of the *Siedlung* produces results superior to those used at Vienna". The planning of the superblocks confirms the point. Despite the public facilities, the flats were by the best standards of the time small and cramped, because economy was paramount.

As an analysis of the Viennese programme this book in no way supersedes the masterly account in Charles A. Gulick's *Austria from Hapsburg to Hitler*, published as long ago as 1948. But it complements Gulick by illustrating a large number of the blocks (though alas only unflattering modern photographs are used and no interiors are shown). The task of assessing architectural quality is hard, as the blocks are mixed in style and authorship. Some were designed by municipal employees, some went to prestigious private architects (Peter Behrens, Adolf Loos and Josef Hoffmann all contributed), more were allotted by public competition. The styles (typify the tentative early modernism of the 1920s, before Bauhaus orthodoxies prevailed. Windows tend to be plain, walls stuccoed, but roofs are frequently pitched and expressionist details or hangovers from the *Wagnerschule* enliven the façades here and there. Elm's Karl Marx-Hof, by general consent, is the high point, yet some of the more conservative schemes, like those by the partners Heinrich Schmid and Hermann Aichinger, are also attractive. Tafuri predictably likes the more progressive-looking designs, but here Toller, as a layman, again has a good point. "I was greatly interested to notice that in general the worker likes ornament and enjoys no understanding of the new, simple modern architecture. Why? The modern architect reaches simplicity out of a superabundance of luxurious vanities. He has overcome luxury and takes for his new forms only the essence. The worker, by contrast, has never known that luxury; greyness and monotony have always dwelt within his old home. Luxury for him was a dream, an unreachable desire." This was exactly what Modern Movement architects found in Russia a few years later.

A note may be worth adding on an unexplored relationship—that between public housing in Vienna and London. On this Tafuri and his colleagues are silent, believing British housing theory to be limited to the *Siedlung*. Yet the London County Council pioneered public block-dwellings in the 1890s, and in 1931 the architect G. Grey Wornum had this to say. "A short while ago a member of the LCC Housing Committee complained to the architect's department that Vienna had gone so far ahead of us. The member showed a plan and a photo of a Viennese block. The architect identified the plan as being one sent by the LCC to Vienna thirty years ago." Further to this, when in 1927 the LCC was contemplating one of its few large block-dwelling schemes of the decade, the Ossulston Estate at Somers Town, St Pancras, the Chief Architect, G. Topham Forrest, submitted a design based partly on Schmid and Aichinger's *Am Fuchsenfeld* estate of two years before. So Forrest could learn something from the *Höfe*, even if it was not planning. In execution the scheme was much revised and conventionalized. But the texture and some other aspects of *Am Fuchsenfeld* were retained, giving even today a rare taste of the Viennese *Höfe* to the back streets of Somers Town.

Author, Author

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than Friday, October 31. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that, the most nearly correct—in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries should be addressed to the Editor, The Times Literary Supplement, P.O. Box 7, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ, and marked "Author, Author" on the envelope. The solution and result will appear in our issue of November 7.

Competition No. 40

1 Have you heard the groan of a gravelled grouse,
Or the snarl of a snaffled snail
(Husband or mother, like me, or spouse),
Have you lain a-creep in the darkened house
Where the wounded wombats wail?

2 Cease, War, thy bubbling madness that the wine shores,
And bid thy legions turn their swords to mine shares.

3 A Mouse that prayed for Allah's aid
Blasphemed when no such aid befell:
A cat, who feasted on that mouse,
Thought Allah managed vastly well.

Pray nor for aid to One who made
A set of never-changing Laws,
But in your need remember well
He gave you speed, or guile—or claws.

Competition No 36

Winner: Flora Alexander, 45a Queen's Road, Aberdeen AB1 6YN

Answers:

1 Coleridge received the Person from Porlock
And ever after called him a curse,
Then why did he hurry to let him in?—
He could have hid in the house.
—Stevie Smith, "Thoughts about the Person from Porlock"

2 Shelley dreamed it. Now the dream decays.
The props crumble. The familiar ways
Are stale with tears trodden underfoot.
The heart's flower withers at the root.
Bury it, then, in history's sterile dust.
The slow years shall tame your tawny lust.
—R. S. Thomas, "Song at the Year's Turning"

3 When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bowed our head and held our breath.
He taught us little; but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
—Matthew Arnold, "Memorial Verses"

Fifty years on . . .

Graham Greene's The Name of Action *was reviewed in the* TLS *of October 9, 1930 (on a page which also carried notices of the latest Galsworthy—*On Forsyte 'Change*—and of Arnold Bennett's* Imperial Palace) :

Mr Graham Greene seems to demand a special setting for his highly strung novel. "The Man Within" took us into a historical past that differed in its effects from the familiar, romanticized "period" of the historical novelist. And now that in *The Name of Action* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net) we are transported into the near future, we are left with precisely the same impression of living in the peculiar, highly wrought world of our nation's imagination rather than in any recognizable era of human life. The necessary assumption required of the reader is some new separation of West German States, including the Palatinate as far as the Rhine, with Trier as a capital, into a group ruled by a Dictator, Herr Demassener. He is before all things a Puritan, ruling Trier's morals with a discipline that begot from its inhabitants neither gratitude nor respect. Oliver Chant, a rich young Englishman, comes to this State as an agent of revolution with introductions from a departiated subject who has already been implicated in a plot against Demassener. The chief revolutionary on the spot is a Jewish poet named Kapper, who is eager to avail himself of Chant's offer of money to help the cause, but prefers the method of the printing-press to that of the machine-gun. Chant, however, something of a purist in this connexion, is all for firearms: a choice that is further influenced by his feeling for the wife of the Dictator, Anne-Marie, with whose photograph he has fallen in love in England, and with whom the necessary cast of coincidence brings him into personal relations on his first night in Trier.

This as a basis for a rapid story of action may sound orthodox enough; but, whatever Mr Greene's failings, they do not include unoriginality. As in "The Man Within" the story takes place within the consciousness of a single individual, in this case Oliver Chant, and all our sight of reality is influenced by his outlook. The world we see is not, perhaps, a familiar one, but it is credible. And the climax, implicit in the poet Kapper's natural genius for killing by ridicule rather than by force of arms, is effective and satisfying. Also, the book within the limits that Mr Greene has rigidly imposed upon himself is admirably written. There is no decline throughout from the tensity and vividness of the opening description of Oliver Chant's arrival at Trier.

October Books from Yale

German Romantic Painting
William Vaughan
A fresh and informative account of German art during the early 19th century which examines the part played by painting in German society. 32 colour plates plus 167 black and white illustrations. £19.95.

Manipulatory Politics
Robert E. Goodin
This fascinating and lively book surveys various techniques of manipulatory politics: lying, laying linguistic traps, rhetorical trickery, symbolic rewards, and political rituals. £11.30.

Social Justice in the Liberal State
Bruce A. Ackerman
Arguing that neither the myth of social contract nor the search for social utility can do justice to the liberal ideal, Ackerman demonstrates the power of Neutral dialogue to resolve social issues. £11.00.

Political Parties and Linkage
A Comparative Perspective
edited by Kay Lawson
Lawson and eighteen collaborators examine the ways in which political parties do or do not link voters to policy-making in a variety of countries throughout the world. £5.65.

Walter Pater's art of Autobiography
Gerald Monsman
Approaching Pater from the direction of autobiography and artistic self-consciousness, Monsman argues that his writing points the way toward a sweeping change in the intellectual milieu. £7.80.

Anglo-Saxon Poetry
A Study of the Traditions
Jeff Opland
Brings together and assesses documentary evidence on the practice and performance of oral poetry. £12.60.

Returning to Freud
Clinical Psychoanalysis in the School of Lacan
edited and translated by Stuart Schneiderman
Includes a transcript of a patient interview conducted by Lacan along with fifteen clinical reports by other members of his school. £12.60.

Texts from the Time of Nebuchadnezzar
David B. Weisberg
Introduces new evidence bearing on the problem of the three Nebuchadnezzars of the 7th and 5th centuries B.C. £18.90.

Now available in paper

The Madwoman in the Attic
The Woman Writer and the Nineteenth-Century Literary Imagination.
Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar.
"A bold new interpretation of the great 19th-century women novelists"
—Lee Anne Schreiber, *The New York Times' Book Review*. £4.95.

Cosmos, Earth, and Man
A Short History of the Universe
Preston Cloud
"This is a book of extraordinary scope that leaves few corners of Science untouched. . . . There are few geologists better accredited to tackle such a monumental task."—*Geological Magazine*. £5.00.

Yale University Press
New Haven & London
13 Bedford Square,
London WC1B 3JF

Alberto Moravia
LA VITA INTERIORE
(Time of Desecration)
260,000 copies sold of the most disquieting novel of the last 20 years, translated into 13 languages
The most important living Italian writer author of Gli indifferenti (Time of Indifference), Racconti romani (Roman Tales), Agostino and La noia (The Empty Canvas), confronting a difficult theme with the resolution and intelligence of a great master.

Umberto Eco
IL NOME DELLA ROSA
What will happen in 1327?
Historical novel, detective story, novel of ideas: documentation, suspense, projection into the present. But above all, the great novel for which Italian literature has been waiting for some time, the first achievement in the field of fiction of one of the most subtle and original essayists to be produced by European culture in the last few decades. Internationally famous semiologist, Umberto Eco is an author whose name on a book guarantees its success, as fully borne out by the scores of requests for translations.

Bompiani

Poking the rectory fire

By Virginia Llewellyn Smith

F. M. MAYOR:
The Third Miss Symons
143pp. Virago. £2.50.
0 86068 111 9

Flora Macdonald Mayor wrote one very good book, *The Rector's Daughter*. Like its heroine, she lost the man she loved and spent most of her life thereafter in the home of her schnäbir-clergyman father. When she died in 1932 she had published two collections of short stories and three novels: *The Squire's Daughter*, her last and apparently unreadable; *The Rector's Daughter*, reissued by Penguin in 1972; and *The Third Miss Symons*, her earliest, now reissued by Virago.

Her fiction is worth resurrecting not because she writes about the situation of women—though she does—but because the women she writes about are so memorable. *The Rector's Daughter* is the story of Mary, clever but plain and shy, the dutiful companion of a self-absorbed, rather crushing father, and of her relationship with the beautiful socialite Kathy, horsey and unintellectual, unsuitable wife of the man they both love. F. M. Mayor's great strength as a novelist lies in characterization: the utter believableness of Mary and Kathy compels our sympathy. She also excels at the presentation of moments of emotional truth. I found Mary's awakening to passion and subsequent realization of what her life lacks almost as moving as the climax of *Middlemarch*.

Reading *The Third Miss Symons* after the later novel is a bleaker but not disappointing experience. Much smaller in scope and scale, it gains from the peculiar appropriateness of an almost totally sustained laconic style to this account of a flat, unadventurous life. The more novelettish and fabulous plot of *The Rector's Daughter* (an afflicted rival, devastating disappointment, love lasting beyond the grave) was to offer the writer temptations not always resisted; sentences like "At that moment a seed was sown from which a plant of love was to spring" (a sort of poking the rectory fire to keep us awake) are as disconcerting as Mary's lapses from her everyday tenor are to her unwilling confidantes.

A more serious defect in both novels is F. M. Mayor's persistent habit of interpolation. If in *The Third Miss Symons* one feels most the irritating smugness of progressive youth ("Perhaps the women of fifty years ago did not have the faculty of staunch and close friend-making possessed by our generation"), in *The Rector's Daughter*, written eleven years later, the asides are even more obtrusive and the tone more tartly spinsterish—quite laudentably so when bumping up against the supremely unerrtical and generous Kathy ("She was popular, particularly now that noise is so much appreciated"). I make no apology for the derogatory use of the term "spinsterish" which, if it hadn't existed, the story of the third Miss Symons would have caused to be invented. Before indulging in authorial reflections F. M. Mayor might have remembered the lesson Henrietta Symons learns the hard way—that the superfluous does better if it has some charm.

Henrietta reaches a peak of attractiveness at the age of five and never thereafter recovers the attention she craves. Her affection is returned only by her youngest sister Evelyn, who remains disappointingly popular—Henrietta "would have preferred them to be pariahs together". The rest is a chronicle of wasted time, of a life without love, friendship or intellectual interests. In middle age Henrietta is driven to roaming the Continent, her pointless bustle and petty preoccupations ("where the chambermaid abstracted the biscuits she brought from dessert overnight") remorselessly catalogued. The poor come to her obsequies "not in great love of Henrietta but from love of funerals".

Henrietta's life has no secular use, nor does it exemplify, like Mary's, the workings of conscience, self-restraint and self sacrifice. Mary's Christian virtues suggest one should think in terms of redemption and hope, and the author reminds us in so many words that "We have here no continuing city", we seek that which is to come; but, despite the claims of Virago's blurb, I cannot see in Henrietta's [illegible] medicum of self-knowledge [illegible] "victory". Henrietta is a loser; fate deprives her of opportunities, certainly, but faults—bad temper and [illegible] application—do the rest. Even Evelyn, musing [illegible] after her sister's death, [illegible] accept that "it was because [illegible] so unlovable that she was [illegible] loved".

That is the hard truth Henrietta, but Evelyn, who was fond of her, adds in a [illegible] emotion "if she had lived [illegible] she wouldn't have been [illegible]". A nice idea, but not [illegible] nor is it easy to be sweet [illegible] Evelyn who, gazing at [illegible] suddenly "felt through every [illegible] of her being that it was all [illegible] well with Henrietta and [illegible] bitterness, aimlessness, and [illegible] ness of her life was made [illegible] her". This ending (and [illegible] company with Susan Hill, who [illegible] duces the Virago edition) [illegible] work for me—to the extent [illegible] would like to believe F. M. [illegible] is being ironical. It simply [illegible] ring true, because the [illegible] Henrietta is seen from inside [illegible] the rare moments of [illegible] insight that even she [illegible]. The same applies to Mary [illegible] *then* know that we feel, [illegible] both have seen love, [illegible] mostly know is the pain [illegible] out on it.

Yielding to her persistent [illegible] cy towards analysis, it seems almost a backhanded [illegible] compassion, F. M. Mayor [illegible] her novels in the manner [illegible] grew repot. We learn [illegible] etta that "On the whole [illegible] those latter years she [illegible] similarly, Mary's "appearance [illegible] proved" and "her [illegible] panded"; Kathy's was "a [illegible] marriage". What, anyone [illegible] read *The Rector's Daughter* [illegible] wonder, did its author [illegible] the term "happy marriage"? [illegible] as husbands do not come [illegible] well in F. M. Mayor's fiction [illegible] memoire and fantasy play [illegible] in love than everyday [illegible]. Happiness, one might conclude [illegible] something to be won, by [illegible] from the daily grind, and [illegible] impregnable to assaults of [illegible] emotion. Though the [illegible] her spinsters, she up like [illegible], F. M. Mayor conveys [illegible] a distinct impression of [illegible]

Grasping the ineffable

By Patricia Craig

JENNIFER LASH:
From May to October
216pp. Hamish Hamilton. £6.95.
0 241 10470 X

Stylishness and economy are two of the major requirements in present day fiction, and it is perhaps the absence of these that gives *From May to October* such an old-fashioned air. It seems to belong to the mid-1950s, and it reads like a *Woman's Own* story rewritten by a highly intelligent, sensitive author who has heard of Virginia Woolf. "The passage of time", with "life going on and on", is its theme, worked out in the day-to-day experiences of a couple of "good, [illegible] decent happy people, beset with problems" (as the blurb has it).

One's misgivings are aroused by the four introductory paragraphs which take the place of an epigraph. When we read "Hope is the presence of potential progress; it is the time ahead; it is the bewildering complexity of tomorrow; it is the quiet challenge of perpetual uncertainty", we might wonder if Jennifer Lash is setting herself up as the thinking woman's Patience Strong. It is certainly plain that one of her objectives is to get at general truths through the medium of the particular—not an uncommon literary practice, if an ambitious one. In fact, much of most kinds seems to elude her, as she embraces the ineffable only to have it slip out of her grasp. She is reduced to remarking on "the inevitability of everything"; at which point the reader may well lose patience.

One of the devices used to evoke portentousness is the one-line paragraph:

> . . . If I do go away . . . we must both know clearly what it is that we hold on clear. What it is between us. . . There is something in the earth, in the air, something that stirs and sustains man always, in spite of himself. And it is also within us. It is within those moments we have shared. Those special moments when all our certainty and our adventure climbed out beyond the expense simply of ourselves and we knew one another out of time."

This is the most extreme example, but other conversations follow a similar line. Michael and Caroline are an earnest, caring and committed pair. It is such an elevated partnership that, if one of the two is worried about practical matters, the other may offer as consolation the reflection that "against the background of all eternity all of that is really less than nothing"—without danger of provoking an exasperated rejoinder. They have indeed achieved a state of harmony dreatly valued as a quasi-mystical concept.

Caroline is a painter, and worries—like many another busy heroine—about the conflict between her creativity and domestic obligations. She goes away to develop her art in a cottage in France, lent from an exceptionally obliging friend, who recommends it as "strong and pensive place" (she never seems to *hear* themselves talking); these emotional pressures Caroline returns to a [illegible] crisis. But all the deep family loyalty, inexpressible faith, and [illegible] for material values, are mustered to defeat it.

Jennifer Lash's last novel was about an old man who collected [illegible] arrangism it in really labelled [illegible] the. It had humorous possibilities which were never exactly realised. This one, with its insistence on inner states and [illegible] Standing, takes [illegible] couple of stages further. Occasionally, there are signs that a strong and perceptive novelist is trying to get out of the emotional [illegible] Writing of Michael's provincial bookshop and its customers, for example, she notes: "The announcement of the Booker Prize aroused no interest whatsoever." But it is rare to find any plainness and [illegible] in this overwritten novel.

PAUL HENISSART:
Margin of Error
334pp. Hutchinson. £5.95.
0 09 140720 6

Terrorist plot to assassinate President Sadat while he is attending a clinic in Switzerland. The [illegible] tion, masterminded by a respected Swiss banker who turns out to be [illegible] a nice touch—a deeply pious Russian agent, develops into a [illegible] between the psychotic ex-legionnaire assassin and a disillusioned [illegible] man. A little laboured and [illegible] ignative at times, but on the whole an honest and straightforward piece of work, with some [illegible] for matter.

STAND A FRANCFORT HALL 5 Hall 5 Stand D 1011
EDITIONS COMPLEXE
LA MEMOIRE DU SIECLE
collection dirigée par André Versaille
septembre:
GERARD CHALIAND ET YVES TERNON
1915-1917 Le génocide des Arméniens
MARC FERRO
1917 L'Occident devant la Révolution soviétique
L'Histoire et ses mythes
HENRI MICHEL
1939. La deuxième guerre mondiale commence
octobre:
FRED KUPFERMAN
1944-1945 Le procès de Vichy Pucheu, Pétain, Laval
OLIVIER CARRE
1970 Septembre noir
HENRI MICHEL
1944 La libération de Paris
1917-... L'OCCIDENT DEVANT LA REVOLUTION SOVIETIQUE L'HISTOIRE ET SES MYTHES MARC FERRO
Toute la MEMOIRE du SIECLE en Poche
Les grands événements de notre époque restitués par les meilleurs historiens contemporains
Diffusion France et international: Presses Universitaires de France
Belgique: Nouvelle Diffusion
Canada: Diffusion Dimedis
Editions Complexe, 24 rue de Brixelles B 1060 Bruxelles

The graces of Goethe

By George Steiner

Goethe's Plays
Translated with Introductions by Charles E. Passage
626pp. Benn. £12.95.
0 510 00087 8

The status of Goethe represents a distinct "cut" between English and Continental sensibilities, between the norms of literacy on this and that side of the Channel. Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Carlyle engaged with Goethe's work and his commanding presence in European civilization. Matthew Arnold sought to acquaint his readers with something of Goethe's centrality. After them only Auden, that eminent Byronist, has really attempted to do so. English Faust-variants—this is less true of D. J. Enright's recent sequence—reach back to Marlowe and circumvent Goethe. No society was less affected than was English society by the overwhelming and mimetic impact of *Werther*. The close reading of Goethe's *Elective Affinities* in Tony Tanner's *Adultery in the Novel* is, so far as English criticism goes, almost pioneering work. The case of T. S. Eliot is indicative. He strove to identify a central lineage in the European tradition, to place the continuation of the Virgilian order beyond Dante. He knew that such continuation is not enacted in Shakespeare, that Shakespeare is supremely outside the classical canon. But he could not come to terms with Goethe, indeed he scarcely tried to do so, though it is precisely Goethe who would have given to Eliot's anxious argument its logic and its historical reach.

Thus it is that the "mind which plays calmly, in its capricious and inimitable graces, over all the provinces of human interest", which pours "over all the forms of many-coloured life the light of a deep and subtle intellect, and the decorations of an 'over-flowing fancy'" (Carlyle), the Olympian a brief note from whose hand seemed to Byron the highest signal of good fortune, the public man in whom Napoleon recognized the only rival to his own charisma, remains, from the English point of view, largely unknown.

The reasons are not obvious. The language barrier matters, of course, but it has not stood in the way of Rilke, Kafka or Brecht. Perhaps it is the protean variety of Goethe's styles, in both verse and prose, which has made him awkward to translate. No single master of transfer will feel at ease in all those several registers. Goethe's prolonged and heated quarrel with Newtonian optics, his imperious attempts to replace Newton's theory of colours with his own, certainly inclined English learned sentiments against him. The frankness and enigmatic polarities of Goethe's erotic lyrics, notably in his Roman Elegies, and the bawdy which surfaces in *Faust*, disconcerted not only Wordsworth and Coleridge—*vide* their attitude towards any project of complete translation—but those Victorians who did look towards Weimar for the touchstone of the Hellenic-European spirit. But one must look deeper when trying to grasp the essential absence of Goethe from the syllabus of English literary and intellectual reference, when seeking to assess the extraordinary truth that it is mainly via the setting of Goethe's poems by great composers that this work impinges at all on English consciousness.

Like Leonardo da Vinci, on whom he patterned certain impulses in his own myriad powers, Goethe adopted a stance of dynamic universality. His activities as poet, playwright, novelist, writer of epic and didactic verse, translator, statesman, botanist, comparative anatomist, geologist, crystallographer, historian, draftsman and impresario, were underwritten by a deep-lying, explicit perception of primal unison, by a vision of the life-force, of "entelechy" in a sense at once Aristotelian and vitalist, in metamorphic but abidingly connected and integral action. To Goethe—the poem "Eins und Alles" is a key statement—as to the Kabbalists, as to Paracelsus and to Boehme, it was evident that the phenomenological variety of natural forms conceals an occult but undeniable centre of oneness.

It was the obstinate quest for the morphology of this centre, a search tinged with hermetic associations, which most likely deflected Goethe from an early intuition of a Darwinian scheme of evolution. But again and again, often with recourse to his studies of crystals, Goethe posited intimate relations between all facets of reality and of his own genius and a single generative focus. Nevertheless, the external variousness is there. To the English tradition, with its jeering distrust of the "polymath" (Lolbnix and Goethe took pride in the term), with its dismissal of "the jack of all trades", Goethe's universality is alien and even suspect.

So, it may be, is the very special irony which is inseparable from all but the most purely lyric of his inventions. There can be in Goethe a disgust nearly as virulent as Swift's, a satire as mordant as Voltaire's. But the essence of his high disenchantment is much more difficult to define and to translate. There is in Goethe that same amused sadness which we hear in Mozart (nothing comes nearer to the end of *Cosi*, with its inexhaustible, twilit ambiguities, than does the close of *Iphigenie in Tauris*). The subtlety of substantive and formal discourse, the controlling distance which he maintains even in the face of extreme passion, gives to Goethe's work, as it does to Plato's and to Leonardo's, a peculiar *tristitia*. Even this is not the right word. It is, perhaps, that matchless expression in *Baowulf*, "evening angry", which comes closest. Yet this quality of lucid irony is almost negated by the energy, by the sheer mastery of line and organization in Goethe's art. Nothing very much like this note of pagan stoicism, of reverent mockery, is struck in the English repertoire. We hear it, if at all, in Emerson and in Wallace Stevens, where it may well be a deliberate echo to Goethe.

Whatever the reasons, the facts are plain. Much of Goethe's enormous output is not available at all in English. Even his most famous works, the "world classics" in his *oeuvre*, are accessible only in shoddy or, partial guise. The only comparable short circuit which comes to mind is that of Racine. What Charles E. Passage has set out to do is nothing less than to bridge this great gap with respect to Goethe's life-long activities as a dramatist.

Because Goethe experienced reality in its essence as active, transformative interrelations, drama occupies a cardinal place in his life and works. The catalogue includes more than fifty plays, theatrical sketches, dramatic translations, scenarios, libretti and torsos of dramatic dialogue. Several of these, moreover, mark vital moments of self-summation and self-projection. No less than *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Goethe's principal plays are the manifest of profoundly autobiographical needs and techniques. *Götz von Berlichingen* (1773) and *Egmont*, on which Goethe worked, on and off, from 1775 to 1787, represent the process whereby the young master, possessed of national and, after *Werther*, of European fame, first liberated and subsequently achieved governance over his early radicalism. The tension, the implication in a tragic world-view which this process entailed are, in turn, fundamental to the confident irony, to the modulation of anger into dispassion which we find in the more mature compositions. The matter of *Faust* busied Goethe from at least 1773 to his death fifty-nine years later. One can see, exhibited in the same room in the Goethe-haus in Weimar, the first raw sketches of the *Urfaust* and the last corrections which Goethe made on the as yet unpublished manuscript of *Faust* II. To do so is to witness, symbolically at least, the longest, most various and self-deceptive act of literary-philosophic creation of which we have record. To say that the successive stages of Goethe's *Faust* initiate and prefigure much of western modernity both in respect of personal consciousness and social form, that there is here a comprehensiveness of emotional and philosophic, of analytic and visionary range which only the *Divina Comedia* rivals, is banal. The immediate point is one of self-harvesting, of the ways in which the genesis of the *Faust* texts parallels the vital seasons in Goethe's own growth and, it may well be, in the relative diminution of his sovereign strengths in high age.

Iphigenie, successive drafts of which span the period from 1779 to 1786—in no great writer has the actual process of composition been more suggestive of the gradual unfolding of the organic—is a statement, at once exultant and cautionary, of Goethe's own classic idealism. But it is, no less, a statement of Goethe's acute alertness to the solicitations of the "barbaric" from outside, but even more subtle from within classicism itself (solicitations to which a work such as Kleist's *Penthesilea* was, in Goethe's judgment, to offer inadequate resistance). *Torquato Tasso* ripened from prose sketches jotted down in October 1780 to a final version in blank verse completed in the early summer of 1789. No work in the canon is, at one level, more painfully autobiographical and confessional and, at another, more "distancing" in its severe sadness and unsparing self-subversion.

There are penetrating readers of Goethe, Bernhard Böschenstein for example, who regard *The Natural Daughter* (1803) as a masterpiece, who locate in it the most original response of the literary imagination to the deeper meanings of the French Revolution. Professor Passage invokes Kafka. The play is certainly a challenging work and it may be that, in Walter Benjamin's sense, its audience is still latent within its own difficulty, within its own refusal of immediate appeal. Goethe himself is, again, intimately involved; as late as 1823 he thought of writing a sequel. Goethe was dismissed from his post at the Weimar Theatre in the spring of 1817. His role as manager and *dramaturga* had covered some forty-one years. But the labours on *Faust* kept him involved with the drama to the end.

Passage has sought to survey the entirety of this vast material. Seven plays, including *Götz*, *Egmont*, *Iphigenia in Tauris* and *Torquato Tasso* are rendered into English. About forty other dramatic texts are discussed and placed in their chronological context. These range from Goethe's masterly adaptation of Voltaire's *Mahomet* and mythological fragments such as *Prometheus* and *Pandora* all the way to the numerous opera-libretti, puppet-plays and allegorical masques or festival scenarios which Goethe provided for Karl August and his would-be Medicean court. While omitting *Faust* I and II, already available in several English or Anglo-American versions, Passage does include the *Urfaust*. Would that he had also translated the brief, incomparable *Nausikaa* torso which Goethe wrote in Sicily in the spring of 1787 and in which his singular luminous sadness finds one of its most telling expressions.

In this compendious anthology, rhyming verse is translated into rhyming verse, blank verse into blank verse and prose into prose. The connecting sections of commentary are modest. They consist of essential factual background, plot summaries and brief appreciations. Passage sides with Beethoven and against Schiller in his positive estimate of the dream vision and conclusion of *Egmont*. He cites with implicit approval Thomas Mann's judgment that *Iphigenia* is the most perfect work in German literature. He sees in *Tasso* "a superbly fine dramatic poem" whose complexity and inwardness suggest the "latter trios and quartets of Beethoven" (throughout, the commentary misses the far more prevalent Mozartian strain in Goethe). Passage argues for a four-evening presentation of the integral *Faust* on the model of the *Ring*. His remark that "the world is the poorer for its not yet having been given in cyclical form" does, however, seem to overlook the productions at the Goetheanum in Dornbach. Most of these capsule-verdicts and addenda are unexceptional.

The translations are, so far as verse goes, pedestrian. It would be bloodsport to compare the jagged, nervous brilliance and controlled crudity of Mephistopheles's idiom in the *Urfaust* to the flaccid English offered here; to set Iphigenia's pellucid but soaring exchanges with Thoas beside the prosaic monotone in *Goethe's Plays*; or to show how little of the pulse of Tasso's anguish, of the delicate drumming of terror which underlies even his most lyric, courtly utterances, passes into the version offered here. Where Passage fails, very nearly every English and American predecessor, with the exception of Shelley, has failed also (if less voluminously). Even Hölderlin, intrinsically more difficult, has been better served by his translators.

At best, one can try and imagine, on the model of Borges's Universal Library at Babel, the Goethe translations which we lack. Otway's little-known adaptation of Racine's *Bérénice* suggests a possible style for *Iphigenie in Tauris*. Browning's packed and sinewy manner might suit the *Urfaust*. One longs for a Hardy version of the dread song of the Furies in *Iphigenie*. The concise menace of Yeats's *Purgatory* would, one imagines, modulate well into a translation of some of the great scenes of disenchantment and spectral presence in *Faust*. John Ardon could provide a masterly counterpart to *Götz von Berlichingen*. We lack a translation by Wallace Stevens of Goethe's Orphic and philosophical poems. There are bursts of vision in Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan* which Emily Dickinson might have captured. The list of desiderata is long—where, in any currently available series of "classics" will the English-speaking reader find Goethe's account of the 1792 campaign in France, a marvel of historical imagining, or his letters to Schiller or *Wilhelm Meister*, a novel which, together with Rousseau's *Nouvelle Heloise*, do so much to shape the development of western conceptions of education and of the interplay between privacy and society?

Passage's labours are frankly didactic. He aims to provide the raw material for a first look at the depth and compass of Goethe's dramatic genius. It is by virtue of their inadequacy that these "translations" and brief commentaries are most enlightening. They help to define a major lacuna, they tell us what needs to be done. The initial response, therefore, is one of respect and thanks. Unavoidably, none the less, it is also one of renewed bafflement. Is it really only at the elementary and pedagogic level that the magic of Goethe, the boundless energies, can find entry into English notice?

Asked to name the three foremost masters of the European spirit, de Gaulle answered unhesitatingly: "Dante, Goethe, Chateaubriand." When his interviewer posed the obvious question: "what of Shakespeare?", de Gaulle, a virtuoso of laconic excoriate, riposted: "European?" The exchange, even if there is in it a touch of provocation, is worth pondering. Whatever the paradox in Shakespeare's "universal insularity"—and there *is* an extraterritorial quality to his work, an apartness from the tradition at the centre, systematic, Hellenic-Christian, political, overtly philosophical, which closely knits the three names on de Gaulle's list—Shakespeare has entered into the common pursuit of European sensibility at almost every level. The converse is not the case. Yet with respect to Goethe, the absence is, at many points, commensurate with what would be that of Shakespeare from European culture. Seeking to characterize the creative genius of exchange between Goethe and Schiller at Weimar, Carlyle asked his readers to imagine a meeting between Shakespeare and Milton. He was not, I think, using words loosely. A century and a half later, the gap of perception remains; indeed it is wider. There was prophecy in Iphigenia's famous line: "And here my spirit cannot feel at home." Professor Passage's bridge-building must evoke grateful exasperation.

Le Seuil
René Dumont
Marie-France Mottin
L'Afrique étranglée
Jean Kéhayan
Le tabouret de Piotr*
Jean Lacouture
François Mauriac
Jean Ziegler
Retournez les fusils!
Edgar Morin
La Méthode
1. 2 : La Vie de la Vie
Shoshana Felman
Le Scandale du corps parlant
Pierre Clastres
Recherches d'anthropologie politique
Thérèse Bertherat
Carol Bernstein
Courrier du corps
*To be published / At Frankfurt, please contact : Jacqueline Lesschaeve

Publishing in Africa

By Alan Hill

African books are coming of age in 1980: this year's Frankfurt Book Fair has African writing as its theme. On display are examples of the rich output of African literature since independence. The publishers' role in this development has been complex and fruitful.

The major British publishers are multinational, in that they have subsidiary companies throughout the world. About one half of British books are sold overseas. This yielded an export revenue of more than £300m in 1979. A large proportion of these books went to Africa—particularly educational books. Add to these direct exports the great volume of books manufactured and published abroad by the overseas subsidiaries of British firms, and you have a substantial industry. It is an industry with a great cultural influence overseas, quite out of proportion to its size.

British publishers dominate the publishing scene throughout Anglophone black Africa. The firms principally concerned are Oxford University Press, Longman, Macmillan, Heinemann Educational Books, Nelson and Evans. All these companies maintain a network of offices throughout the principal Anglophone African countries. These offices were built up by a small group of men possessed of a high level of skill and experience, acquired through many years of devoted work overseas; most of them are personally known to each other. Changes are, of course, now in progress. Increasingly of recent years well-educated Africans of high ability have been recruited into these British publishing offices; and local African shareholding is coming about—particularly in Nigeria (by government decree). But despite these developments, Britain is still the main source of publishing skills, and of finance.

To understand how British publishing companies came to occupy their key position in the economies of the Anglophone African countries, two historical factors must be taken into account. First, the absence of any written language throughout most of black Africa was crucial; in this respect Africa differed from the Indian subcontinent and South East Asia, where there were strong literary cultures. In Africa, until little more than a century ago, the written word was unknown (except for Swahili in Arabic script, and Amharic). There was, therefore, no indigenous publishing trade established on the continent. Second, by building up the educational systems of the countries concerned, Britain was responsible for creating the infrastructure which the book trade needed for its development. Until about twenty years ago that trade was almost entirely in schoolbooks; even today they still make up the greater part of it. A proper appreciation of the present situation, therefore, can only come from looking at it in the context of the growth of African education.

Historically, the expansion of British publishers overseas arose out of the export to the Empire of the British system of schooling. Education in the African colonies began in the nineteenth century with the mission schools, which taught the "three Rs" mainly through the medium of the English language. The missionaries relied on the English schoolbooks which were in use in the United Kingdom, such as Nelson's *Royal Readers*, which became firmly established in West Africa in the 1870s—and which are occasionally still to be found in classrooms there.

Some secondary schools were established by the missions; but it was not until the second decade of the twentieth century that official provision was made for secondary schools directly administered by the colonial governments. Achimota in the Gold Coast and Makerere College in Uganda were among those set up at this time. These first schools were privileged institutions, in which a British staff educated a small elite entirely in the British image, again using the same schoolbooks employed by their contemporaries in Britain.

The period from the 1920s until independence in the 1950s and 1960s was the second, or Colonial Office, phase of education. Then both primary and secondary education developed under the control of the British administrations, who aimed at producing a body of civil servants, teachers, and other professional people. An unexpected by-product of these institutions was the first generation of nationalist politicians—Nkrumah was at Achimota.

It was during this period that the first significant move in the direction of "localization" of schoolbooks took place. As a result of the policy laid down by the Colonial Office in the 1925 Memorandum on Native Education in Tropical Africa, impetus was given to the provision of textbooks adapted to the African environment. A secondary history course like T. R. Batten's *Tropical Africa in World History* (published by OUP) was a direct outcome of Colonial Office policy in the 1930s. The process went even further at primary level, where French's *Oxford English* courses and *Readers*, which were specially written for all those pupils throughout the world whose first language was not English, were adapted for the African countries. By the Second World War a brisk trade had arisen in specially produced "local" books for the colonial schools. These books, however, were still decidedly British in tone—written by expatriate civil servants, printed and published in Britain, and used in schools which were organized and run by British teachers and administrators.

After the war came the first golden age for the British multinational publisher. The turning point was the establishment of the colonial university colleges, and the consequent arrival on the scene of top-level British education experts. A corps of experienced lecturers was now available to write the genuinely local textbooks which the schools were demanding. Outstanding in the field was the newly established Gold Coast Institute of Education, which pioneered the new educational publishing in the 1950s. From this fertile institute there emerged new schoolbooks, such as Professor Andy Taylor's New Nation series, which were educationally superior to and much better adapted to African needs than their predecessors. They soon became best-sellers.

Now came the most important development of all. Simultaneously with this progress in the educational field, British publishers began to establish a local presence on the ground in Africa. Up till this point, all books had been supplied to African customers as direct exports from Britain. But now the leading British companies, aware of the vast potential of the new markets, began to set up their own warehouses and publishing businesses within Africa. The first move was made by OUP in 1946, when they established a Nigerian office in Ibadan, under Chief Tanl Solaru. About two years later Longman followed suit in Lagos, and almost immediately afterwards established their East African office in Nairobi, where they were closely followed by OUP.

Other publishing companies followed the example of the market leaders, so that by the time of independence, the educational publishing scene in the former colonies was almost completely dominated by the big British educational publishing houses, now firmly established in the main centres. The English language was the teaching medium in all secondary schools, and many primary schools; in many subjects, especially science and mathematics, British publishers found in the ex-colonies a straightforward extension of their home market. The same courses were followed, the same examinations taken, the same textbooks used. And in those fields where books with a local background were educationally desirable—especially at primary level, and in subjects such as English or History—highly qualified expatriates were on hand to write them. So far as Africa was concerned, the overwhelming majority of these schoolbooks were manufactured in Britain, and paid for in precious foreign exchange.

I made my first visit to West Africa in 1959, shortly after Heinemann had published the young Nigerian writer Chinua Achebe's first novel *Things Fall Apart*. These were exciting times. The tiny generation of students from the new African universities, which had been set up after the war, was coming to maturity. There were many fine writers among them, and we soon found a fruitful field in publishing African fiction, poetry, and drama. Achebe agreed to act as our general editor, and in 1962 we founded the African Writers Series. By the end of 1979, 225 titles had been published, of which 150 are works of fiction, thirty poetry, and the rest drama, biography, etc.

The publishing of African creative writing was of course more exciting than the selling of British textbooks. As it represents the next major phase in the development of the book trade in Africa, and certainly one of the turning-points in the history of African culture, it deserves rather more detailed attention.

Some of these first works we published have become best-sellers throughout the world. To take some representative titles: *Things Fall Apart* has sold over one and a half million copies in the African Writers Series edition alone—quite apart from American and other editions; Ngugi's *Weep Not, Child* has sold over 600,000; Kaunda's *Zambia Shall be Free* has achieved a sale of over 225,000 copies. These sales are impressive by any standards, and bear comparison with those of leading authors of the West.

Even more interesting is the wide geographical spread of the authors—they come from all over Africa. Almost every country is represented in the series, usually by its most outstanding authors, and occasionally by its head of state—for example Kaunda, Nkrumah, Kenyatta, and Senghor. The African Writers Series is multinational not only in terms of the geographical distribution of its authors, but in a much deeper sense as well. What is it that makes all these African authors sign contracts with a London-based publishing house? Why should a multinational be so strong throughout the whole continent? There are several reasons for this, but the principal one—with which most of the others were linked—is the question of the markets for these books.

British publishers have access to the international market—not only outside Africa, but inside as well. It is easier for the public in the United States or the Soviet Union or Japan to purchase African writing from London than from, say, Dar es Salaam; it is also easier in Nigeria to buy a book that has come from the United Kingdom than one from another African state. The Anglophone African countries' lines of communication have hitherto been through and with London, and not directly between themselves. And from London, African literature is transmitted throughout the world. Moreover, it is not merely a matter of selling books; there is an enormous complex of subsidiary rights: translations, film, magazine, and anthology rights, etc. Dealing with these rights is a highly technical operation, which has hitherto been handled by London-based specialists with a world-wide network of contacts.

Local indigenous publishing houses are finding it difficult to provide the whole range of services. Furthermore, they are handicapped in that their own markets—their own countries—are small. With the possible exception of Nigeria, the market in most African countries is too limited to permit the production of a large enough edition at a particular title to enable it to compete with books published on an international scale.

There are other reasons, particularly the lack of a book manufacturing infrastructure. This has not developed precisely because of the restricted market within each African state. Book printing and binding facilities are limited in most of them; and even where a large market does exist (for example in Nigeria), both the capacity and the range of facilities are inadequate to meet the country's needs. Only in Kenya is the printing industry anywhere near adequate. Hence the overwhelming bulk of books have to be produced outside Africa. This reinforces the position of the multinational publisher who buys print internationally in Europe and the Far East, so lowering his unit costs. Furthermore, despite attempts at import substitution in Kenya and elsewhere, Africa imports virtually all of its paper for books.

The multinational position of British publishers is of course greatly helped by the international nature of the book trade itself. Almost every country is a signatory to the Florence Agreement, by which books are permitted to flow readily across frontiers without import duties. In addition, books are exempted from many of the obstacles encountered by other commodities. During the years when sanctions were applied to trade with Rhodesia, books were freely imported into the country and sales of British publications steadily increased. And when foreign exchange problems cause African governments to restrict imports, books are almost always exempt.

The same factors also operate in favour of multinational publishers in other sectors of African writing—especially in the flourishing development of specialist and academic books. It is significant that locally written books about Kenya for instance—which has an indigenous publishing industry—can have a far larger market outside that country than within it. For example, Colin Leys's *Underdevelopment in Kenya*, which he wrote while in Nairobi, sold five times as many copies in the United States and the United Kingdom as it did in Kenya.

The market is the decisive factor in academic books, as well as in creative writing. All authors, whether academics or novelists, and however fervently nationalistic they may be, wish to achieve the maximum circulation for their books. The publisher too is running a business which stands or falls on its profits. This is as true of African publishing as it is of any other sort. In the colonial days, British companies had a clear advantage in this respect. This advantage was carried over into those newly independent states which accepted foreign capital, virtually all. Moreover, this advantage was enjoyed at the expense not only of indigenous publishers, but also of the United States publishing industry. The close educational and economic integration of the newly independent African countries with Britain has formed a hitherto impenetrable barrier to United States publishers, so far as the mass market is concerned. Exports of United States curriculum projects like Entebbe Mathematics or Nigerian Algeriun Science projects have been complete failures. Not only were they based on a totally different educational system, but they also lacked any computer publishing infrastructure. Moreover, it should be said that American textbooks dominate certain sectors of the university market, in Africa as elsewhere in the world (including Britain).

The predominance of British capital has continued to this day, supported by a sensitive policy of localization. Local staff have been trained on the job, and the Heinemann Educational Books offices in both East and West Africa then became expatriates at all; in other publishing houses the staff are almost all local nationals, with a sprinkling of expatriates. There is now a quick commercial response to the needs of the local market. Large stocks are held of imported books which underwrite used in several "autobiographical" stories in an attempt to achieve a more objective and thus more precise recollection of his early life.

The book's subtitle, "eine Schulgeschichte", links the story to a specifically German tradition of school satire which includes Frank Wedekind's *Spring Awakening* (1891), Heinrich Mann's *Professor Unrat* (1905) and Günter Grass's *Cat and Mouse* (1961). Central to all four works is the portrayal of the humanistic grammar school as an institution dedicated not to the great civilizing ideals of the Enlightenment but to the ruthless suppression of all individuality and human warmth.

Andersch's short tale differs from such predecessors, however, in its exclusive concentration on the events of a single Greek lesson in May 1926. The fateful lesson is taken over abruptly from a hapless

Lessons in tyranny

By Michael Butler

ALFRED ANDERSCH:
Der Vater eines Mörders
Eine Schulgeschichte
139pp. Zurich: Diogenes.
3 257 01597 6

Der Vater eines Mörders, finished a few days before Alfred Andersch's death in February, continues the exploration of crucial moments in the author's life—an exploration which he began with his first major autobiographical work, *Die Kirschen der Freiheit*, in 1952. Unlike the latter, *Der Vater eines Mörders* eschews both the existentialist bias and the direct first-person narrative in favour of presenting experience through the personality of a fictional hero, Franz Kien—an *alter ego* which Andersch used in several "autobiographical" stories in an attempt to achieve a more objective and thus more precise recollection of his early life.

The book's subtitle, "eine Schulgeschichte", links the story to a specifically German tradition of school satire which includes Frank Wedekind's *Spring Awakening* (1891), Heinrich Mann's *Professor Unrat* (1905) and Günter Grass's *Cat and Mouse* (1961). Central to all four works is the portrayal of the humanistic grammar school as an institution dedicated not to the great civilizing ideals of the Enlightenment but to the ruthless suppression of all individuality and human warmth.

Andersch's short tale differs from such predecessors, however, in its exclusive concentration on the events of a single Greek lesson in May 1926. The fateful lesson is taken over abruptly from a hapless and abject junior master by the headmaster, Oberstudiendirektor Himmler—an exemplar of middle-class rectitude and father of the infamous Heinrich—who proceeds systematically to victimize and eventually expel a boy of aristocratic birth and the fourteen-year-old Kien, the one for insubordination, the other for academic inadequacy.

With impressive economy Andersch neatly sketches Himmler's menacing, if fragile, pedantry and underlines the final divorce of language from life which has turned the school into the antithesis of the Greek spirit. He depicts a mindless authoritarianism, smug in its constant appeal to the Classics, which crushes each manifestation of pupil malaise with a simple and brutal incomprehension. It was a system which a mere five years later was to require depressingly little adjustment to a régime able and willing to exploit to an unimaginable degree of horror his peculiar combination of meticulousness and mediocrity.

However, Andersch's story carefully avoids establishing such direct connections. The coincidence of having been taught by Heinrich Himmler's father is not the focal point of the tale but the impetus that made him see it down. Thus the narrative is firmly restricted to the facts as they appeared to Kien's consciousness at the time. Only the title of the book points to a future reality and invites speculation on what Andersch's friend and neighbour in the Ticino, Max Frisch, once called "moral schizophrenia". For it was part of Andersch's concept of creative literature that it should offer no answers but provoke persistent questions instead. Fiction cannot fulfil its challenging role if it is merely used to confirm theories or underpin ideology. As Andersch explains in an accompanying *Nachwort*, he would never have been tempted to explore this particular episode in his life had he been aware beforehand of a causal link between the schoolmaster father and the mass-murderer son. And this refusal to indulge in crude psychological speculation on the estrangement of this particular father and son lends his story greater authenticity. What we have is a portrayal of a tyrannical headmaster whose impressive mask slips momentarily to reveal an insecure personality lurking beneath. The recording of a half-comprehending schoolboy's reactions to this moment is an excellent example of what Andersch called in some autobiographical notes, published in a recent number of the magazine *Tintenfisch* under the title "Böse Träume" ("Bad Dreams"), "literature as archaeology of the soul". These notes, together with an earlier essay in the same vein, "Sesssuck" (1977), unfortunately remain fragmentary, but they indicate clearly Andersch's insistence that the present cannot be effectively understood without our coming to terms with the past. There is evidence in these late works, and especially in his late controversial political novel, that Andersch's splendidly critical temperament was growing more incisive rather than more amenable with age.

The moral bankruptcy of Oberstudiendirektor Himmler's world was finally declared by his own son in 1933. Alfred Andersch's *Der Vater eines Mörders* is (regrettably) the last statement of a man who, as a creative writer and critical intellectual, dedicated himself for over thirty-five years to a prodigious and uncompromising effort to remind his West German contemporaries that the creditors of that time have not gone away and that they will not be paid off with a glibly restored humanism nor with the beguiling products of economic miracles.

The cold road south

By Stephen Plaice

GERHARD ROTH:
Winterreise
133pp. Faber. £4.95.
0 374 29103 9

Italy and the "Drang nach Süden", the lure of the South, have occupied an important place in German literature at least since Goethe's time. *Winterreise*, by the Austrian author Gerhard Roth, clearly belongs to this tradition. His central character, Nagl, abandons his job as a schoolteacher in an Austrian village and his affair with the local policeman's wife, and on the last day of the year takes off in the footsteps of the Romantics with an old girl friend, Anna, who has previously been unfaithful to him. Naples, Vesuvius, Rome and finally Venice provide the backdrops for his "winter journey". He does not, however, expect relief from the sense of alienation that drives him from Austria. Unlike Goethe's Italian journey and Aschenbach's in *Death in Venice*, it is not to be an encounter with Apollo or Dionysus.

Nagl's journey is into the superfluous and often grotesque detail of the composite visual reality surrounding him. He has decided to experience this reality as one who has "fallen from the earth" and who can view it objectively from outside as an "alien star". The symbols of the ocean and of the volcano preoccupy him. Certain memories—the policeman shooting himself through the hand, his grandfather's life in Turkey—seem significant. But this significance can quite suddenly adhere to ridiculously trivial objects like umbrellas. Or it can just as easily dissolve into apocalyptic visions, or into the solipsistic speculation that he is creating the visual world in his own imagination.

This remorseless feeling of alienation is relieved, both in Nagl and in the reader, by Nagl's exuberant bouts of sex with Anna. Yet even these experiences are described as complex arrangements of bodies and objects, as external events. It is precisely the objectivity of sex that arouses Nagl, not any emotional involvement in it. The lovers even heighten one another's excitement by describing previous copulations while they themselves are actually making love. Nagl is aware that though sexual jealousy is painful to him, it is also highly stimulating.

On his Italian journey, Nagl is not looking for anything that will rekindle his interest in the world. He accepts quite early on in the book that he is already no longer living, that his experience has in a sense already been lived before the experience is and he abandons the conventional notion of linear time. His choice of Anna (someone he has already left) reflects this realization. He has given up hope of personal commitment or of re-establishing a benevolent relationship with the external world. But instead of retreating inwards, he throws himself completely on the mercy of his visual surroundings, choosing to see the external world and the sexual world as uncluttered, objective processes.

Having virtually forced Anna to abandon him in Venice, in order perhaps to induce the pangs of sexual separation intentionally, Nagl now licenses "completely on externals". He takes another lover, a fuded Swede, to push to the limit his experience of sex devoid of love or even attraction (a process in which he paradoxically finds a further level of attraction and stimulation). He is seen finally, haunted by fantasies of Iceland and the Arctic, booking a ticket for Alaska. The Italian journey, German literature's perennial symbol of spiritual longing and artistic renewal, is thus inverted in this lapidary novel. The longing for the warmth and beauty of the south is turned into a deliberate choice for the remote and frozen north. The winter journey continues into an even deeper winter.

This is Roth's first book to appear in English. Joachim Neugroschel's clear American translation retains the German title, presumably to preserve the allusion to Schubert's song cycle of that name, also featuring an unhappy wanderer (though Schubert has no place in the book itself). Roth organizes Nagl's perceptions in stark blocks of prose: external reality memories and sexuality are all observed in the same clinical style which comes over well in the English version.

Living in limbo

By Colin Russ

GABRIELE WOHMANN:
Ach wie gut, das niemand weiss
395pp. Darmstadt/Neuwied: Hermann Luchterhand. DM34.
3 472 86512 1

Gabriele Wohmann is a prolific and intelligent author whose novels and stories have been largely overlooked in this country, by both Germanists and by publishers. Perhaps her latest novel will remedy this neglect: it deserves to do so.

Ach wie gut, das niemand weiss is centred on a critical phase in the life of its heroine, Marlene, a German psychotherapist in her thirties. Work in Switzerland as a colleague's *locum* affords her a pause in various problematic relationships. All new depends on the narrator's ability to sustain interest in Marlene as she lives in a kind of limbo. One easy way to achieve this would be to show the character undergoing a conventional process of stock-taking and inner clarification. Instead, we share Marlene's disorientation and her surrender to the diverse challenges—partly erotic and partly entomological—of her new milieu. She retains our attention throughout—not least by her ironic identification of various forms of conventional behaviour.

The action shifts to the United States, where Marlene's academic engagements culminate in a visit to Salt Lake City, here seen through very European eyes. The novel's unity is sustained, paradoxically, by the central figure's continuing disconnectedness from her surroundings, as she comes close to breakdown. At the end, she is returning to Europe and marriage—with ambivalent feelings.

Perhaps Gabriele Wohmann's euphonious name has counted against her over here. It evokes the image of a lady novelist, whereas her new work shows once more that she is, in fact, a tough-minded woman writer.

Rebels and servants

By Michael Hofmann

JUREK BECKER:
Nach der ersten Zukunft
272pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp.

After four acclaimed novels, *Nach der ersten Zukunft* is Jurek Becker's first book of short stories. The stories—and it is this that gives the book its particular strength—have two distinct themes: childhood and bureaucracy. The basic movement of the collection, like growing up itself, is from the former to the latter. Over the twenty-five stories that make up the book, the heroes get progressively older, and their characters and preoccupations change accordingly. With this chronological progression there is an accompanying darkening of Becker's humour and vision.

In the early stories, the central figures are children, who are lionized by Becker for their fearless, uncorrupted power of will. In "Lenchen und Dieter oder die Gewalt aus dem Nichts", two children hijack the aeroplane that is taking them to their tedious holiday resort, and force the pilot to land on an uninhabited island in the Atlantic (a geography lesson first instructed them to it). There, for a change, they enforce their own concept of a holiday until they are finally outwitted and brought to trial. The story is in the form of a report written by an unimaginative police-officer or public prosecutor.

This kind of person is made the subject of the later stories, which are peopled by tormented conformists, men divided against themselves, made to look ridiculous by events, and victimized by higher authority as well. The old nightwatchman in "Der Fluch der Vernunft und der Wundschuh" is a typical specimen: an eager, though superannuated servant of the state, he gets a job pounding one of its shrines, a cosmic memorative statue (the national or international figure in question is not identified by Becker). When a vandal who looks to him suspiciously like his grandson comes along, gives it a coat of paint under his very nose, he fails to act, and suffers humiliation from his superiors. He is typical of Becker's adults, a study in a subservience that is little short of enforced self-hatred. In "Aus heiterem Himmel", the last story in the book, Becker describes a man's loathing of the personal effects that stock his room, his revulsion at the accumulation of a lifetime.

Despite this movement, *Nach der ersten Zukunft* is not a pessimistic book. Far from it. The child and the adult have two different perspectives, but the former is never eroded by the latter. While the first half of the book portrays courage and imagination directly, the second exposes hypocrisy and timidity, and shows the need to subvert them. Becker's is not a didactic book, but it has a significant moral purpose which is conveyed both in the individual stories and in the structure of the sequence as a whole. Becker succeeds where a Marxist critic accuses Kafka of failing: the duty of literature to give people courage—"Mut machen".

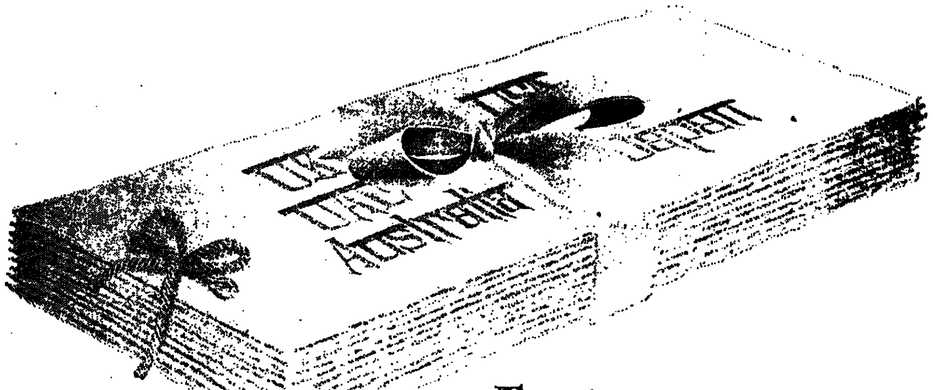
Formally and stylistically, there is enormous variety in *Nach der ersten Zukunft*—an indication of the healthy state of German fiction: from a four-line report brought home by the author's son, to "Die Mauer", a forty-page *tour de force* set in a Nazi concentration camp, lightly and movingly seen through the eyes of its non-chalant five-year-old hero; and from oblique pieces of *Kurzprosa* to autobiographical accounts of a trip to the United States. Throughout, Becker's imagination is effortlessly self-consistent, extracting the relevant detail from mundane surroundings and preserving the fantastic from ever becoming merely spectacular.

Collet's
FOR ALL BRITISH BOOKS AND JOURNALS
esp. TEXTBOOKS FOR ENGLISH LANGUAGE
Single copy orders accepted—individual clients net price, post free.
Terms to schools, libraries and trade on request.
DENINGTON ESTATE, WELLINGBOROUGH, NORTHANTS, U.K.
SUPPLIERS TO FIFTY COUNTRIES. FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE.

al Quran
English text and notes by
Dr. Muhammad Hamidullah
SBN 904612 03 0 Pbk. £2.70
150,000 copies of French edition sold
Centre Culturel Islamique
53 Trimley Close Luton LU4 9HJ

"Well-documented, clearly argued, a fine scholarly and original work."
– Germaine Brée
THE ARISTOCRAT AS ART
A Study of the Honnête Homme *and the Dandy in Seventeenth-and Nineteenth-Century French Literature*
by DOMNA C. STANTON
"In a painstaking examination of both the 17th-century French *honnête homme* and the 19th-century dandy, Stanton singles out fundamental similarities between these types. She draws heavily upon literary prototypes in the works of Méré, Molière, Stendhal, Gautier, Baudelaire, and Barbey d'Aurevilly to support her thesis that the *honnête homme* is the dandy's ancestor and model....An impressive array of citations from the above authors buttresses the summary argument that the 'aristocratic instinct' and the vanity of dandyism are not merely social phenomena but are facts of human nature, deeply rooted in all times and places. Stanton's bibliographic apparatus is formidable....
It is a highly original synthesis!"—*Choice*
320 pages; $22.50
Available at better bookstores or direct from:
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
136 South Broadway, Irvington, New York 10533

Who reads books printed in India?



Forty countries of the world! And it speaks volumes for our printing excellence.

The Indian publishing industry is a flourishing one and has reached impressive heights. Over 3000 publishers produce more than 19000 titles annually — not only in Indian but in English. Significantly India is the world's third largest producer of English publications. Surprising? Not at all! The growth of the book industry in India is due mainly to an articulate intellectual infrastructure. That's why India has a constant demand for low-priced, well-edited and colourful textbooks, childrens' books and students books. Besides these, India is a rich and surprising book bazar. Subjects covered are philosophy, theosophy, indology, philology, applied sciences, art, history, geography, literature, social sciences, law and medicine. Today Indian books are read in Australia, Bangladesh, Egypt, Iraq, Japan, Malaysia, Nigeria, Nepal, Singapore, Sri Lanka, UK, USA and UAE. And who is your best guide to books? Capexil. Capexil can help you get all the books on your list. Anywhere in the world. When it comes to knowing the printed word — Capexil speaks your language. And Capexil never judges a book by its cover!

Publishers and Exporters

Motilal Banarsidass,
Bungalow Road,
Jawahar Nagar,
Delhi 110 007, India.
Phone: 22-8355/22-1985,
Gram: GLORYINDIA

Indological books on eastern philosophy, religion, ancient history, linguistics and Sanskrit.

Harjeet & Co.,
1920, Street No. 10th,
Chuna Mandi, Post Box 5752
New Delhi 110 055, India
Phone: 51-8445,
Gram: BOOKCENTRE.

Medical books and magazines dealing with homoepathy, biochemistry, acupuncture and magnetotherapy.

UBS Publishers' Distributors Ltd.
(Export Division)
5 Ansari Road,
New Delhi 110 002, India.
Telex: 031-3916.
Cable: ALIBOOKS.
Branches: Bombay • Bangalore • Kanpur • Calcutta.

India's largest exporter of books and periodicals, having won many awards and particularly special awards in 1978-79 and 1979-80. Books published in all subjects in English and all Indian regional languages. Subscriptions of journals and back volumes are promptly serviced. Subject Catalogues available. Visit stall No. 5, 0, 918 at Frankfurt Book Fair.

Vikas Publishing House Pvt. Ltd.
5, Ansari Road,
New Delhi 110 002, India.
Phone: 20-5290.
Gram: VIKASBOOKS.

College and university text books on art, science, technology and religion.

Capexil brings the best from India to the world

CAPEXIL
Chemicals & Allied Products Export Promotion Council
World Trade Centre, 44/1B, Ezra Street, Calcutta 700 001, India
Phone: 26-7733/34/35 Grams: CAPEXIL Telex: Capexil CA 2486

ACL CAP—9, 80

Affluence and alienation

By Edward Timms

ALAN BEST and HANS WOLFSCHÜTZ (Editors):
Modern Austrian Writing
Literature and Society after 1945
307pp. Oswald Wolff. £9.50.
0 85496 067 8

The attempt to identify a specifically Austrian strain in German literature has a long ancestry. The notion of Austrian modernism, a notion pioneered by Hermann Bahr in the 1890s, found its most eloquent exponent in Hofmannsthal. This literary tradition was comprehensively surveyed in the four volumes of the *Deutsch-Österreichische Literaturgeschichte*, published between 1899 and 1937. Since then there have been many variations on this theme—from Josef Nadler's attempts to relate literary tradition to landscape, folklore and racial inheritance, through to Claudio Magris's more critical account of the "Habsburg Myth", and culminating in W. M. Johnston's ambitious study, *The Austrian Mind*.

However problematic the methodologies employed in some of these studies, they have focused attention on an independent and relatively cohesive Austrian cultural tradition which survived the collapse of the Habsburg Monarchy at least until the Anschluss of 1938. They also show that this sense of tradition has had important political implications. The Habsburg Myth was not merely an exercise in nostalgia. It was the more conservative groups in the First Republic who offered most resistance to Hitler's plans to wipe the name of Austria off the map.

The Austrian Republic re-established after the war has just celebrated thirty-five years of independent existence. The question raised by *Modern Austrian Writing: Literature and Society after 1945* is whether this flourishing political and economic unit has generated a corresponding literary revival. How close is the relationship between literature and society postulated in its subtitle? How strong is the sense of continuity with Austrian literary traditions? In what sense is the work of Austrian writers since 1945 "modern" (rather than merely "recent")? These questions are not explicitly formulated—the book lacks a theoretical introduction. It takes the form of a series of chapters by different hands on writers of Austrian origin who have come into prominence since 1945. But all the contributors testify in differing ways to the revival of specifically Austrian modes of literary discourse.

"The Austrian Tradition: Continuity and Change" is the title under which Alan Best introduces a first group of "transitional" authors, whose early work dates back to the First Republic. Whereas in Germany the year 1945 was experienced as a complete break with the past, in Austria (he argues) there was a strong sense of continuity. Austria could be seen as a victim of National Socialist aggression, rather than an accomplice. Austrians were thus not confronted with the problem of "collective guilt" which has preoccupied German authors. They felt free to explore more traditional modes of experience. The claims of politics are not ignored but rather "displaced" on to an existential or ethical plane, in a manner reminiscent of Hofmannsthal and Grillparzer.

In this process Doderer is seen as the key figure. His novels subordinate the political events of the 1920s and 1930s to an individualistic moral scheme based on the attainment of full humanity ("Menschwerdung"). This emphasis on the individual psyche is identified, in a chapter by Alan Best and Peter Pabisch, as "typically Austrian and wholly admirable". George Saiko's novels (analysed by C. E. Williams) are seen as a comparable though rather more critical attempt to affirm the "compulsive power of the inner life". A similar continuity is also identified in the work of writers whom the Anschluss sent into exile: Fritz Hochwälder, whose plays upholding individual conscience against collective cults of order are discussed by Alan Best; and Elias Canetti, whose non-political approach to individual and collective megalomania is acutely analysed by David Turner. Among these "transitional" writers only Horvath stands out as a writer prepared to tackle political and social discourse in its own terms.

In a second section Alan Best introduces a group of writers for whom language itself has become a "predominant preoccupation". A concentration on the expressive limits of language is seen as the paradoxical source of "Austrian preeminence" in the literary world of the 1960s and 1970s (Hans Wolfschütz, introducing the "sceptical narrator" Ilse Aichinger). Two chapters by Rex Last suggest that this preoccupation with the "limits of language" constitutes the strength both of the "sparse and almost inscrutable verses" of Paul Celan and of the politically committed Erich Fried. The "metaphorical poets" Christine Busta, Ingeborg Bachmann and Christine Lavant are placed in this same tradition, which is traced back to the linguistic theories of Hofmannsthal, Kraus and Wittgenstein. A final section introduces the literature of "Crisis and Revolt" which has emerged since the mid-1960s in protest against the restorative tendencies in Austrian culture: the "Wiener Gruppe" and Ernst Jandl, whose Dadaistic experiments are introduced by Michael Butler; and the "Grazer Gruppe" (including Peter Handke and Wolfgang Bauer), whose assaults on the "prisonhouse of language" are discussed by Hugh Rorrison. In this final section Hans Wolfschütz also includes Thomas Bernhard's lugubrious meditations on isolation and death. The book is completed by a historical introduction (by Hans Wolfschütz) and a helpful bibliography, with biographical notes on the authors discussed.

This is certainly a useful book. It offers succinct introductions to a range of authors who deserve to be better known in the English-speaking world. The trouble is that it begs the more fundamental questions which it purports to answer. The notion of a continuing Austrian literary tradition is questionable on various counts. To qualify as Austrian in this sense, an author must clearly produce something more substantial than a passport. But it is surprising how many of the writers discussed fail to satisfy even the basic criterion of Austrian birth, citizenship and residence. Paul Celan, born of Jewish parents in Romania, seems to have lived for one year in Vienna but otherwise spent his creative life in France. Horvath, born in Fiume on the Adriatic, lived in Budapest, Munich, Berlin and Paris. Canetti was born in what is now Bulgaria, the son of Jewish parents of Spanish extraction. He spent his formative years in Vienna, but has lived in exile since 1938, mainly in England. Hochwälder also went into exile in 1938 and has since then lived in Switzerland. Fried too left Austria after the Anschluss, and has lived in London ever since.

Even among the post-war generation, who were in no sense forced into exile, the pattern has strikingly repeated itself. Aichinger has lived for substantial periods in West Germany, Bachmann lived intermittently in Munich, Berlin, Zurich and Rome. The "Vienna Group" soon dispersed and its leading members went abroad: Rühm to West Berlin, Artmann to Sweden. Even Peter Handke soon left Graz for the metropolitan centres Berlin, Frankfurt and Paris. The movements of this post-war generation add up to a kind of *Republikflucht*, although the Austrian authorities (unlike the East Germans) pursue their defectors with prizes and professorial titles and in some cases have lured them home.

The connections between literature and society are clearly more tenuous than the editors of *Modern Austrian Writing* allow. In the one section which deals with this problem analytically, Hans Wolfschütz acknowledges that the Austrian literary revolt of the late 1960s was inspired by the politicization of public life in Germany, not by any shift in social attitudes in Austria itself. It was a rejection of what had counted as "Austrian" among writers of the previous generation. That so many writers have voted with their feet reflects a fundamental dilemma. The economic and political success of the Second Republic has generated a cultural conservatism which obliges avant-garde authors to look abroad for a more receptive audience.

But how is one to remain an Austrian author while writing primarily for a West German public? The problem is compounded by the decline of Vienna as an intellectual centre. During the past three decades Vienna has regained its affluence without losing its charm. But it has not re-established itself as one of the intellectual capitals of Europe. The lack of a daily newspaper worth reading, the dearth of political or cultural magazines, the paucity of Vienna-based publishers, the weakness of the film industry oblige Austrian authors to look elsewhere. It is significant that the leading literary magazine is published in Salzburg and the most important forum for experimental literature in Graz. This decentralization has had certain advantages—above all a revival of regional and dialect literature. But it has tended to leave more radical authors either stranded in the Austrian hinterland (Bernhard generating a self-sufficient language of melancholy in the isolation of a remote farmstead) or opting for exile (Handke in Paris).

Geography is a crude criterion. An Irish novel may be conceived in Trieste, written in Zurich, published in Paris. What really matters is the socio-linguistic texture of the writing. But even on this count the case for specifically Austrian modes of imaginative writing is unconvincing. The displacement of politics on to an existential or ethical plane forms part of a German (rather than Austrian) cultural tradition. The preoccupation with the internal resonances of language is an even more widely established characteristic of literary modernism. And "linguistic self-consciousness" loses force as a unifying factor when it is stretched to include the Judaistic meditations of Celan, the political precision of Fried and the Dadaistic playfulness of the "Vienna Group". The more fundamental linguistic problem for an Austrian author lies in the choice between high German and dialect. In both spheres Austrian authors have excelled (Handke's lucidity, Bauer's vernacular realism). But few recent authors have exploited the tension between them as effectively as Kraus or Horvath. The choice between regionalism and exile thus assumes its full significance on the linguistic plane. The most successful Austrian authors are in this particular sense the least Austrian.

In catastrophic times

By Henry Gifford

MIKLOS RADNOTI:
The Complete Poetry
Edited and translated by Emery George
400pp. Ann Arbor: Ardis/Oxford: Holden Books. £10 (paperback, £4.50).
0 88233 514 6.

Radnóti was born in 1909, at a moment when poetry and the arts in general throughout Europe and America had reached a turning-point. On what developed in the next few years the western imagination has been living ever since. Hungarian poetry, as those excluded from its native language can now frustratingly see, holds a distinguished place in that wider European culture, large tracts of which have too long been ignored in the west. Radnóti is quintessentially a poet of the 1930s and the Second World War, which he did not survive. Late in 1944, a conscripted civilian labourer for the German army, he was shot by impatient guards on a forced march home from Serbia. His most impressive poetry had been reserved for the last few years, its epilogue being ten flawless pieces copied into a little square-ruled exercise book that was found on his body. These in their capacity to bear pain and not yield to hysteria are worthy of comparison with Anna Akhmatova's *Requiem* and Mandelstam's *Voronesh Notebooks*.

He is attractive to the western reader for the same reasons that they are. Radnóti, no less devoted to Hungary than those poets to Russia, gains like them a classical strength from his delight in the European heritage. He translated "prodigiously" from Greek and Latin, and from French, English and German. Apollinaire, Virgil and La Fontaine were especially congenial to him. It was Virgil's confidence in the stability of rural life when his world was beset with war that directed Radnóti to using a series of eclogues for his final statement about poetry in a time of catastrophe. The work of his contemporaries here responded to the same public events—the Japanese attack on China, the flooding in of Fascism, the Spanish Civil War and the execution of Lorca. What made Radnóti much more than a "thirties poet" as we understand the term was the combined sense of his own predicament (in Hungary, very near to the furnace mouth) and of those traditional values, that timeless perspective, which are inseparable from his classicism. The Eighth and final Eclogue allies the poet with the Hebrew prophet, his lips touched like Isaiah's by the live coal. Radnóti in the camp had been left no book but the Bible, as though to remind him of his Jewish heritage.

The early poetry is well described by the title of his first volume, *A Pagan Salute* (1930). That salute embodies a joyous piety, which continues into the next volume, *Songs of Modern Shepherds* (1931). Radnóti in his early twenties has caught the spirit of a time very distant now, and rather touching in its absurdity:

My lover is bathing nude in the Felka,
the water runs in locks down her back, . . .
A proletarian joy, this; proletarians, shout . . .

However, before long his radicalism took another form: it went down to the roots of common experience. As the hexameters of his Seventh Eclogue, from the labour camp, put it:

Here among rumours and worms all live, be they Frenchmen or Polish,
loud-voiced Italian, partisan Serb, and Jew, in the mountains,
bodies hacked and in fever; yet one life that all live in common:
waiting for good news, a womanly word, for a free, free and human. . .

Already in 1936, a year after marrying the Fanni whose image is central to the poems, Radnóti entitled his fifth book *Walk on, Condemned!* Even his earliest rapture had been tinged with premonition. Death was an ever-present reality in his thought. Giving birth to him his mother had died and with her Radnóti's twin brother. For Radnóti living in the Hungary of Horthy was precarious. More than others he was aware of the coming horror. But his poetry continued to bring good news; he would find his way back to wife and home which somehow must survive the ruins; "a fate free and human" would not be withheld from future generations.

Emery George, sharing with Radnóti "city of birth and background in the widest sense", has given five years to rendering the complete poems into an American English that nearly always rises to the occasion. There are a few inequalities of tone, but aiming at "versions that have power and beauty as English poems", with the closest possible fidelity to form, he makes Radnóti a genuine presence. This says much for the energy and truth of Radnóti's own writing which takes command of an attentive translator. It also speaks for the translator's devotion, exemplified further in his introduction and careful notes.

Roman Poetry from the Republic to the Silver Age. (146pp. Southern Illinois University Press. $9.95. 0 8093 0963 7) is a selection of translations by Dorothea Wender. It is divided into three sections: "Poets of the Roman Republic" (Catullus, Lucretius), "Poets of the Augustan Age" (Virgil, Horace, Propertius, Tibullus, Ovid), and "Poets of the Silver Age" (Martial, Juvenal).

PAN-AFRICA LIBRARY
New Series

CHIRUNDU
ES'KIA MPHAHLELE
A fascinating novel in which the author explores through the dominant symbol of *nsato*, the python, the sinister power wielded by his chief character, Chirundu, government minister in an independent African country.
0 17 511621 0

SONGS OF STEEL
ANDREW EKWURU
In this novel about the impact of the Biafran war on local villages and their people, action and dialogue are by turns moving and terrifying. Ekwuru depicts the brutalizing effects of fear and despair but shows too how the human spirit can survive unbroken.
0 17 511617 2

GOING TO STORM
ANDREW EKWURU
Ekwuru turns to lighter themes in this novel, painting a witty picture of low life in an African town. In this community there is no lack of inhumanity, bribery and deceit but there are also reassuring measures of charity, goodness and truth.
0 17 511619 9

BLACK BOY
RICHARD WRIGHT
Black Boy is the classic story of self education achieved in rebellion against the degredation of the Afro-American experience. The material is raw autobiography, the style eloquent with fury.
0 17 511616 4

SEASON OF ANOMY
WOLE SOYINKA
The search of the protagonist, Ofeyi, for his abducted mistress takes the reader through a contemporary Waste Land whose moral and physical devastation owes as much to the acquisitive desperation of a cynical elite, as to the failure of others to translate existing alternatives into political realities.
0 17 511618 0

THOMAS NELSON & SONS LTD, ON DISPLAY AT FRANKFURT. HALL 5, STAND M/933

Nelson

ALIANZA TRES
Alianza Editorial

EL SIGLO XI EN PRIMERA PERSONA
Las «memorias» de 'Abd Allāh, último Rey Zīrī de Granada, destronado por los almorávides (1090). Traducidas por E. Levi-Provençal y Emilio García Gómez

GERARDO DIEGO
ANTOLOGIA POETICA EN HONOR DE GONGORA
Desde Lope de Vega a Rubén Darío

FRANCISCO GARCIA LORCA
Federico y su mundo
Prólogo y epílogo de Mario Hernández

CORPUS BARGA
Los pasos contados

ADOLFO BIOY CASARES
Dormir al sol

JESUS FERNANDEZ SANTOS
A orillas de una vieja dama

VICENTE ALEIXANDRE
En un vasto dominio

JORGE LUIS BORGES
Obra poética, 1923-1976

Solicite catálogo general: Alianza Editorial, Milán, 38, Madrid-33, España

SERIES ON PALESTINE

- International Documents on Palestine Series
  - Latest Edition: Vol. 1977
  - English, 1979, 529 pp., hc., $30.00
- United Nations Resolutions on Palestine and the Arab-Israeli Conflict Series
  - Latest Edition: Vol. 16/8
  - English, 1979, 65 pp., pb., $5.00
  - French, 1979, 67 pp., pb., $5.00
- Arabs Under Israeli Occupation Series
  - Latest Edition: Vol. 1978
  - English, 1979, 136 pp., pb., $3.00
  - French, 1979, 108 pp., pb., $3.00
- Monograph Series
  - Latest Edition: The Palestinian Exodus from Galilee, 1948
  - English, 1979, 149 pp., hb., $1.00, hc., $8.00
- Basic Documentary Series
  - Latest Edition: The Egyption-Israeli Treaty: Text and Selected Documents
  - English, 1979, 124 pp., pb., $3.00

All Orders to:
Institute for Palestine Studies, P.O. Box 11-7164, Beirut-Lebanon

HISTORY AND THEORY
STUDIES in the PHILOSOPHY of HISTORY

Editorial Committee :

Raymond Aron — Isaiah Berlin
Fernand Braudel — E. H. Gombrich
Sidney Hook — Maurice Mandelbaum
A. D. Momigliano — John Passmore

VOL. XIX, No. 2 :

JOHN R. HALL, The Time of History and the History of Times
ADRIAN WILSON, The Infancy of the History of Childhood : An Appraisal of Ariès
WILHELM WINDELBAND on History and Natural Science
Review Essays by Walter A. Adamson (three books on Marx) ; James Clifford (Said, *Orientalism*) and Paul Conkin (Handlin, *Truth in History*).

Annual Subscription
$15 for individuals
$28 for institutions
Outside U.S.A. and Canada : add $1

Address
History and Theory
Wesleyan Station
Middletown, CT 06457, U.S.A.

OUT OF SEASON
IAN J. BURTON

A striking novel by a young British writer.
"Superb, sustained writing" NEW STATESMAN
£6.95
Seeley & Jackson, 1 Tavistock Chambers, Bloomsbury Way, London WC1A 2SG.

OUT OF SEASON
IAN J. BURTON

Canonical Critical Theoretical

By Peter Labanyi

MAX HORKHEIMER (Editor) :
Zeitschrift für Sozialforschung
9 volumes. Munich : dtv.

Eternal recurrence seems the destiny of the texts of the Frankfurt School. This paperback edition of the Institute's journal comes just ten years after the original reprint, which appeared in the wake of the revival of Critical Theory during the German student movement of the 1960s. Prior to this reappropriation, which embarrassed Horkheimer as much as it invigorated Marcuse, the Zeitschrift für Sozialforschung had lain almost forgotten for the two decades since its last issue in 1942. Subsequent political divergence and geographical dispersal of its major contributors make it difficult to grasp the radicalism and cohesiveness of the early days.

Critical Theory cannot simply be equated with the Frankfurt School, which embraces such disparate figures as the mechanistic materialist Grünberg, its first director, and the increasingly technocratic Habermas, who has steadily distanced himself from Marxism. In its precise sense, Critical Theory was a product of the 1930s and largely the achievement of Horkheimer, whose directorship gave the Institute a new focus. The project, "Sozialphilosophie", was a dialectical synthesis of empirical and theoretical work, whose subject would be the "entire material and mental culture of mankind". In practice, the emphasis fell on the "mental".

The first two (1932) numbers of the Zeitschrift programmatically display the interdisciplinary nature of the Institute's work, for which the essay became the major outlet. Erich Fromm wrote on social psychology; Henryk Grossmann and Friedrich Pollock on economics; Leo Löwenthal on the social position of literature; Adorno on music. The integrative factor was supplied by Horkheimer's theoretical pieces, one of which was to appear in most issues. Given the intellectual backgrounds and interests of the editor and his main associates, soon joined by Marcuse and (more distantly) Walter Benjamin, it is not surprising that the philosophical mode came to dominate. The focus was on the superstructure—aesthetics, psychology, thought—and the thrust was, inevitably, negativist: ideology criticism. But the critique was always guided by the vision of reason and freedom inherited from Kant and Hegel.

History left its scars on the Institute and its journal. Only one more issue appeared before both were driven into exile by the Nazi seizure of power. The Zeitschrift was henceforth published (still in German) from Paris; while the Institute moved via Geneva to Columbia University, New York, together with most of its associates. The fall of France at last forced the émigrés to abandon their attempt to keep alive the humanistic tradition of German thought and writing; the last four numbers appeared under the (more accurate) title of Studies in Philosophy and Social Science. Financial difficulties prevented the journal from coming out again; but in our case, Horkheimer and Adorno were by now on the West Coast and beginning work on Dialektik der Aufklärung, the productive career of the former waning as the latter's started to flourish. The decade of Critical Theory and the Institute's most creative period were at an end.

An elegiac note is not out of place. There is a poignancy about seeing these classic essays in their original context (and, in the case of Horkheimer, in their uncensored form). We are also reminded of the internationalism of the Zeitschrift, which in addition to Franz Borkenau, Otto Kirchheimer, Franz Neumann and Karl Wittfogel, also published work by Raymond Aron, Margaret Mead and even C. M. Bowra. This was all cleaver in the extensive review section, which balanced the theoretical emphasis by surveying current publications in history, politics, social sciences and philosophy. Some fascinating confrontations resulted: Wilhelm Reich on Malinowski, Fromm on Jung, Mead, Reich; Benjamin on Alain; Karl Löwith on Croce, Jaspers; Henri Lefebvre on Nizan; Marcuse (a prolific reviewer) on Dewey, Dilthey, Husserl, Mannheim, Maritain, Russell, Spengler. Taken as a whole, the review sections constitute elements of an intellectual history of the 1930s.

But whereas the empirical pieces are largely of historical interest, it is the methodological dimension that has inspired so much recent German work in the human and social sciences and has so enormously revitalized intellectual life in the Federal Republic. This is symbolized in the interdisciplinarity and adventurousness of the "Edition Suhrkamp" series and of journals such as Kursbuch and Ästhetik und Kommunikation; it is there that one finds, delayed and transmuted, the concretization of Critical Theory.

Little evidence of such fertilization can be found in Britain, where the Frankfurt School is generally regarded as a "case" to be analysed rather than as a storehouse of ideas. Translation, in both senses, is never straightforward and is perhaps the crux, together with disciplinary rigidity and a scientific infatuation with certain Parisian influences (which disqualify German ones). Yet the work of, say, Raymond William and E. P. Thompson, with its stress on process, experience and the historicity of concepts, has evident affinities with Critical Theory and is receiving increasing attention in Germany.

Representational anti-realism

By Tim Mason

BERTHOLD HINZ :
Art in the Third Reich
Translated by Robert and Rita Kimber
271 pp. Oxford Blackwell. £15
(paperback, £5.50)
0 631 12501 9

This is a serious and lucid book about a subject which, in itself, offers little inducement to seriousness or lucidity. Berthold Hinz's discussion of German art and National Socialism (which would have been a better title for the book) achieves a sustained seriousness by keeping well clear of all formal or evaluative aesthetic argument, an approach which would collapse under the triviality of the painting and sculpture in question. His study is in the German tradition of historical/cultural criticism; his main concern is to investigate relationships between society and political structures and artistic production/consumption; he draws effectively on Benjamin, Brecht and Hauser, Hegel and Marx. Although his study is not a massively detailed research monograph, Professor Hinz knows Nazi art and its setting well; his interpretation is always incisive and stimulating, only occasionally dogmatic or mechanical.

Fascist art in Germany, he argues, "was increasingly antirealistic in form and content, though at the same time highly representational". He sees this seemingly paradox back to the exceptionally widespread survival of genre painting into the 1920s in which "content was the central focus": the depiction of "the more or less spectacular aspects of the world around us".

The exponents and consumers of wistfully heroic peasants, defiant soldiers, idyllic landscapes and of healthy, passive naked ladies had been derided and pushed aside in the "battle for art" since the turn of the century, but the modern movements had not established a broad popularity—they had only dominated an elite debate. The "bolshevisation" of all "degenerate" modernism in 1933 opened the door to a resentful revival of genre painting, which the Nazi regime needed to orchestrate rather than encourage. Professor Hinz shows briefly, but deftly, how this was done (the role of the huge exhibitions, the importance of public authorities as patrons and purchasers), and develops a forceful, yet subtle, analysis of the precise ways in which the stylized, static, eternal and simple images purportrated an ever greater mystification and fragmentation of social experience. What had already been a baleful anachronism before 1914 became a system of delusion and self-delusion under the Nazi dictatorship.

Of the themes treated here in more detail, Professor Hinz writes most perceptively about the visual presentation of work as a "value in itself", divorced from all questions of who was producing what and for whom and why. The distance from the painterly celebration of diligence to the notorious assertion that labour in the concentration camps had certain liberating qualities was indeed short. The discussion of the militarizing functions of monumental architecture is also sharp and sensitive, but a too deterministic link is posited between anti-utilitarian massivity and capital accumulation in the building sector. Professor Hinz also makes some telling remarks about the voyeuristic qualities of the numerous portrayals of "Leda and the Swan", the Judgement of Paris" etc—women were objects in high art, as well as in Nazi social policy. The basically pornographic imagination of Nazi painters was, however, more firmly inhibited by prudishness than he allows: this nasty contradiction needs further analysis.

Given that Professor Hinz also finds space for a most intelligent short discussion of photography and advertising, it may seem ungenerous to note that he says very little about design and material culture; but this is a significant topic, since, as the research of John Heskett shows, modernistic design was by no means completely obliterated in 1933. The reproductions in the book are plentiful and well chosen, but the failure to number and to cross-reference them in the text greatly diminishes both their usefulness and the persuasiveness of those sections of the text which analyse particular images.

German writing on the sociology of aesthetics is often obscure. The clarity of this work is most impressive. Professor Hinz thinks stringently; he is not imprisoned in abstract nouns, and, aside from a few technical political terms, the translation by Robert and Rita Kimber is outstanding.

Irony in the soul

By Hugh Rank

MICHAEL HOLLINGTON :
Günter Grass: The Writer in a Pluralist Society.
186pp. Marion Boyars. £7.95.
0 7145 2678 9

Günter Grass is one of the most prolific and challenging German writers of the century. His influence has waned somewhat, as Michael Hollington rightly points out, with the emergence of a generation to whom the German guilt during the Nazi period is barely of personal meaning. But while Grass's liberal humanism and social-democratic electioneering may have a crumpled look for political radicals, the reading public still follows him in huge numbers.

Hollington "attempts to present Grass as an essentially comic writer within the liberal humanist tradition as it encounters our pluralist world and is affected by existentialism, and to aid English-speaking readers in appreciating the techniques and purposes of Grass's irony". He discusses all Grass's works; his words from The Tin Drum (1959) to The Meeting in Telgte (1979) as well as his poetry, plays and political writing. The book appears to be directed at both an academic and a general audience, and makes a welcome addition to the, as yet scanty, Grass criticism in this country.

The Weltangst of Oswald Spengler

By J. P. Stern

The following is a revised version of a talk given at the Germanic Institute of the University of London on June 5, 1980.

The decade of the First World War saw the beginning of three major works of German prose inspired by a new experience and embodying a new theme. The theme is the relative nature of our perceptions: the historically determined or conditioned nature of our being in the world and our knowledge of it, and the transient, relative nature of the scheme of values by which we govern our lives; the works—all three heavily indebted to Nietzsche—are Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* (completed in 1924), Robert Musil's *The Man Without Qualities* (left uncompleted at his death in 1942) and Oswald Spengler's *The Decline of the West* (volume I: 1918, volume II: 1922).

There is nothing abstruse about this theme. In each case an intellectual conviction and an emotional experience — "*ein Weltgefühl*" — become the substance of a genuine literary inspiration. Of the three authors, Thomas Mann is the most fortunate.

In his novel the experience finds its own fable and, since no relativism can be absolute, its delimiting setting: the sanatorium at Davos and all the timeless things that go on there are seen through a hero's life, a life which has its definite beginning in "the Flatland" and is reclaimed from its timelessness by History (in the mud of Flanders) at the end. In Robert Musil's case, too, it seems at first that the experience finds its own fable, the intrigue around the "Parallel Action" and its hero, which sustains the first volume. But having exhausted the possibilities of that ironical fable (set in 1913, it concerns the combined celebrations, in 1918, of the seventieth anniversary of Francis Joseph's rule and the thirtieth of William II), Musil is unable either to finish the story off or find another, and his ending is a litter of fragments and despair.

And Spengler? Here an ambiguous, deeply divided mind is at work. His fable, to which his immense imaginative powers are committed, is the entire history of the world seen in a perspective of cultural relativism. But this vision is short-circuited at every critical point—that is, at every point that looks like impinging on his own time and place—by the imperious "maker of history": the relativist pattern is at war with a purpose in the service not of insight and knowledge but of a will to power.

I wish to emphasize the literary interest of Spengler's undertaking, mainly because it offers access to the book to readers like myself, who take a curious pleasure in the book and yet are not equipped to judge it as an historian, an art historian or an anthropologist would judge it. The book's main source of strength, as well as its main weakness—the reason, perhaps, why its respectable historian seems to have been other than highly critical of it; the reason, certainly, of its immense appeal even to those, like H. Stuart Hughes (in *Oswald Spengler: A Critical Estimate*), who think it "annoyingly long and repetitious . . . wretchedly organized"—is not in its historical accuracy and prediction, but in its imaginative and literary use of metaphor and analogy. To say this is not to deny the political background and intention of the book, those aspects of it which are here subsumed under the notion of purpose. However, the politics of *The Decline* is now a matter of history, and this provides the second reason for a literary review of it. There is no longer any need to show in what way the book became party to that "conservative revolution" which contributed to the undoing of the Weimar Republic and thus became one of the causes that led to the quite uncontrolled revolution of 1933 and all to follow. We no longer have to fight the book and what, in terms of that disastrous development, it stood for. On the hundredth anniversary of its author's birthday we can read and criticize it dispassionately, as literature. The prospect is often, on to an immense expense of human activity, remains. It and its predictions have been refuted, but (as Northrop Frye says) "it won't go away, because in image than sixty years there has been no alternative vision of the data it contemplates".

Spengler's life was recently portrayed, with great sympathy but also with the utmost fairness, in an extensively documented biography by A. M. Koktanek (*Oswald Spengler in seiner Zeit*, Munich, 1966). By and large the life is too depressing, especially in its first half, and too symptomatic of the Heinrich Mann-Carl Sternheim-Gerhart Hauptmann ambience of the Wilhelminian middle classes, to need more than a brief mention. Spengler's father, a Postsekretär, first in Blankenburg near the Harz, then in Soest, seems to have killed himself with overwork; his mother, crippled from birth and a hypochondriac, at least spared the boy by concentrating all her venom and social frustration on the father and (after his early death) on the boy's three younger sisters. Although the family was quite well off, the mother's demise was awaited with some eagerness by all interested parties. An atmosphere of slander, testamentary litigation and bad temper on the verge of physical violence on the one hand, silence, isolation and cunning on the other, left Spengler a prey to deep emotional disturbances. These are recorded dispassionately and often in a generalized form:

> It is among the last mysteries of humanity and indeed of all freely moving forms of life [as opposed to the attached form of plant life] that the birth of the Self and of *Weltangst* are one and the same thing. . . . The foal of their waking state that overwhelms children is something no adult experiences in the darkest hours of his life.

There is an obvious connection between this autobiographical note and the notion of "Weltangst" which in *The Decline* Spengler raises to a universal creative principle. Thus in the first volume he writes that the very awakening of a primitive human self is connected with, or contemporaneous with—he obviously wishes to avoid the term "is caused by"—a fundamental feeling of longing for community and completeness; this feeling, he continues, is always directed towards a goal—"Gerichtetsein"—i e *follows always in the single direction* of the enigmatic passage of time; and the feeling we have when we become aware of this "directedness" is "at the same time" a feeling of the fear that accompanies all processes of Becoming on their way toward Being—and hence "Die Weltangst ist sicherlich das schöpferischste aller Urgefühle": "Cosmic fear is surely the most creative of all primordial feelings" and thus the ground of all culture. There is no mention of Freud anywhere in the book. The strange metapsychology of these passages is characteristic; so are the superlatives and emphatic absolutes. And the profound poetic ambiguity of "*Gerichtetsein*"—it means both "being directed toward a goal" and "being sentenced and executed"—underlines the atmosphere of guilt in which (he believes) all being in time is steeped.

Oswald Spengler, 1917.

One other childhood experience is relevant here. From the age of eight the lonely Spengler indulged an abundant talent for fantasizing highly structured fictional worlds—a talent which, oddly enough, he retrospectively identified with the child's and young adolescent's evasiveness and mendacity. At the age of sixteen he created a continent called "Afrikasien", with an elaborate, largely invented topography of its own. Not surprisingly, this state was the repository of a good deal of patriotic fervour and jingoism—"The French conquer Bissandugu, but are instantly decimated"; "Invasion of Delhi. Fifty-thousand English are executed on violating international law". More remarkably, this state had also its own laws and regulations; its complex religious and administrative problems were presented in great and intricate detail; above all, this fictitious state had its complicated history. The imagination at work, as H. S. Reiss has observed, is obviously inspired by Felix Dahn, a popular Wilhelmian author of the school of "professorial historical fiction", but the elaborate exercises of institutional structures (one thinks of Tolkien) are entirely original. Creating a world of its own, the boy's imagination is self-protective and consoling.

In 1899 Spengler studied mathematics and natural science at the University of Halle where the family then lived; in 1901, after the death of his father, he moved to Munich and Berlin, receiving his doctorate with a dissertation on Heraclitus in 1904, and his admission to secondary school teaching with a dissertation on the development of the eye in the animal kingdom. The prospect of a career as a schoolmaster brought him to the verge of a nervous breakdown. Nevertheless, having received his approbation, he began teaching in a Hamburg Gymnasium in 1908, a post he resigned in 1910; he moved to Munich, the only city in which he seems to have felt at ease, a year later. It was the Munich in which the opening of Thomas Mann's novella *Death in Venice*, is set and to which Mann returned in *Doctor Faustus*; socially and economically, though, it was much more the Munich of the young and penniless A. Hitler.

The catchy title and the main ideas and structure of Spengler's book were conceived—or so he tells us—in the summer of 1911, "that year which (to quote from the opening of Thomas Mann's novella) for months on end showed our entire Continent such a menacing countenance". They were the months of the Moroccan crisis which ended with a profound humiliation of Wilhelm II's colonial aspirations and in which Spengler, like a good many of his contemporaries, saw the seed of a major European conflict. Throughout those years he lived in total solitude and great poverty, eking out with journalism a minute income from his inheritance and offering a good many dramatic fragments, poems and prose fictions and the promise of more to come to incurious publishers. Above all this was a time of profound uncertainties: what he was looking for was a form, a manageable form for the immense turmoil of ideas and feelings—mainly feelings—seething within. Again the comparison with that other future "maker of history" is illuminating: but it is equally reminiscent of Professor Unrat's scenario from *The Blue Angel*, where History takes the part of *artista* Rosa Fröhlich.

Whether the first volume was ready by the time war broke out (as Spengler later claimed) must be seriously doubted. In any event, it appeared, together with a complete list of contents of the second volume, in September 1918, a few weeks before the German defeat. "Disgust and shame, he writes to a friend, at the ignominious events of the last months have so affected me that I sometimes thought I would not be able to continue living". With the publication of the first volume Spengler had in fact hoped to contribute to the celebration of a German victory. The entire two-volume work appeared four years later, in 1922, a little over ten years after its inception; in the following year the final version of the first volume was published, including some additions and emendations.

Intellectually and emotionally the appearance of *The Decline* is the zenith of Spengler's life. The success of the first volume was almost instantaneous and immense, especially after he took his copyright from an unknown Viennese publisher and signed a contract with C. H. Beck, an old and reputed firm of Munich publishers, whose mainstay he remains to this day.

The major work he was planning in the last decade of his life—a "continuation downward" into the material presuppositions and prehistory of the "high cultures"—would certainly have upset some of the ideas and claims of *The Decline*, but most of it remained in note form. In several short tracts for the times he proceeded to enlarge on the central political message of the main work—a message which, as we shall see, is as ambiguous as so much else in the book. Finally, in *Jahre der Entscheidung* (Years of Decision), published in August 1933, and in his posthumous political notes, Spengler dissociates himself from "the national-socialist circus" and attacks Hitler's tendency to hide "political reality" (a phenomenon on which Spengler believed himself to be a great expert) behind phoney racial theories. His racialist bees were set buzzing by different colours of skin rather than by different shapes of noses.

In the cultural life of the 1920s he remained an outsider. He was offered and unhesitatingly refused two prestigious University chairs. He also refused an invitation from Goebbels and some of his hacks at the Ministry of Propaganda to declare his sympathies with the new regime and to revise his magnum opus, and its pessimistic prognosis in terms of Germany's "re-awakening" and her "national revolution".

He remained a bachelor, looked after in ever more sumptuous surroundings by one of his sisters and a niece. Having suffered from cardiac trouble most of his life, he died of a stroke on May 8, 1936, a few days before his fifty-sixth birthday. There were rumours in the 1930s that he committed suicide, but they are not mentioned by his biographer. He seems to have had few if any intimate friends; and yet August Albert, publisher's reader

Letterature

Manfredi Nicoletti
L'architettura delle caverne
pp. 352, con 600 ill. a colori e in b.n., ril., lire 33 000

Giuseppe Mammarella
Storia d'Europa dal 1945 a oggi
pp. VIII-552, ril., lire 16 000

Lucio Colletti
Il tramonto dell'ideologia
pp. IV-194, lire 5 000

Arturo Schwarz
L'arte dell'amore in India e Nepal
Fotografie di Paolo Rosselli
pp. 280, con 616 ill. a colori e in b.n., ril., lire 36 000

Gian Paolo Cesarani
Vetrina della belle epoque
ricerche iconografiche di Andrea Jemolo
pp. 90, con 200 ill. a colori e in b.n., ril., lire 20 000

Giovanna Massobrio
Paolo Portoghesi
Casa Thonet
pp. 420, con ill. a colori e in b.n., ril., lire 30 000

R. Piano
M. Arduino M. Fazio
Antico è bello
Il recupero della città
pp. 250, con ill. a colori e in b.n., ril., lire 25 000

Guide archeologiche Laterza
diretto da Filippo Coarelli
Emanuele Greco
Magna Grecia
pp. 300, lire 10 000
Filippo Coarelli
Roma
pp. 400, lire 14 000
Mario Torelli
Etruria
pp. 336, lire 13 000

Civilisation matérielle, Economie et Capitalisme XVe-XVIIIe Siècle

FERNAND BRAUDEL

UNE ŒUVRE PRESTIGIEUSE À L'ÉCHELLE MONDIALE EN TROIS VOLUMES

Les Structures du Quotidien
Les Jeux de l'Echange
Le Temps du Monde

Cet ouvrage exceptionnel, tant par la richesse de la documentation que par la qualité du style, a reçu un accueil unanime et enthousiaste de toute la presse écrite, en France et à l'étranger, ainsi qu'à la radio et à la télévision. Il dut être réédité quelques semaines après sa sortie.

POIRE DE FRANCFORT STAND B 915 HALLE 5

ARL

armand colin

Previews Tonight, Tomor, Mon, Tues, Wed (all at 7.00). Opening 16 Oct (6.30). Then 24 Oct (7.00), 25 Oct (2.00 & 7.00), and continuing

Premiere of new play by Howard Brenton

The Romans in Britain

Set in Caesar's second raid, in the age of King Arthur, and in our own time. Cast of over 30 includes Michael Bryant, Yvonne Bryceland, Stephen Moore. In the open-stage Olivier.
Not suitable for children.

REDUCED PRICE PREVIEWS & OPENING – all tkts £2 to £6.
STANDBY - any unsold seats £3.30 (£2.70 previews & opening) in 45 mins before start.

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252
Credit Cards 01-928 5933

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The TLS will publish its fourth special children's books number for 1980 on November 21.
For further details please contact
Christopher Lorne on 01-837 1234, extn 7736

at C. H. Beck, who served his interests faithfully for some eighteen years and with whom he remained on "Sie" terms to the end, committed suicide eleven days after Spengler's death.

Like most of his fellow conservatives Spengler had been profoundly frightened by the abortive revolution of 1918-19, and the memory of the chaotic days of the Munich Soviet determined his political outlook more than any "world-historical" considerations. Again, like his fellow conservatives he did not take Hitler seriously, and when he voted for him in January 1933, he voted not for Hitler's economic programme but for the "law and order" part of his platform. In July 1933 he had a long meeting with him at Haus Wahnfried in Bayreuth, which turned out to be less than a complete success. Spengler, who had requested the meeting in the hope that it would help him to set himself up in the role of an *éminence grise*, was talked into the ground, and his verdict was, "A highly decent man, but facing him one has not for a single moment the feeling that he is a man of any importance". So much for the connoisseur of political reality.

Broadly speaking it may be said that throughout the 1920s and early 1930s Spengler's attitude resembled that of some of our own academic colleagues in both parts of Germany today, who desire political power on the strength of their academic reputation without being willing to enter the rough-and-tumble of actual politics. It goes without saying that he had no sympathy with the Weimar Republic and voiced no objection when it was undermined and destroyed. Again and again he had claimed special insight into the workings of fate: "Ducunt fata volentem, nolentem trahunt", the postscript to the second volume of *The Decline* ran—he would not be dragged along by history. And yet he felt most keenly that with Hitler and his henchmen in power the inevitable and therefore right world-historical process—the decline of a senescent culture—was coming to fruition under the wrong people, and also that these were the wrong people because they were leading Germany to disaster, so along with right path of the world-historical process. He does not seem to have realized the contradiction involved. What, precisely, was the danger facing Germany—other than the danger of miscegenation which (he claimed) faces all white races—he does not say; war itself he did not regard as a calamity, indeed whether, from the point of view of an extreme conservative, Spengler's prognosis of a German disaster was correct or wrong must depend on what time-scale one applies to it.

On the appearance of the book's second volume, the great German historian Friedrich Meinecke wrote his splendid critical essays about it (1923), in the course of which he had many harsh things to say about Spengler's method—not, however, before acknowledging the importance and the legitimacy of Spengler's undertaking. "An entire life devoted to research [Meinecke writes] a life filled with a deep and passionate striving for knowledge . . . creates in him who has led such a life, beyond all individual achievements, a total feeling, an unwritten total vision of historical life." Must the scholarly longing remain unfulfilled, the vision unwritten? Meinecke is highly critical, but offers no *fundamental* objection to what Spengler has attempted; I have already suggested, however, that more is involved in the book before us than a passionate striving for knowledge, and that the feelings which it articulates are not entirely those of a historical scholar.

What this total view surveys is not a history of mankind, for "Menschheit" Spengler declares to be either a purely Darwinian and therefore zoological generic term, or else an empty and meaningless abstraction. The object of his enquiry and intellectual construction is universal history, "Weltgeschichte", or rather "Welt als Geschichte", "World as History". He sees world history not in the conventional, time-hallowed way as the continuous threefold development of mankind from Antiquity through the Middle Ages to the Modern Age, but as the discontinuous sequence of a finite series of cultures—of formally or (as he puts it) morphologically similar culture-organisms.

These organisms proceed totally independent of each other. Like the Egyptian pyramids, like Leibnitz's monads, they are windowless, that is, without the possibility of mutually understanding or affecting each other in any way. These cultures are given the status of Goethean "*Urphänomene*"—they are the concrete "fundamental phenomena" of the merely abstract notion of a "history of mankind".

Two things need to be said straight away about this identification of "culture organism" with Goethean "*Urphänomene*". First, a complex phylogenetic notion called "culture" is treated everywhere in a reductive, ontogenetic way. Secondly, throughout the intricate and often repetitious argument of the book we gain the impression that the "culture" or "high culture" which Spengler has constructed with the aid of that Goethean notion is shot through and through with aesthetic considerations and criteria. This impression of a history heavily aestheticized comes from many sides of the text. The cavalier treatment of the masses of humanity as mere stage décor is one aspect of it. Another is the metaphoric or analogical treatment of the evidence on which his morphological parallels rest. Yet another is Spengler's repeated assurance that he assesses historical insights not according to whether they are true or false, but according to whether they are deep and therefore "fortunately unpopular", or shallow and therefore popular.

Though he argues against a Eurocentric view of history Spengler's observations on the Chinese, Indian and Aztec cultural circles strike me as anything but extensive, and the picture of Ancient Egyptian culture too is largely confined to a few "symbols" and their significance for the "culture organism" as a whole (more details, derived from the accounts of recent excavations, are given in the second volume). His concern is above all with the last three culture-organisms. He calls the "Apollino", an obvious reference to Nietzsche's term, by which he means Classical Greece and Rome; "the Magian-Arabic" culture, in which he includes Judaea, Byzantium, early Christianity and the entire Mohammedan world; and finally the "Faustian" culture, which extends from the Gothic Middle Ages through the Renaissance, Baroque and the Enlightenment to our own era—the era of that decline which he places at the beginning of the next millennium. Whatever Spengler may have in common with the type of German antiquary and scholar familiar from the works of Carlyle, George Eliot or Gustav Freytag, a narrow and cramping field of enquiry or restraint in respect of the certainty claimed for his insights are not among his outstanding characteristics.

Each of these culture organisms is subject to the same inherent morphological development, and within this development the law governing the organism's being manifests itself. At the risk of parody, let me paraphrase his first statement of the process. The process begins with "urseelenhafter Zustand ewig-kindlichen Menschentums": a culture-organism *is born* when a great soul awakens out of the eternally childlike state of the human soul; waking, the soul takes on its individual shape and identity—a form out of formlessness, a thing limited and transient, detaching itself from the unbounded and permanent. The culture then *blossoms forth* on the soil of an exactly defined landscape, to which it remains rooted, like a plant. And the culture *dies* when the soul has realized the full sum of its potentialities in the form of peoples, languages, religions, arts, political structures and sciences, and thereupon returns into its soul-like primal state. An astonishing equivalence of status is postulated about these manifestations of the basic organism.

But the living being of such a culture—that series of epochs which circumscribe the attainment of its inherent perfection—consists of a passionate inward struggle aiming at the outward assertion of the germinative idea against the forces of chaos outside and the unconscious within, an unconscious which acts as a sort of fifth column for those hostile outward forces. Just as the artist struggles against the resistance of the material and the annihilation of the idea that inspires him, so each culture stands in a profoundly symbolical relationship with the matter and the space in which and by means of which it must set about realising itself. Once that goal is achieved, once the idea—the plenitude of its inner potentialities—is achieved, the culture rigidifies and dies off, its blood runs thin, its strength wanes: it turns into a *civilization*. In this form, like a withered giant in a primeval forest, it may stand many centuries more, overshadowing everything around it with its rotting dead trunk and boughs. This phenomenon Spengler calls "pseudo-morphosis"; the example he offers here is the civilization of Imperial Rome overlaying the young Arabian and early Christian culture and robbing it of air and light. And then comes the grand peroration—Spengler's first statement of his thesis:

> This—the inward and outward fulfilment, the finality that awaits every living culture—is the meaning of all declines in history, amongst them the decline of Classical Antiquity whose outlines stand before us with the utmost clarity; and the meaning, too, of another event, entirely comparable to it in course and duration, the coming of a new culture in the Faustian soil, the culture of the Western Europe that has been awakening since the Ottonian Age, and whose life-course we can now begin to recognize with certain broad outlines as being that of a strong man from ambush.

To this extent, then, Spengler is one of those "pessimists" who are intent on translating the history of art—including the history of politics—into political terms, intent on politicizing the concept of a supposedly predictable and predetermined history and thus conjoining aesthetics and politics into a single thing.

The political message is ambiguous. Western culture is declining, Germany is a part of the decline, she must reject her own valuable but now useless past and resolutely espouse civilization's next phase—its unremitting technology; but then again it seems that Germany is not part of the Western process of decline after all, that she will be able not only to survive and increase her international power, but also to salvage her own incomparable past . . . : one never quite knows which prognosis is relevant, just as one never quite knows whether the modern city (the location of the technology) is unremittingly degenerate and a bad thing, or whether its badness, being wholly of its time, is not after all a good thing. In any event, the national-realistic purpose which the "cultural morphology" is intended to support is obvious enough, and where this purpose is asserted, there the relativist perspective is abandoned. However, again and again, in the course of the narrative, the purpose recedes behind its working out as the grand pattern, and Spengler becomes sonorously impersonal and thus the mouthpiece of an outmoded "pre-Fascist" conservatism.

The postulate of cultural organisms which are not only mutually independent but also generically incapable of influencing each other leads to a number of striking inferences and conclusions. Thus there is in this scheme a temporal sequence of events but no development and no progress, and Spengler, like Nietzsche before him (the phrase, "like Nietzsche before him", might be interpolated at very many points in this paper), likes to emphasize that he regards faith in human progress as a sure sign of a shallow and mendacious *Weltanschauung*. But since the cultures all display the same kind of organism—they are precisely or (to use one of his favourite conceits) "*strenge wissenschaftlich*" comparable—a characteristic mode of homology or contemporaneity obtains between them. This term, "contemporaneity", Spengler derives, without acknowledgment, from the Egyptologist Flinders Petrie's *The Revolutions of Civilisation*, a book which *The Decline* resembles in a number of ways. What it indicates is that certain phases of *one* culture correspond to the morphologically similar (Spengler, of course will say: morphologically identical) phases of another, different culture, so that, for example, the senescence of Alexandrian civilisation is "contemporaneous" with the last phase of Egyptian culture on the one hand and the European and American civilization of our own era on the other. Or again: "Pergamon is the counterpart of Bayreuth". Or: "the cinema, Expressionism, Theosophy, boxing championships, negro dancing, poker and the totalisator—all these you will find in [Imperial] Rome too"—not only in Rome (we may wish to add), but also in the standard rhetorical effusions of National Socialism.

Spengler's postulate of "windowless", mutually independent but morphologically similar cultures implies furthermore that each is complete in itself and fitted with all the organs necessary for its prescribed term of existence. The connection between this postulate and the haughtily solitary and uncommunicative life of that penurious intellectual in his dismal Munich lodgings is not far to seek. Each culture has not only its own religion and philosophy, its art, forms of government and modes of war, its own technology and economy, but also its own morality, its own concepts of time and space, its own mathematics and its own concept of numbers, its own ways of experiencing life and death. Ideologies, the natural sciences, man's ways of enduring the wretchedness of his condition and of dealing with his fear of death (of love and the prospect of happiness we hear very little)—all these are but the limbs of this or that cultural organism, comparable in respect of their form but divided from each other by unbridgeable gulfs; no bond of common humanity (a mere zoological term, we recall) joins them. This leaves the sly, encompassing, all-understanding historian in the peculiar position of the omniscient novelist who assures us that the world he is presenting to us is full of enigmatic solipsists about whom we can know nothing.

In all this it is impossible to see how the inference of a complete cultural relativism can be avoided, and if Spengler were less contemptuous of what is going on around him, he would recognize the affinities of his argument with such things as Freudian psychology, contemporary physics, the theatre of Pirandello, the prose of Franz Kafka and the poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke, or the philosophical view which decrees that, as Wittgenstein put it, "the world of the unhappy man is quite another than the world of the happy man". Everything in Spengler's arguments and analogies points to this relativism. Not just natural science (he tells us), but a never quite known whether the modern city (the location of the technology) is degenerate and a bad thing, or whether its badness, being wholly of its time, is not after all a good thing. In any event, the national-realistic purpose which the "cultural morphology" is intended to support is obvious enough, and where this purpose is asserted, there the relativist perspective is abandoned. However, again and again, in the course of the narrative, the purpose recedes behind its working out as the grand pattern, and Spengler becomes sonorously impersonal and thus the mouthpiece of an outmoded "pre-Fascist" conservatism.

The postulate of cultural organisms which are not only mutually independent but also generically incapable of influencing each other leads to a number of striking inferences and conclusions. Thus there is in this scheme a temporal sequence of events but no development and no progress, and Spengler, like Nietzsche before him (the phrase, "like Nietzsche before him", might be interpolated at very many points in this paper), likes to emphasize that he regards faith in human progress as a sure sign of a shallow and mendacious *Weltanschauung*. But since the cultures all display the same kind of organism—they are precisely or (to use one of his favourite conceits) "*strenge wissenschaftlich*" comparable—a characteristic mode of homology or contemporaneity obtains between them. This term, "contemporaneity", Spengler derives, without acknowledgment, from the Egyptologist Flinders Petrie's *The Revolutions of Civilisation*, a book which *The Decline* resembles in a number of ways. What it indicates is that certain phases of *one* culture correspond to the morphologically similar (Spengler, of course will say: morphologically identical) phases of another, different culture, so that, for example, the senescence of Alexandrian civilisation is "contemporaneous" with the last phase of Egyptian culture on the one hand and the European and American civilization of our own era on the other. Or again: "Pergamon is the counterpart of Bayreuth". Or: "the cinema, Expressionism, Theosophy, boxing championships, negro dancing, poker and the totalisator—all these you will find in [Imperial] Rome too"—not only in Rome (we may wish to add), but also in the standard rhetorical effusions of National Socialism.

The artist of one epoch (he writes) cannot appropriate the contents, style or technical accomplishments of the artists of an earlier epoch; *he may not* employ the media of another epoch; *he must* see and represent the world in precisely the way that the age and the fate that fulfills itself in that age determine. *Kann, darf, muss*: this is the scaffolding of imperatives by means of which Spengler seeks to support the speculative and entirely metaphorical treatment of his immense and immensely fluid subject matter. Friedrich Meinecke characterized this aspect of the style admirably: "The command rings out, 'Right wheel! Left wheel!' and one of the great medieval popes, Nicholas I, falls in to join the 'Magian front' while the other, Gregory VII, is off to join the 'Faustian front'".

However, this manner of a history-minded regimental sergeant-major is only one aspect, and not the most important, of Spengler's manner. What ultimately takes the book out of the realm of history as most people understand it, gives it its very special flavour of literariness, and secured it its immense readership well beyond the range of an academic public, is that it is composed of unresolved metaphors and subjectively founded analogies. When, again and again, we are told that the method of the book is "nothing other than" the translation of Goethe's plant morphology into world history, we may certainly think about this and accept it as an interesting poetic idea. But the proof of why such a translation from plant physiology into the sphere of human institutions should be more than a bright poetic idea is never attempted.

What evidence is there that the analogy between the stages of a culture and the ages of man is something more compelling and more valid than an attractive and lively image? The relevance of poetic symbols and metaphorical structures to a world-historical scheme could certainly be the proper object of a logical and linguistic enquiry, but such an enquiry is never initiated—the signs are that Spengler would regard it or anything like it as shallow rationalism. Why is the search for rational explanations constantly broken off and answered by an appeal to the ineffable, the unstatable, to an irrational "law of all being"? Why is every admission of an incomplete understanding of another age or culture turned into the assertion of a necessary and complete misunderstanding? And why, above all, is a sort of semi-religious belief in fate introduced at every junction of the argument where we expect critical reasoning?

All these questions may be reduced to the one question which, in spite of this book's immense length, Spengler never answers: what it is he considers, and wants us to consider, as a valid criterion of truth. The answer, which we must provide for him, is bound to be ambiguous.

On the one hand, the truth criterion he offers takes the form of a repeated appeal to *his* own intuition, *his* feeling for what the world is and what history should be, to "mein innerstes Erlebnis der Urphänomene" — of phenomena which he believes cannot be known and understood discursively but must of necessity be grasped instinctively and intuitively, the operative terms being not *knowledge*, *research*, *understanding* ("erkannt . . . erforscht . . . verstanden") but *feeling*, *living experience* and *vision* ("erfühlt . . . erlebt . . . erschaut"). On the other hand this procedure, whatever we may think of it, runs counter to his recognition that, as a member of *one* cultural organism—the Faustian in its final stage—he cannot, by definition, have access to the *Urphänomene* of another culture, except on the hypothesis of the omniscient novelist.

This is not the only context in which necessity is invoked. The second ambiguity at the heart of Spengler's undertaking is that he wishes not merely to analyse and describe world history, but "in this book the attempt is made for the first time to predetermine history". The prognosis is to be not just descriptive but prescriptive as well; "Whatever . . . is being said here is not 'true', but *necessary* for this culture and this era." And this distinction between *necessity* and *truth* receives its finest illustration in the centre-piece of the second volume, in the astonishing confrontation between Jesus, the witness to a useless, powerless "truth", and Pontius Pilate, "the man of reality". "You don't have to accept everything as true", says the priest to Josef K in Kafka's *The Trial*, "you only have to accept it as necessary".

But of course whatever is regarded as necessary in the sphere of human encounter is an expression of the will to power. One way or another—as a *voyeur* or as a potential *éminence grise*—power is what Spengler is in love with, and the pursuit of power is what determines his attitude to the modern world. In endless metaphors Spengler voices his contempt for the cultureless, inartistic, tired metropolis of the present and the future (the fact that these cities might also be inhuman is hardly mentioned), but hand in hand with this contempt goes a half-acknowledged admiration for the great city as the home of power (the modern world (an commonplace pointed out in Thomas Mann's dismissive essay of 1924, "Über die Lehre Spengler's"). Similarly, at the end of that cultural genealogy paraphrased above, the figure of Cecil Rhodes is presented in the frog-eye perspective of the Wilhelminian "*Kleinbürger*" who is thrilled to see every taboo of traditional morality violated by the ethos of Realpolitik and Empire, here he is at last, the Man of Destiny:

> . . . his wars, his diplomatic deals; his road-systems, syndicates and armies, his conception of "the great duty to civilisation" of the man of brain—all this, broad and imposing, is the prelude of a future still in store for us and with which the history of West-European mankind will definitely *come to a close*.

Whoever fails to understand that this is an outcome that can in no way be altered; that *this* is what he must will or else nothing at all; that this is the fate he must love or else despair of the future and of life itself; whoever does not feel that there is grandeur also in *this* activity of the highest intelligences, in *this* energy and discipline of characters as hard as steel, in battles waged with the coldest and most abstract means; whoever is satisfied with the idealism of the provincial and would pursue the life-style of past ages—must forgo all desire to understand history and indeed to create it.

The technology which provides the great city of our time with its raison d'être Spengler regards as the last product of the "Faustian" culture organism in its stage of civilization — that is, as a last assertion of power. The end purpose turns out to be a good deal less complex than the pattern. Germany, the home ground of "Prussian socialism" is to be salvaged into the technological age after all, together with those Faustian values of infinitude, soul and art which he had declared incompatible with the spirit of civilization and its technology. This, at last "seems irrevocable".

But is it "prophetic"? How have his four main prophecies fared? First, almost anybody writing on social and cultural matters in the decade of the Great War predicted that technology would be the dominant force of the age and Spengler does little more than assert that this will be the case. He has no idea of what the progress of science will be; and his claim that theoretical thinking in general and theoretical science in particular have come to an end is obvious nonsense. Secondly, his solemn warnings about the imminent takeover of Western civilization by "the black and yellow races" is misconceived. The danger to world peace comes not (as he anticipated) from the West being destroyed by Third World industrial competition, but on the contrary from the Third World's discontent at being deprived of both the knowledge and the products of technology. As for the future rule of "Caesarism" and the disruption of world peace by the private armies of ambitious individuals, his description of it could only apply to men such as Hitler whom (as we saw) he failed to take seriously; surely it is not condottieri and their marauders that we must fear, but ideologists, whom Spengler regarded as all times as harmless cranks. Of the economic problems facing the world of the twenty-first century (the age he was claiming to "predetermine") he seems to have had no inkling. Finally, there remains the articulation of a feeling that we came late to the day, expressed with poignancy by Wittgenstein: "My own thinking about art and values is more disillusioned than the thinking of men a hundred years ago could possibly have been. But that doesn't mean that it is more correct. It only means that in the foreground of my mind there are declines which were not in the *foreground* of theirs" And in this sense we are all Spenglerians.

> "What is being said here is not 'true' but necessary for this culture and this epoch." But a true history of mankind—a history which regards the differences between men and men as less than the differences between man and animals—would have to include an account of men's failures and anachronisms; it would have to include those unique ventures which will fit no pattern and no preconceived scheme and the purpose of which cannot be designated in terms of victory or defeat.

To Spengler, of course, but technology is absolute master: "Whoever does not understand this . . . must despair of the future." What

John R Knott, Jr
THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT
Puritan Responses to the Bible

This book focuses on the imaginative character of Puritan writing, especially as revealed through the use of biblical images and themes. Knott illustrates the richness and power of the best Puritan writing by analyzing the work of Richard Sibbes, Richard Baxter, Gerrard Winstanley, John Milton and John Bunyan. While representing different moments in the evolution of a Puritan spirituality, each sought to recover the original simplicity of the Word of God and to express its extraordinary power to transform the individual and society. October, 208 pages, £10.80

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry
THE WISDOM OF THE SANDS
Introduced by Wallace Fowlie, translated by Stuart Gilbert

The Wisdom of the Sands is an extraordinary collection of parables expressing Antoine de Saint Exupéry's philosophy of life. Written in the form of a meditation by a great and uncompromising pilot of a desert empire, this volume captures the essence of St Exupéry's belief in the art of ruling the self and others—an inherently severe art that demands duty, responsibility, discipline, and the acceptance of life as a cruel and tragic gift. "His excellence lies not in his mysticism, in spite of its poetic insights, but in the traditional singeing psychological sensibility of the French moralists."—*V. S. Pritchett, New Statesman.* 1979, 350 pages, £4.20

Now available in paperback :

The Poems of St John of the Cross, A Bilingual Edition translated by John Frederick Nims, third edition, 152 pages, £2.80

Revivals, Awakenings and Reform, An Essay on Religion and Social Change in America, 1607-1977. William G. McLoughlin, 1978, 240 pages, £3.60

CHICAGO

The University of Chicago Press.
126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD

Longman 1980

Longman are renowned world wide for their outstanding publishing in academic and Educational fields. This year is no exception, with major new titles and projects being produced in countless spheres of interest. Listed below are examples of the range of books available:

Bridge & Bullen – The Great Powers and The European States System 1815-1914 240 pages
582 49134 7 Cased £8.95
582 49135 5 Paper £4.95

Speedy – Sheep Production Science into Practice (Longman Handbooks in Agriculture) 200 pages
582 45582 0 Paper £6.95

Warwick – The South African War 416 pages
582 78526 X Cased £12.50

Wells – Personality and Heredity 256 pages
582 28545 9 Paper £5.50

Zinn – A People's History of the United States 610 pages
582 48482 2 Paper £8.95
582 48847 4 Cased £13.00

Schools Council – Electronics, Electronics Workbook and Electronics Guide Modular Technology
0 05 003383 2 (Book) 128 pages Paper £1.80
0 05 003385 9 (Workbook) 52 pages Paper £2.00
Set of 5
0 05 003384 0 (Guide) 64 pages Paper £2.50

Ensor Holiday – Altair Design Book 4 48 pages
0 582 26404 2 Paper £0.77p plus VAT

Full details of all publications will be available at Stand No. U901 Halle 5 in Frankfurt or by writing to Promotion Department, Longman Group, Burnt Mill, Harlow, Essex CM19 5AA England. Telephone Harlow 29555.

Longman

Warne books at Frankfurt!

Hall Five: Stand 5/R903

then is this "Prussian socialism" which he (and after him Ernst Jünger) advocates as the appropriate ideology of the future, under which the technological age will flourish? The "socialism" he has in mind is as void of all ethical and egalitarian considerations traditionally associated with that term as the "Prussianism" of which he speaks is void of all the religious elements associated with the Protestant paternalist and patriotic ethos of the Prussian aristocracy. "Socialism" he defines as the organization of production and transport through the state; total subservience of each subject to the state; and therefore the total rule of a radically anti-liberal and authoritative elite sanctioned by the state—in other words, "all that the Hohenzollern State has always wanted". This picture of "true" socialism is not unlike one of F. A. Hayek's parodies of the term; even more than that it reminds one of the doctrine of that name advocated by His Excellency Graf Leinsdorf, the onlie begetter of Robert Musil's "Parallelaktion", who believed that any -ism in its deepest and truest form was bound to be identical with his own deepest and truest convictions.

That Spengler's notion of "socialism" is anti-democratic need not surprise us. What is perhaps unexpected is the rejection of criticism it implies, not only in politics but, as far as I can see, in all other activities. He believes that criticism is an aspect of decadence, a view which one is bound to reject not because it became a central tenet of National Socialism, but because critical thought is a part of every culture and every civilization with any claim to completeness. The great moments of insight Spengler's work yields to its reader—his observations on the history of man's conceptions of time and his descriptions of time as a "tragic dimension"; his strange dichotomy of "causality *versus* fate" and the characterology he derives from it; his observations on the two roots, the imitative and the decorative, of all art; on the "personal" aspect of modern literature as a substitute for the missing sacrament of penance; on the changing function of religious enthusiasm; his reflections on Rembrandt and Bach; on the symbolism of colours and shapes—these and countless other insights cannot quite undo that impression of an anti-critical fatalism reinforced by an uncommitted will to power, which emerge as the secret purpose of the book.

Yet that impression recedes as the rhetoric takes wing and as a series of powerful analogies illuminates an area of the human condition. It is always a highly privileged area (the notion of a social, let alone an economic history is incompatible with Spengler's undertaking), but then the achievements of the human race are inseparably connected with its privileged moments. Is there a reader who, willing to suspend his disapproval of the author's obscure and ambiguous political purpose, can deny the intellectual exhilaration that issues from these sequences of contrasts and similarities? The insights that come to us from the vision as a whole are no less astonishing than the close-ups of the individual lineaments of a culture. Can one resist the sheer *exaltation*—the felicitous word is Hermann Lübbe's in his excellent essay in *Spengler heute: sechs Essays*, edited by Peter Christian Ludz (Munich: C. H. Beck, 1980)—the exaltation conveyed by this immense sweep of the historical imagination? Is there a reader of the later Thomas Mann, of Theodor Adorno, of Walter Benjamin and Ernst Jünger, who can deny their profound indebtedness, beyond assent or criticism, to this vision? Their debt to Spengler may be less direct, but it is no less profound than is his to Nietzsche.

Exaltation is the mood in which the book is composed and to which, after stretches of arid expatiation and arrogant assertion, it always returns. But mood—"*ein Weltgefühl*"—or rather a series of historical moods—is also what the book is about; and the evocation of a mood is where, from Goethe's *Faust* onward, the strength of German literature has lain. Not action or plot, not even psychological insight, but its diffuse mythic-philosophical ambience is what makes *Faust II* one of the most frequently mentioned works in Spengler's book.

To criticize *The Decline* as an example of unregenerate positivism, as R. G. Collingwood does in his *The Idea of History*, because Spengler claims "scientific" status for his "morphological" method, is to accept at face value one part—the most superficial and arrogant part—of Spengler's rhetoric. An argument that vaunts its analogical procedure, deliberately scorns every proof and, when in straits, rides roughshod over logic and empirical evidence alike, is as far as can be from positivistic historiography. What Spengler's "morphological" method and its exclusive reliance on analogy, allusiveness and extended metaphor represents is a latter-day version of the old German Romantic vision of Nature and the Natural as the true paradigms of man and the true sources of human culture, with city and civilization as the polar opposites—as symbols and locations of men's degeneration and estrangement from himself and Nature alike.

Northrop Frye comes closer to the book than does Collingwood when he calls it "one of the world's great Romantic poems", but to call it that, even with the proviso that it is not "a work of *pure* imagination", is to place it within a theory of genres to which it does not quite belong.

But then, where does it belong? The literary articulation of that vision, from Goethe's early rhapsodic poems and his scientific essays onwards, has always had to draw on a mixture of genres—has always been intensely *German* in cutting across the distinctions and kinds of French and English theories and literary conventions. Like the novels mentioned at the beginning of this essay, and like a long line of prose writings from Novalis and Hölderlin onwards, *The Decline of the West* is composed of a pattern of inherently prosy utterances—some documentary and factual, some scientific, some philosophical, some theological—which freely cross and recross what the arch-Spenglerian, T. S. Eliot, called (at the end of "Tradition and the Individual Talent") "the frontier of metaphysics and mysticism". By means of this pattern the book evokes its "cosmic mood"; evokes a feeling of what it is like to be placed in a world governed by a Fate that is no less "real" for being "inexorable and inscrutable" to anyone but the artist and the visionary; and "reality", Spengler writes, "reality is the world in its relation to a soul".

This, then, is not a historian's but a literary artist's use of analogies, and within the order of literature, we know, any one thing may stand in an analogous relationship to another; the sanction of a literary use of analogy derives not from ascertainable facts or logical coherence but from an achieved poetic or fictional whole. That such an aesthetic whole is not achieved has been shown more than once in the course of this essay—the political will, the complex purpose, the aridities all work against such an achievement. There is deep pleasure in the book, but it is not unalloyed; the mixed mode cannot yield anything other than a mixed response.

Among the few conversations that have been preserved by Spengler's biographer is one which he had with a Protestant bishop shortly after *The Decline* was first published. Many years later the bishop recalled saying to Spengler that if *he* had published the two volumes, he would have put a motto from Isaiah 40 on the title page:

> "'All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.' For in these words of the Prophet Isaiah [the bishop continued] is contained the fundamental idea of your cultural survey—the idea that all life is like the life of a plant, having its seasons of spring, summer, autumn and winter, and perhaps when it has reached its winter stage." At this Spengler said to me with deep seriousness: "Herr Doktor, I must tell you that that is precisely was my thought, and I reflected for a long time whether I should preface my book with these words of Spengler's and thought I might venture to say more, and so I took him up: "And I even know why in the text you omitted to put them in," I said, when he asked me why. I answered, "Because Isaiah mentions these words twice, but the second time he, as it were, takes back his doctrine of the transience of all flesh by saying, 'But the word of our God shall stand for ever'—and this precisely is what you cannot believe, or at any rate cannot defend."

For Spengler there is only one thing of perennial value in the world as history: to do the bidding of fate—preferably of a disastrous, destructive fate—willingly and with a total, superhuman devotion and effort, willingly and at the edge of despair. Contemptuous of the present, he seems never to have realized how hideously popular his doctrine was to become in his own life-time and in the years after. His truth *was* a "truth" for his time, not for ours.

For us, however, the pattern and the "world-feeling" it conveys offer a permanent illumination. "If you want to see the description of the epic of an entire culture," Wilhelm Worringer sums up his reading of Spengler, "you must look for it among the works of the greatest men of that culture; you must seek it in a time in which the end of that culture could only be foreseen, for later there is nobody left to describe it. No wonder that when it is written, that epic is written in the dark language of foreboding . . .". "*Dunkle Sprache der Vorausahnung*": I think Worringer meant "dark" rather than "obscure".

© J. P. Stern 1980

The retort discourteous

By Peter Keating

KENNETH WILLIAMS:
Acid Drops
176pp. Dent. £4.95.
0 460 04482 6

There was once an avuncular vicar who found himself sharing a railway carriage with a group of actresses off to play in the pantomime *Dick Whittington*. Passing round a bag of acid drops, the vicar asked the girls which parts they took and was told "the cat", "Alice", and so on. "And which of you takes Dick?" he asked genially. "We all do, dear," came the immediate reply, "but not for acid drops."

That story, Kenneth Williams tells us, is not only about acid drops: it is also a perfect example of a very different kind of acid drop—"the tart retort which puts down the pompous, the pretentious, the dishonest and, as in this instance, the innocent blunderer". It seems a little hard on the poor vicar to place him alongside the pompous, the pretentious and the dishonest. Genuine friendliness or innocence does not, surely, deserve to be greeted with an acid drop, though if the vicar had been sly or pruriently inquisitive he would have merited that and more. While it is certainly, and unpleasantly, true that we tend to appreciate wit that severely discomforts someone other than ourselves, our moral judgment is rarely suspended entirely at such moments. Mr Williams claims that "the cruel *bon mot* . . . has its sting drawn by the laughter that ensues", and adds in support: "It was Oscar Wilde who pointed out that no comment was in bad taste if it was *amusing*." But laughter does not lessen the force of a remark that is "cruel", and a comment that is felt to be in bad taste is never really "amusing".

Margot Asquith, the wife of the British Prime Minister, met the film star Jean Harlow at a Hollywood party. "Why, you must be Margot Asquith," laying heavy stress on the "T." "Why, you must be Jean Harlow," suggested Mrs Asquith, with a long, cool, appraising look at the platinum blonde.

That is tart alright, and a good example of what Mr Williams so rightly classifies as bitchery. But as told there it also sounds snobbish and gratuitously offensive, as though some motive, some previous vitriolic remark about Margot Asquith, has been omitted. On the other hand, some brief stories, containing scarcely less acid remarks, are perfectly complete in themselves:

> "If you were my husband, I'd poison your coffee", said Lady Astor.
>
> To which Churchill replied: "If you were my wife, I'd drink it."

No motive is required. The response is provoked, and justified, by the challenge: the acid drop becomes a form of self-defence, as it does in John Wilkes's devastating reaction to Lord Sandwich's phophecy that he would die either of the pox or on the gallows: "That, my Lord, depends on whether I embrace your mistress or your principles." Faced with a direct challenge, even snobbery can be used effectively to deflate and evoke approval, as Edith Sitwell understood. Asked by an aggressive American reporter why she called herself Dame, she replied: "I don't. The Queen does." In somewhat different circumstances, what would normally seem to be arbitrary rudeness can also be funny because it strikes at general social conventions rather than a specific person, as in Groucho Marx's farewell to the hostess of a party: "I've had a wonderful evening, but this wasn't it." In gentler mood, though similar vein, there is Disraeli's lugubrious comment on a dinner at which each dish of food seemed colder than the one before: "Well, at least the champagne's warm."

Although *Acid Drops* is divided into chapters, each of which is said to contain a different type of acid humour—invective, gamesmanship, ridicule, epigram, etc—the categories are not rigidly followed, or indeed followed at all; and understandably so. Like all enjoyable anthologies, *Acid Drops* contains some items so feeble that it is difficult to see how they came to be chosen; some old favourites that create pleasure just by being there to search out, and lots of new discoveries. As Kenneth Williams is an outstanding comic actor, renowned for his ability to deliver crushing personal remarks in a tone of high superiority, it might have been expected that *Acid Drops* would consist almost entirely of invective and abuse, and occasionally in his running commentary Mr Williams does seem to promise just that: "The very word 'acrimony' is delicious. It conjures up memories of all the sour, pungent insults that one has either delivered or wanted to deliver at moments of extreme irritation". But the mood suggested there is misleading: "pungent insults", like the "cruel *bon mot*", are usually just that, and the dominant mood of *Acid Drops* is witty rather than abusive, gentle rather than biting, though admittedly often "sour" and the product of "extreme irritation".

There are the horrors and weariness of public life. An after-dinner speaker, testing the microphone: "Can everybody hear me? I'm being greeted from the end of the table." "Perfectly, but I am willing to change with anyone who can't." Or Calvin Coolidge, the American President famous as a man of few words, challenged by a young lady at a White House banquet:

> "Mr President, I have a wager with some of my friends that I can make you say at least three words to me during the course of this evening."
>
> "You lose", grunted Coolidge.

Some other effective, political put-downs come from Denis Healey for saying that Sir Geoffrey Howe's criticism of the government's economic policies made him feel as though he had been "savaged by a dead sheep"; Mahatma Gandhi, for his reply to the question what he thought of Western civilization, "I think it would be a very good idea"; and Harold Macmillan for his response to the unexpectedly warm reception given by the British public to the Russian cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin: "It would have been twice as bad if they had sent the dog."

Acid drops from actors and actresses tend to reinforce the public images of themselves they have so carefully nurtured, like Zsa Zsa Gabor's reply to the question how many husbands she had had: "You mean apart from my own?" In the same category comes W. C. Fields's explanation of why he was reading the Bible so much—"Looking for loopholes"; and Mae West cutting short a boring discourse on wrestling: "Honey, if it's all-in, why wrestle?" One of the few examples of an actress being witty about something other than her own or a rival actress's public image is the story Mr Williams tells of Coral Browne. Asked for her opinion on the National Theatre set for *Oedipus Rex*, the principal feature of which was a nineteen-foot long erection phallus: "Well," she said, "it's no use I know." But the actor's prize acid drop should probably be awarded to Peter Ustinov who, becoming increasingly angry with a method actor in one of his productions, finally yelled at him: "Don't just do something—stand there."

Among musicians, Sir Thomas Beecham is the most often quoted. His dislike of Sir Malcolm Sargent provoked some very apropos insults and puts him firmly into the bitchery classification: "I didn't know that he'd been knighted. It was only yesterday he was doctored" (in response to the 1947 Honours List, and it had not realized that the Arabs were so musical" (after a Palestinian terrorist attack had interrupted a Sargent concert in Israel) suggest a deep personal bitterness that prevents such remarks from being genuinely witty. Though his description of Herbert von Karajan as "A kind of musical Malcolm Sargent" is the type of comment that sounds funny even when the reason why isn't clear. Sam Goldwynisms often fall into a similar category: "The reason so many people turned up at Louis Mayer's funeral was because they wanted to make sure he was dead."

Not all acid drops are intentionally bitter, abusive, or even funny. Mr Williams also includes the unsuccessfully warm reception given by the British public to the Russian cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin: "It would have been twice as bad if they had sent the dog."

Acid drops from actors and actresses tend to reinforce the public images of themselves they have so carefully nurtured, like Zsa Zsa Gabor's reply to the question how many husbands she had had: "You mean apart from my own?" In the same category comes W. C. Fields's explanation of why he was

Causes for pessimism

By Michael Hamburger

HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER:
Die Furie des Verschwindens
80pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp.

GUNTER KUNERT:
Abtötungsverfahren
92pp. Hanser.

ERNST JANDL:
Der gelbe hund
231pp. Luchterhand.

JURGEN THEOBALDY:
Schwere Erde, Rauch
85pp. Rowohlt.

KURT MARTI:
gedichte
98pp. Luchterhand. DM18.

Sixteen years have passed since Hans Magnus Enzensberger last published a collection of new short poems. Although "silence seems quite the wrong word to use of a poet who has been active and conspicuous enough in other capacities, not least as an anti-poetic, anti-literary polemicist, but also as the author of two long sequences in which the quarrel between the poet and the civilized-power was fought out, the new collection does bridge a gap of sixteen years.

Die Furie des Verschwindens links up with the volume of 1964, *Blindenschrift*, by finally lifting the ban publicly imposed by Enzensberger on the kind of poetry that springs from moments of intense experience—experience inevitably subjective, up to a point, however objective the correlatives; and it completes the breakthrough begun in the second of the two longer sequences into a new phase that is also a continuation of his first. Brilliant though his early poems were, and masterly as his workmanship remained even in the least lyrical of his longer sequences, *Mausoleum*, the short poems in this new book, are as consistently excellent as any he has written.

Many of the poems are character studies which allow him to achieve an unprecedented balance between the social criticism he had always regarded as his main function and the spontaneity with which that function tended to conflict, by getting under the skin of, for example, a thirty-three-year-old woman, an uneasy male business executive, an equally uneasy employee on holiday in Spain—each a "short history of the bourgeoisie", as another poem is called—Enzensberger is now able to present a whole complex of deliberate interactions from the inside; and it no longer matters whether the social criticism is subjective or objective, whether the inside is the poet's own or another person's. The fusion is so complete, the execution so impeccable, that there is no relevant distinction to be made between poems of immediate personal experience and successful projections into fictitious characters and their situations; nor, for that matter, between "confessional" poetry and satire.

The social criticism is more incisive, more knowing, more searching than ever before; but it is so because Enzensberger has learnt to dispense with the utopian reformer's vantage point, as well as with the rhetorical bravura of his early verse. One reason for that may be that he has come to include himself among those—bourgeois or otherwise—whose prospects are summed up in the poem "Unregierbarkeit" (ungovernability): "on legs getting shorter and shorter/power is waddling into the future".

A first group of predominantly topical poems, concerned with this malaise, leads up to a longer, many-faceted poem, "Die Frösche von Biklin", followed by a second group of short poems that have to do less with specific power structures than with larger, more existential disparities. One of them, "Besuch bei Ingres", takes up the questions of the relationship between life and art—especially visual art—that were acute and persistent in Enzensberger's second long poem (published in America as *The Sinking of the Titanic* in the poet's own English version); but on that score, too, Enzensberger's inhibiting self-doubts seem to have been resolved. As in the long poem, extreme pessimism has neither dampened his high spirits nor detracted from the sheer skill, precision and inventiveness of the writing.

Günter Kunert, at one time, exercised a comparable function in the other Germany. Born in the same year as Enzensberger, he too was a moralist and social critic out above all to warn his readers against a repetition of recent historical disasters; but to carry out that function in the GDR proved a good deal harder, and Kunert had been reduced to a state of breakdown when, less than a year ago, he availed himself of the opportunity to move to West Germany. Not the least extraordinary thing about his substantial new collection is that the greater part of its contents was written since that removal; and weighs up its effects on the poet.

Kunert has always been a prodigiously hard-working and prolific writer in verse and prose; but to write poems at all immediately after such a disruption, and to do so without any perceptible break in theme or manner, would have proved impossible if Kunert had not already moved far away from his original didactic stance, taken over from Brecht. For well over a decade his work has been growing more personal—a development paralleled in West Germany by the "new subjectivity" of the 1970s—and has been at least as widely read in the West as in the East. Now, for a long time, has he been able to keep up the optimism demanded of respectable Marxist poets. Of the future—less comically, but more bitterly than Enzensberger—one of the new poems says: "in Europe a spectre walks/in its woebegone/name".

There is no lack of irony in Kunert's delicate reports on his own situation. Nor are they merely confessional, any more than Enzensberger's, since both poets have been trained and disciplined in ways of thinking highly adverse to any form of individualistic self-indulgence. Yet Kunert's new poems do lack the high-spirited virtuosity that Enzensberger brings even to his gloomiest investigations. The poems in *Abtötungsverfahren* have to be read more than once, slowly and attentively, before they begin to yield their substance. Their tone is subdued, their rhythm often halting. They are the work of a poet emerging from a state of traumatic shock, and their distinction is that they enact this emergence with scrupulous truthfulness. "You dream/the century's dream/as soon as you dream of official shadows", the poem "Schlaf" begins, and it ends with a characteristic twist: "then you want to escape/at least wake up but when/that succeeds/they've been surrounding your bed/because the century's dream/is no dream".

Ernst Jandl's much larger collection is also the product of a crisis, if of one with no palpable external cause. Jandl is best known in this country as a highly effective performer of his sound poems, but he has never been a doctrinaire "concrete" or experimental poet; he first emerged as a representational poet of the 1950s, were, and has consistently reverted to that convention. None the less, he has been more engaged with the medium of words as such than with any extra-linguistic function that poetry may also have.

Der gelbe hund contains no sound or visual poems. Like his recent "opera for speaking voices", *aus der Fremde*, written at the same period, the poems in this book are a factual, almost day-to-day, record of a profound depression and, at the same time, an attempt to overcome it by the act of writing. That would have been a risky undertaking for any poet less skilled and experienced than Jandl in the art of letting language have its own way. As it is, these poems, carefully dated to preserve their chronological sequence, rarely fail to be engaging, instructive and witty. Many of them make no bones about the desperation from which they sprang; but Jandl's trust in the power of words to create meaning, when everything else had grown meaningless for him, has proved well-founded. An extreme honesty and an extreme indifference to the self-exposure involved in the exercise, were its precondition—as in this short poem, "nothing and something".

nothing in my head
I sit down
at the typewriter
insert a sheet
with nothing on it
with something on it
I extract the sheet
from the machine
and read as a text
something out of my head.

Something has really come out of nothing, thanks to the reductive simplicity and starkness of the act that is its own description and interpretation. Other poems in the book are more intricate like the self-analysis, "a man of achievement"—the title is in English—which resorts to reported speech as a distancing effect, like the dialogue in Jandl's *aus der Fremde*. Since the re-enactment of childhood experience is part of Jandl's experiment in self-analysis, he has also employed a special language for that purpose. This reads like a sort of pidgin German, and its use in earlier poems was misunderstood as an imitation of the German spoken by the familiar foreign workers. Jandl has inserted a note to correct that error. His un-grammatical, sound-shifting child language, too, is a reduction—a little reminiscent of one of the voices in Berryman's *Dream Songs*, as it happens—and, like all the reductions in Jandl's new book, it is a digging-down to linguistic strata not yet exhausted by literature. Such discoveries can be as liberating for the reader as one hopes they were to the author.

Unlike most of the poets associated with the "new subjectivity" of the 1970s, Jürgen Theobaldy was closer to English trends than to the American poets who had been the main model for most of its German practitioners. His work was "subjective" only in breaking the interdict on self-expression upheld by the austerely political poets of the previous decade. If Theobaldy wrote about himself, it was to write about a life-style shared with a whole generation. That is why the "new subjectivity" was also a "new realism". Instead of the abstractions of ideology, it conveyed a sense of lived experience in specific social settings.

The poems in his new book are far more subtle, but also far more personal and idiosyncratic, than those that made Theobaldy something of a "pop" cult figure. If Theobaldy was to develop as a poet, as he has done, he had to forgo that too easy identification with the life-style of an age-group which, in any case, was changing its ways. There are echoes still of that life-style, its music and its demonstrations, in the new poems, but those echoes, too, are melancholy ones. Even the title of the collection—which translates as "Heavy Earth, Smoke"—renders the pervasive mood. "The utopias have been put away, have been/packed into drawers,/narrow lines of people walk/across the fields . . .", Theobaldy writes in "Ohne Blumen"; the poem goes on to trace a landscape of barbed wire, muddy policemen, tanks: "And we run after progress/or run up against it/words drop out/like teeth." Another poem mourns the recent death by cancer of Nicholas Born, a prominent poet and prose writer associated with the "new subjectivity". Throughout the collection Theobaldy's sensitivity to particular scenes, urban and rural, has deepened. Their evocation becomes more poignant, because shared experiences and environments can no longer be taken for granted.

I have no space here to comment on whatever common awareness may underlie the black mood of all the poets discussed, but have intimated that it has to do with the demise of that "principle of hope" which sustained the various radical activisms of the 1960s and early 1970s. Kurt Marti, an older poet (born in 1921), is alone among the poets reviewed here in being exempt from the general despondency; and he is a Protestant pastor and theologian. If that suggests a comfortable leaning on the status quo, I hasten to add that Marti also retains a passionate commitment to social and moral reform, a commitment that rests on his faith in "the Christ of Revolution and of Poetry" of David Gascoyne's early poem "Ecce Homo."

Kurt Marti's poems celebrate the life of the spirit and of the body, all human and non-human nature, not excluding sexuality. He borrows texts from feminist writers, and has made a collage of extracts from the most various writings in praise of physical love. He professes his belief in a "good God" and sees the status quo as a conspiracy of big business, militarism and clerical complicity against all spiritual and natural life. The title poem of the collection is addressed to "beautiful Judas", whose ONE betrayal "of Christ, followed by repentance, is a small thing compared to "the MANY betrayals / by the christians of churches / that curse you."

A poem called "the kingdom of god in switzerland?" — Marti's native country—answers that question, put by a foreign visitor, like this: "for a long time ago god/lost his ground/under our feet/(to real estate firms) . . . worried/churches confer in whispers/at the green table/with corporations./meanwhile/models of democracy/we reject/one right of codetermination/after another/at the same time/more and more fear/calls for more and more policemen/and for more stringent/punitive measures/("together with/HIM two thieves/were crucified") . . . .

Among the many sources on which Marti draws for his wide range of themes and verse forms, held together in this book by his unifying faith, are texts by Lao-Tse and by William Blake. Needless to say, Marti has been a prophet without much honour in his own country—or outside it. His poems are a powerful antidote both to despondency and to smugness.

Peter Zadek: Der Theatermann und Filmemacher by Volker Canaris (284pp. Carl Hanser. 3 446 12853 0) is the story of one of the most prominent theatrical producers in Germany. Zadek was born in Berlin in 1926 and came to Britain with his parents in 1938. In 1944 he won an open scholarship to Jesus College Oxford which he could not take up ("The Jewish quota at our College is exhausted", he was allegedly told). His endeavours to get a foothold in the British theatre started promisingly (Old Vic drama school, production of a Genet play, etc), but did not ultimately prove successful. In 1958 he began a new career as a producer in Germany and the exuberance of his style, which broke through the prevailing stiffness of the German stage, soon earned him notoriety. Prizes followed for his film and television work. Canaris shows well how Zadek's theatre is founded on intense emotion rather than the intellect. There is an abundance of fascinating material in his book.

H.R.

The latest issue of *Studies in Romanticism* (Volume 19, Number 2, Summer 1980), published by The Graduate School, Boston University ($4.50, outside United States $5.50), contains various articles on German Romanticism including one on Friedrich Schlegel by Margaret R. Higonnet, a study of Goethe's *Novelle* by Jane K. Brown, of Eichendorff's *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts* by Leisa Nygaard and of the art of biography in Wackenroder's *Herzensergiessungen eines kunstliebenden Klosterbruders* and *Phantasien über die Kunst* by Maria

DEMOCRACY AND DEVELOPMENT IN TURKEY
C. H. DODD

"This masterly new book by the Professor of Politics in the University of Hull . . . will be required reading for all students of the Country." British Book News
"A clear and balanced guide . . . a reliable, readable and objective study." The Times Higher Educational Supplement

231 pp. Paper £4.95, Cloth £9.95 postage paid.

THE EUTHEN PRESS
42 Northgate, Walkington
Beverley
North Humberside, HU17 8RT

Volume 4 of *The Works of Mark Twain*, comprising *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Tom Sawyer Abroad* and *Tom Sawyer, Detective* (University of California Press 1980. 0 520 03621 2), edited, with introductions, by John C. Gerber, Paul Baender and Terry Firkins has recently been published. The explanatory notes document the history of Mark Twain's composition, publication and public reception.

THE ITALIANS
Campobasso Nero di Puglia / Conte Primavera Incondita / Tondelli Altri libertini
SKILLS & CRAFTS
Cederna Vita di giornalista / Bompiani Antica barbieria • Colla• ovvero Dello salute dei capelli
TODAY'S REALITIES
Arnao Cocaina. Storia offetti cultura esperienze / Bocca Il caso 7 aprile. Toni Negri e la grande inquisizione / Carrera Musica e pubblico giovanile. L'evoluzione del gusto musicale da gli anni sessanta ad oggi / Casu, Miorelli Mamma, me lo compri? Come orientarsi tra i prodotti per i bambini / Silvestri, Cremasco Il fianco sud della NATO
LITERATURE & ARTS
Balestrini Blackout / Bossaglia Il •Novecento italiano• / Campari Hollywood Cinecittà / Gentili Da Tizia no a Tiziano / Magrelli Ora serra ta retinae / Menna Critica della critica / Prete Il pensiero poetante. Saggio su Leopardi / S. Rossi Dalle botte ghe alle accademie. Realtà sociale e teorie artistiche a Firenze dal XIV al XVI secolo / Sanguineti Stracciafoglio. Poesie 1977-1979 / Sinisgalli Tutti gli scritti / Tintori Breve storia dell'opera lirica / Various Authors L'automobile. Racconti per bambini / Various Authors Teatro del Novecento / Various Authors Tutto e technicolor. Operai a cinema in America / Various Authors Il signore della scena. Registi e attori nel teatro moderno e contemporaneo / Various Authors Poesia degli anni settanta / Various Authors La fantasscienza e la critica
HISTORY
Cravosi Sante e streghe. Vite parallele / D'Annunzio Scritti politici / Guatrecine, Ragazzini, Storia in immagine della storia / Toscano Malgrado la storia. Per una lettura critica di Herbert Spencer / Various Authors L'Italia unita e la storiografia dal secondo dopo guerra
POLITICS ECONOMICS PHILOSOPHY LINGUISTICS
Brusco Agricoltura ricca e classi sociali / Cafaro, Messori La teoria del valore e l'altro / Ceccato, Zonta Linguaggio consapevolezza pensiero / Formenti La fine del valore d'uso. Il produzione, informazione controllo / Gorgani Stili di analisi / Negri Il comunismo e la guerra / Neri Apore Idee della realizzazione. Filosofia e ideologia nel socialismo reale / Serrano Natura umana e società compatitiva. Studio su Mandeville / Taglia gambe La mediazione linguistica. Il rapporto pensiero-linguaggio da Leibniz a Hegel / Usberti Logica, verità e paradosso / Various Authors Lezioni di economia / Various Authors Socialisti riformisti
PSYCHOLOGY PSYCHOANALYSYS
PSYCHIATRY
Galimberti Psichiatria e fenomenologia / Rossi Monti, Vitali Dell'analisi esistenziale alla teoria dei sistemi / Various Authors Formazione e per azione psicoanalitica / Various Authors Il paese degli specchi. Confronto con lungo degenti manicomiali / Various Authors Dove va la psichiatria?
IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC CONTRIBUTIONS
Baldissera, Pace No al dolore. Origine e significato del dolore. / Bellasicco, Labella Le strutture materiali che dei dati / Gallico I tumori non rispettano il codice. Storia, biologia e terapia del cancro / Lingotti Meccanica e pensiero. Da Wiener alla terza cibernetica / Maffioli Una strana scienza. Materiali per una storia critica della termodinamica / P. Menarcorda Informatica sanitaria / Portaloupi Misurazioni fisiche nella tecnica industriale / Various Authors I contrografi dell'impero. Specie, razze, estinto: evoluzione e ideologia
Feltrinelli
HALLE 5 STAND K 9/7

Prehistory and precision

By Ian Bell

GUILLEVIC :
Vivre en poésie
Entretien avec Lucie Albertini et Alain Vercondelet
261pp. Paris : Stock
2 234 01172 8

Autres
Poèmes 1969-1979
151pp. Paris : Gallimard.

Vivre en poésie is an unusual and very successful exercise in autobiography : an interview à la "desert island discs" with, instead of records, selections from Guillevic's own works. It is so well done that, as one reads, it is almost as though the poet's own voice is coming through on tape. The two interviewers, mentioned by name only on the title page, intrude no more than is necessary to give direction to the flow of reminiscence.

The story that unfolds is of a French poet, one might almost say, *malgré lui*. Guillevic's formative years were spent on the extreme western and eastern fringes of French culture. He was born at Carnac in 1907 and christened Eugène Alphonse Marie, all of which names he subsequently dropped from his literary signature. He was only two years old when his father, a gendarme, was transferred to Jeumont on the Belgian frontier. Three years later he was back in Brittany at Saint-Jean-Brévelay, where he stayed until he was twelve. He had a rather lonely childhood. Both his parents were Bretons and spoke Breton when they did not want their children to understand ; but as the son of an employee of the central government Eugène was sternly discouraged from learning the out-of-school language of most of his playmates. His father's profession, too, set him apart from his contemporaries even though Guillevic *père* was personally as popular as any gendarme could expect to be in the community in which he worked. The poet remembers him as a good and understanding father. Of his mother he recalls only fear and the touch of her hand as a spank, never as a caress :

> Elle sentait que je n'étais pas à elle. Elle, c'était mon frère. Moi, elle savait que je lui échappais, que je voulais lui échapper. Que je n'étais pas son gars. J'étais très gentil-mignon-soumis, etc. Mais elle voyait qu'il n'y avait pas adhésion. J'étais très hypocrite avec elle, très menteur. Pour ne pas être battu, je faisais semblant.

The wound healed with time but left a scar as indelible as a birthmark. As he says in the last chapter but one, "La femme est aussi pour moi la compagne, la douceur, la gentillesse . . . Quand on a été traité comme je l'ai été, enfant, maudit par sa mère, on en guérit pas de cette souffrance, mais on vicatrise plus ou moins."

In 1919 his father was transferred to Ferrette, a small town fifteen miles or so south-west of Basle. The change was bewildering :

> Quand j'ai quitté la Bretagne, j'ai été étonné parce que je croyait que la terre était partout comme chez moi. Le choc, c'est quand je suis arrivé à Ferrette, que j'ai découvert cette nature : les derniers contreforts du Jura . . . Du pittoresque. Ce que n'était heureusement pas Carnac.

It was not just the change from the rugged and primeval to the pretty-pretty. As the crow flies, his home in the Morbihan had been about 250 miles west-south-west of Paris ; his new home in Alsace was about the same distance east-south-east. There too the natural language of the people was not French. At twelve, however, he was less susceptible to parental constraint and soon picked up the local *alemanique*.

In two quite distinct respects Guillevic emerges as a solidly three-dimensional man. His bread-and-butter life began as a *petit fonctionnaire* in the Enregistrement, a minor cog in the judiciary machine sorting out property disputes before their hearing in a court of first instance. He served first in Alsace, then at Rocroi ; and finally, in 1938, he was moved to Paris. The job was not exacting or interesting, but it paid the bills and left him time and energy for his own pursuits. Moreover, it was a job which he could do without taking his work home with him, which was important because his ambition was to be a poet. It required him to familiarize himself with the Code Civil, whose precise terminology and parsimonious use of adjectives was later on to have a direct influence on the language of his poetry. It also opened his eyes to the naked greed which, as he saw it, motivated the whole capitalist system. In 1942 he left the Enregistrement for a post in the Vichy government's price-control administration, which stimulated a serious interest in economics and confirmed him in his marxist orientation. In 1946 he joined the newly created Inspection de L'Economie Nationale with the rank of inspector. His membership of the Communist Party from 1947 onwards effectively debarred him from promotion, and he was still only an inspector when he retired twenty years later.

More significant than these connections with the law, economics and politics, however, is the character of his poetic inspiration. This rests on three *points fixes*, the first being his Breton origin :

> Etre né au pays des menhirs—du monde mégalithique—, ces menhirs qui appartiennent à une civilisation dont on ignore tout et qui date de longtemps avant les Celtes. On est en plein inconnu, en plein mystère. On est dans le sacré . . . Je suis un homme de la préhistoire.

To this vertical dimension, the sense of depth in time, was added the horizontal dimension, the sense of breadth in space, derived from the years in Alsace. His mastery of the Alsatian dialect led him on to *Hochdeutsch* and German literature. In 1927 his horizon was further broadened when, at the first important exhibition of Van Gogh at Basle, he experienced the "shock" of seeing "la possession des choses dans la fureur". The painter who was to become his indestur, however, was Cézanne. By then Guillevic was in Paris, his third dimension stabilizing the other two. To put it another way, until his arrival in Paris the contradictions between his Breton childhood and Alsatian adolescence remained unresolved, a seesaw without a fixed fulcrum. His encounter with Cézanne was a "choc en profondeur" :

> Cézanne m'a aidé à sortir du flou. J'avais été très marqué par la poésie symboliste. . . . Ayant subi l'influence de ces poètes, je vivais dans une espèce de flou que ni Baudelaire ni même Rimbaud ne m'avaient aidé à combattre à l'époque . . . J'ai d'abord vu dans Cézanne . . . un peintre cosmique . . . Voici les trois pommes de Cézanne où je retrouve le monde, la terre, le tourbillon. Et puis la précision, la netteté d'un cosmos construit, ordonné.

Guillevic has not been a very prolific poet. His first volume, *Terraqué*, appeared in 1941 and included poems written as far back as the early 1930s. His next, *Exécutoire*, published in 1946, is best known for "Les Chantiers", inspired, if that is the right word, by the horrors of Auschwitz and elsewhere. (The full text is one of the "records" in the present book.) Thereafter there was a gap of eight years, ascribed by Guillevic to a sense of guilt at not having played a more active part in the Resistance and of the need to do something more useful for suffering humanity. When he went back to writing poetry, as a kind of expiation he produced, uncharacteristically, a volume of sonnets. It was not well received, but the one quoted by way of illustration, "Aux hommes de plus tard", can hardly be faulted. Another six years, and in 1960 he produced perhaps his most successful work, *Carnac*, an evocation of the standing stones haunting him since childhood. Since then he has made up for some of the lost time with another ten volumes.

The latest, *Autres*, is a sequence of poems written over ten years. They are in four parts, to each one of which is appended the period of its composition : "Contes et Nouvelles" (1972-76), "Bergeries" (1965-75), "Dialogues" (1971-76), "Dit du Pérégrin" (1977-79). The time taken over each part indicates long periods of gestation, of slimming down to the very ultimate of concision—almost, indeed, to the point where, had the process been continued further, he would have been left with a blank page. From the fact that the first three parts overlap it may be deduced that the book was planned as a unity, with the last part added as a finale summing up the previous contradictions in the mind of a stranger in a strange land. The four parts of a string quartet, as it may be likened, perhaps, to, so with its unwritten indications of tempo and mood. This is especially so with the second and third parts, "Bergeries" adheres throughout to its own precise form, each seven-line stanza beginning with "Je pose" followed in line four by "Et que je te demande", and for a gentle cadence and ironical inversion of expectations to be marked *dolce cantabile* :

> Suppose
> Que la montagne s'ouvre
> En s'avançant sur nous
> Et que je te demande
> Que nous restions à rire
> Du mal que l'on se donne
> Rien que pour nous gober.

The third part might well be labelled *scherzo*. The four decasyllabic lines of each *dialogue* read like captions for which the reader is expected to invent his own context :

> —Ce passant?
> —Il passe.
> —Peut-être il voudrait . . .
> —Peut-être.

Impish humour plays an important part in Guillevic's *poésie de recherche*. After all, as he himself tells us, his name in Breton means "little devil".

Space between armies

By Roderick Beaton

TAKIS SINOPOULOS :
Landscape of Death
Selected Poems
Translated with an introduction by Kimon Friar
Parallel Greek and English text.
xlvii plus 288pp. Columbus : Ohio State University Press. £12.10.
0 8142 0299 3

The Second World War in Greece and the civil war which prolonged hostilities to nearly ten years had a crucial effect on the subsequent development of Greek writing. But unlike their older contemporaries, such as Seferis, Elytis and Ritsos, the poets who began to write during that traumatic decade are hardly known at all in this country. The appearance now of the selected poems of Takis Sinopoulos, one of the foremost of this generation of Greek poets, in a substantial and well-produced bilingual edition by Kimon Friar, is therefore wholeheartedly to be welcomed.

The title of the volume, which is the translator's, derives from the opening phrase of Sinopoulos's earliest published poem, written in 1944. The volume to which it belongs is entitled in Greek *Metaichmio*, somewhat misleadingly translated here as "Midpoint". The *metaichmio* is in fact not a point at all, but a *space* — the "dead ground" separating two opposing armies. This space is a "landscape of death" in more ways than one.

It is the field of battle which is left filled with corpses at the end of the day.

As a disputed zone it has no life or identity of its own—the inhabitants have already fled or been killed. It belongs to no one and has not even any stable features which determine it—as armies move on the space between them changes. In a later poem, "The Survivor", this no-man's-land or limbo becomes an extended metaphor for Greece during the civil war : the "dead ground" fought over and all but annihilated by East and West.

In *Landscape of Death* the poems of more than thirty years are represented, and this image of the no-man's-land is a constant presence. As an army doctor Sinopoulos experienced the effects of war at close range, and like many of his contemporaries saw friends killed and wounded. Almost the whole of his work is an attempt at once to give life to the dead, to atone for the irreversible injustice of being himself alive, and at the same time to exorcise the dead, to give them, and himself, peace.

Several of Sinopoulos's volumes of poetry represented here show him making different attempts to break out from this no-man's-land. In an early long poem, "Acquaintance with Max", a stranger, whose name makes him of indeterminate nationality, offers a kind of solution. Max in this poem "believes in the heart" and "in the orgiastic germination of the future". The poet insists that Max is a man of flesh and blood, not a symbol or supernatural vision, but his appearance provokes music ("the interior of a monstrous instrument full of reverberation and music") and his words and his faith in life assuage the poet's dreams of death and of the past.

But the haunting naiveté on which this poem relies (it may be significant that it began as an experiment in automatic writing) did not suit Sinopoulos for long. "Max" was followed by "No-Man's-Land II", in which the "landscape of death" reassorts its hold on the poet's mind. A more conscious and contrived attempt to break out of this obsessive space comes in "The Song of Ioanna and Konstandinos" (1964). The poems of this series portray the interior monologues and dream-dialogue of a middle-aged married couple, in which the poet's obsessions are dramatized as those of the fluid, tormented Konstandinos, who "vanishes when you look him in the eyes" but "appears when you dream of him" and who "wears that winter coat of his and thinks he is being constantly transformed".

By dramatizing these obsessions and setting them in opposition to those of Ioanna, a more real and ambiguous successor to Max, Sinopoulos partly succeeds in detaching them from himself and increasing his control over them. At the same time, however, he probes a human relationship to the bone, to expose at its centre the equally desolate no-man's-land between two people who have been in love and who live together in apparent harmony, but in reality suffer terrible loneliness. The whole of this series of poems repeats and amplifies an image from an earlier poem :

> I could not touch you but only
> feel you
> amid the architecture of my dark
> sleep,
> because you were the light and I
> had no strength,
> because I was a shadow
> when the light falls obliquely and
> a shadow flows beside it
> on the land of silence.

The interlude of the colonels' dictatorship from 1967 to 1974, with its revival of some of the repressive methods familiar from the civil war, had its effect on the more recent poems in *Landscape of Death*, "Stones", "Deathfeast" and "The Chronicle" show a return to the self-obsessive mode, but also a new vigour and range gained from Sinopoulos's continuing experiments with language. Always powerfully rhythmical, his later poetry modulates easily from the casual, chatty slang of modern Athens (brilliantly caught in the first section of "Deathfeast") to the frenzy of nightmare and a tightly controlled ritual incantation. Despite Sinopoulos's excursions outside it in the poems of the 1950s and 60s, the landscape of these latest poems is essentially still that of the wartime "No-Man's-Land"—just as in the early 1970s in Greece it looked in many as if history itself had hardly advanced, with only a few hesitant and hurriedly retraced steps being taken in the intervening years.

The translations by Kimon Friar convey much of the power, the obsessional rhythms and the broad range of Sinopoulos's language. But they are not free from errors, and Friar's touch in conveying a nuance with subtlety and accuracy is not as steady as it is in his best work. The crucial revelation of "Max", "If we rejoice for all we have acquired as much as we sorrow for all we have lost . . . then we can say with certainty : I believe in the heart", is diffused into ambiguity when the translation has "so long as", introducing the inappropriate sense of "provided that", in place of "as much as". And the substantial introduction, evocative and sensitive, as we would expect from Friar, contains some muddles over dates, the remarkable statement that between 1941 and 1943 "the Germans invaded Italy, defeated Mussolini's armies, and occupied all of Greece", as well as some uncorrected slips.

One other quibble : the value of a parallel-text edition lies in the texts on opposite pages being *parallel*, and Friar's generally line-for-line renderings lend themselves ideally to this presentation. It is a pity then that in the longer poems the texts have not been synchronized at the top of each new page, so that by the end one is frequently having to turn over and search for the "parallel" line.

These are small reservations, however, when set alongside the enthusiasm and dedication with which Mr Friar has given us this bilingual edition of a poet whose work so richly merits it, and the commendable courage of the publishers in producing it in this form. One can only hope that that courage will find its reward and make it possible in the future a selection at a more accessible price.

Wet March

Streams have a new-found importance,
bustling through culverts with telegrams
of dead leaves, disintegrating parcels
of sticks and sacking. In the woods
where elms lean like wrecked wickets
amidst discarded pads of bark,
you can hear the echo of yesterday's rain
dripping onto autumn's ruined carpet.
It lies exhausted in the fields, or here
in the lane's parallel ruts, the colour
of forgotten tea. Sounds come differently
through this laden atmosphere : shots
in the spinney reverberate like a door
with a glass panel repeatedly slammed;
they are thinning the rookery.
A terrified jeering flares up, then
dies away. I picture a broken Icarus
running the gauntlet of whipping spray
to rest among the beeches' scurf, claws
crooked in a final, fierce petition.
A chain-saw moans like distant motor-cross,
gears gagging at the impossible gradients,
the years have packed into the condemned
timber's grain. It starts to rain again,
pocking the stale pats the cattle left,
infiltrating the hoof-holed turf
where the hunt drummed through a gateway.
I notice a single print from the spoor
ringed like a fairground prize by a quoit
of horseshoe, and turn up an inadequate
collar as the landscape blinks into tears
on the other side of my glasses.

Simon Rae

Standing bare

By Della Couling

ERICH FRIED :
Liebesgedichte
112pp. Berlin : Klaus Wagenbach. DM12.80.
3 8031 0103 4

Erich Fried, like Goethe's Harfner, has known what it is to have "eaten his bread in tears". The experience has left him with the courage of total honesty, typified at the outset in this latest volume of poems (all written over the last four years) by the baldness of its title : *Liebesgedichte*. He has quietly laid aside one by one all those sorry scraps of armour we buckle on—pride, bitterness, clever analysis—so that we hear now the voice of a man of sixty who fears age, death, and the loss of the beloved—the latter most of all.

We hear it most explicitly in "Das Schwere", a catalogue of the realities which are stripped of poetry if experienced "ohne Dich", with its Heine-esque ending "und Spätherbst ist immer die Zeit/zwischen Ernte und Sterben". *Immer*. Not for Fried Rilke's refuge in the belief, "Und doch ist Einer, welcher dieses Fallen/unendlich sanft in seinen Händen hält". The only armour Fried will still permit himself occasionally is irony—irony, as Goethe said via Thomas Mann, "das Körnchen Salz, durch welches das Aufgetischte überhaupt erst genießbar wird".

One is reminded constantly of other poets, although Fried's is a very individual voice. Heine, with his own caustic brand of honesty, often springs to mind, as in "Die guten Gärtner", or "Sterbensworte Don Quixotes", which, again like much of Heine, cries out to be set to music, especially the second verse :

> Doch wer die Windmühlenflügel
> nach dem Gefächter
> des Gelächters
> noch immer im Auge
> und den Riesen
> noch immer
> im Kopf hat
> dem
> geht die Lanze
> ins Herz

This poem, and a few others, show that the object of his love is not necessarily always an individual. I was also reminded of the older Graves, although Fried shows little of Graves's confident maleness and jaunty erudition, and rarely (as in "The Falcon Woman") does Graves permit himself a self-questioning and an excusing of the beloved that is constant in Fried.

Not all is gloom ; even in this volume Fried shows a lighthearted side, particularly in "Threnodie vom walen Pfahlfisch" and "Lerlied bei Ungewinster" (a parody of early German verse). German jabberwockies as exuberant in their puns and plays on words as the letters to his "Basle" of Fried's fellow-Austrian, Mozart.

But, as Gulley Jimson would say, is it art ? Yes, it is. These are no hasty records, but the creations of a poet who knows not only what he wants to say, but how to say it, down to the visual impact of the poem on the page, the slabs, silences and sense of words. And in an age so cluttered with material trappings and media gospels, Fried stands bare, exasperated by all this hedging, as he states so forcefully in "Entgegnung gegen eine Entgegnung" (the title a prime example of that awareness of every aspect of words).

And who listens ? Over the last thirty-five years Fried has produced over twenty books of poems and prose, and each book finds a larger public than the last (over 25,000 copies of *Liebesgedichte* have already been sold). Fried attracts huge audiences, mostly of young people, at his frequent appearances in German-speaking countries, and nowadays young Germans no longer moon around misty-eyed with a copy of *Immensee* in their pockets. On the establishment side : Fried won the Prix International des Editeurs for 1977-78, and the Preis der Stadt Wien für Literatur this year.

In the Muniment Room

There is a picture of a Sphinx
that is neither centaur nor man
aroused out of nature ; a stone,
the paradigm of reticence ;

there is a barn-owl in a case,
stuffing coming out of his head
like a grey handkerchief
from a boy's pocket ; fetid books

on inventing gun-powder, doubt,
exotic travel ; a clock-face
with a scarecrow painted on it
in a background of lurid stars ;

the skull like a mask that leans
its chin on a table riddled
with holes by the mole of history ;
maps brown at their edges like lettuce.

Adam Phillips

Information please

Roger Williams (1603 ?-1682/3), the founder of Rhode Island : any letters to or from Williams, or an edition of his correspondence.
Glenn W. LaFantasie.
The Correspondence of Roger Williams, 110 Benevolent Street, Providence, Rhode Island 02906.

Sofia Casanova (1862-1958), Spanish poet and journalist, and her husband, the Polish philosopher and statesman *Wincenty Lutoslawski* (1863-1954) : any information, books, correspondence, anecdotes, personal memoirs and photographs, for a biographical study.
Ofelia L. Alayeto.
Comparative Literature Department, Graduate School, City University of New York, 33 West 42nd Street, Rm 1022, New York, NY 10036.

Edward Montagu, second earl of Manchester (1602-1671), whereabouts of manuscripts formerly in the collection of the Duke of Manchester, and sold by him at Sotheby's on March 23/24 and October 26/27, 1970 ; for a thesis.
D. S. I. Mansfield.
8 Elliston Road, Redland, Bristol BS6 6QE.

Paderewski : information as to the identity of the person who wrote an article on his playing which appeared in the January 1894 issue of a London periodical, *The Dome*, under the title "Chestnuts, a Study in Ivory" ; the article was signed "Israfel" (a pseudonym known to have been used by Edgar Allan Poe).
Adam Zamoyski.
33 Ennismore Gardens, London SW7.

Walter Pater's "Imaginary Portraits 2. An English Poet", posthumously published by May Ottley in the *Fortnightly Review*, April 1, 1931 : information concerning the whereabouts of the manuscript, for a study of Pater's fiction.
Paul Tucker.
14 Bradmore Road, Oxford.

Frederick Sandys (1829-1904), English artist, born in Norwich, and died in Earls Court, London : information about any works which may not have been accounted for in the catalogue for the exhibition of his work at Brighton Museum and Art Gallery in 1974 ; and also any letters, diaries, references, etc connected with his life and work, for a catalogue raisonné and biography.
Betty Elzea.
2013 Baynard Boulevard, Wilmington, Delaware 19802.

Sixteenth and seventeenth-century portraits of English writers : any information about such portraits in public or private collections not presently noted in the usual catalogues.
Galbraith M. Crump.
Department of English, Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio 43022.

Sir Grafton Elliot Smith : at the time of his death, in the early 1920s, he was preparing a manuscript, "The Philosophy (or Psychology) of Myths", for Kegan Paul ; any information as to the whereabouts of this MS.
Yadvigo D. Halsey.
Pediatrics Department RD 20, University of Washington, Seattle, Washington 98105.

Sir Aurel Stein (1862-1943), archaeologist of Central Asia : L'Asiathèque would be interested in publishing, or participating in the publishing of a biographical study.
Alain Thiollier.
L'Asiathèque, 6 rue Christine, 75006 Paris.

P. R. Stephenson, Queensland Rhodes Scholar who studied at Oxford between 1924 and 1927, and was subsequently involved in a variety of literary activities (including the Fanfrolico and Mandrake Presses) in London before his return to Australia in 1932 : any material relating to him, including correspondence, documents or personal reminiscences.
Craig Munro.
Department of English, University of Queensland, St Lucia, Brisbane, Australia 4067.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LIBRARIAN
CRAWLEY IFIELD SCHOOL
A qualified (preferably chartered) librarian is needed for this mixed comprehensive school of about 1,600 pupils aged 11-18 (head, Miss B. Wilkins) to replace the previous librarian who left after 12 years' service. There are two libraries in buildings on the same campus with the challenge of helping to restore one to full use.
Salary : within the range AP2/AP3—£3,990-£5,130, with a minimum of £4,581 for chartered librarians, plus Crawley weighting of £159 p.a.
Further details obtainable by telephoning Chichester 785100 ext. 835 (Miss Ford) or writing to the County Librarian at the Library Administration Centre, Tower Street, Chichester, West Sussex PO19 1QJ.
Closing date 24.10.80.

West Sussex COUNTY COUNCIL

THE RSPCA
requires
LIBRARIAN
to administer a Library and Information service for the Society, various advisory committees and the public and other libraries in general.
Applicants should have 'O' and 'A' levels and hold Library Association qualifications.
Salary in region of £4,100 per annum.
The Society offers excellent conditions of employment including :
★ 4 weeks' holiday ★ Luncheon Vouchers
★ Annual Increments
Please apply to Staff Relations and Personnel Manager, The Causeway, Horsham, Sussex RH12 1HG. Tel : Horsham 64191.

BAYERO UNIVERSITY, KANO, NIGERIA
Non Academic Senior Staff Vacancies
Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the following posts in the University Library, Bayero University, Kano :
(a) Assistant Chief Librarian
(b) Principal Librarian
(c) Senior Librarian
(d) Librarian I

Qualifications
(a) ASSISTANT CHIEF LIBRARIAN
Candidates should have a good recognised University degree in Natural Sciences plus a professional Diploma in Library Studies or a good degree in Library Studies. Membership of a professional association and higher academic degrees are an advantage. Applicants should also have at least six years post qualification experience in library work. Successful candidate will work as a bibliographer in natural sciences in the Acquisition Department of the Library.
(b) PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN
Candidates should possess a good recognised degree in the Humanities plus a professional library studies qualification. Applicants should have not less than five years post qualification experience. Knowledge of language other than English will be an advantage.
(c) SENIOR LIBRARIAN
The same as (a) above but with a minimum of 4 years experience ; or
Candidates should possess B.A. degree in the Humanities plus a professional qualification in library studies. Applicant should have a good knowledge of the Arabic language to be able to catalogue Arabic books.
(d) LIBRARIAN I
Candidates should have B.A. or B.Sc. or B.L.S. degree or A.L.A. and in each case plus 2 years experience.

Salaries
Assistant Chief Librarian GL.13—(N8,064-N9,024) p.a.
Principal Librarian GL.12—(N7,404-N8,064) p.a.
Senior Librarian GL.10—(N6,760-N6,732) p.a.
Librarian I GL.09—(N4,668-N5,640) p.a.

Method of Application
Applicants are required to submit four TYPEWRITTEN copies of their applications giving the following information :
(a) Personal details : Full name, date and place of birth, permanent home address, current postal address, nationality, post for which application is being made, marital status, name and age of each child, present occupation.
(b) Qualifications : Names of institutions attended, degrees or diplomas and dates when obtained.
(c) Experience : Posts held, duration and salaries earned.
(d) References : Names and addresses of THREE referees who must be in a position to supply academic/or professional references.
Applicants are advised to request their referees to forward their reports early, under confidential cover. The reference and application should be marked "Application for Senior Post" and forwarded to : PAB (Recruitment), Nigerian Universities, 180 Tottenham Court Road, London-W1P 9LE.

BOROUGH OF LLANELLI
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Applications are invited from qualified Librarians for the undermentioned post in the Llanelli Public Library :—
MOBILE LIBRARIAN
Grade : AP3/4, £4,681-£5,130 per annum
Llanelli is an independent library authority serving a population of some 77,000 within an area of 60 square miles. The service is modern and progressive and affords a good opportunity to a young professional. Further information can be obtained from the Borough Librarian at the Central Library. Telephone (05542) 3538.
Write or telephone for an application form to the : Personnel Department, Rear of 56 Stepney Street, Llanelli.
Telephone : Llanelli 56181
Closing date : 27th October, 1980

LIBRARIANS

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD
LECTURESHIP IN LIBRARIANSHIP
POSTGRADUATE DIPLOMA IN LIBRARIANSHIP AND DOCUMENTATION STUDIES
Applications are invited from men and women for a lecturer who will be responsible for teaching duties will be in cataloguing and the organization and administration of information services and participation in postgraduate research. Additional teaching duties will include special interest with the specialist subjects successful candidate may appoint a senior lecturer. Salary will be on the scale ranging to £13,920 (£10,920 on entry).
Particulars from the Registrar and Secretary, The Vice-Chancellor's Office, Sheffield S10 2TN, to whom applications (three copies) should be sent by 24th October, 1980.
Quote ref : 1641/2A.

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS
Required 10a.m. to 4p.m. (Full-time) to run Library Cafe, 3 days a week, including Saturdays. Ideal for someone who is interested in the Library Service. Pleasant Staff of University Services Department. The Salary scale is £1,800 to £2,100 per annum. Telephone 01-928 8567, Ext. 2475.

THE BRITISH COUNCIL
MEDICAL BIBLIOGRAPHER
A post will become available shortly for librarian or information scientist experienced in medical bibliography or indexing and the dissemination of medical and biographical services section of Overseas Information Services, Information Department, near Trafalgar Square. Knowledge of French and German and experience in the Overseas Development Administration or other Government departments or in the Foreign Service would be an advantage. The post is for an executive officer, and is for two years in the first instance.
Starting salary is £5,316 and scale rises to £7,761. Four weeks' annual leave and non-contributory superannuation scheme.
For further details and an application form to be returned by the Recruitment Officer, Overseas Information Department, Rm 1/1, Medical Bibliographer, The British Council, 10 Spring Gardens, London S.W.1. Quote ref. 2831 or 2842.